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MASTERPIECES OF THE WORLD'S LITERATURE ANCIENT AND MODERN

THE GREAT AUTHORS OF THE WORLD WITH THEIR MASTER PRODUCTIONS

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WITH FIVE HUNDRED FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME VII

NEW YORK: AMERICAN LITERARY SOCIETY—PUBLISHERS

GADSHILL.

The Residence of Charles Dickens.

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MASTERPIECES OF THE WORLD'S LITERATURE ANCIENT AND MODERN

THE GREAT AUTHORS OF THE WORLD WITH THEIR MASTER PRODUCTIONS

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OVER FIVE HUNDRED FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME VII

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SAMUEL DANIEL.

Daniel, Samuel, an English poet and historian, and rhyming chronicler; born at Taunton, 1562; died at Beckington, Somerset, October 14, 1619. After the death of Edmund Spenser he became laureate to Queen Elizabeth. His principal works are "The Historie of the Civile Warres betweene the Houses of York and Lancaster," a poem in eight books, and a "History of England," from the Norman Conquest down to the close of the reign of Edward III. He also wrote numerous dramatic pieces, short poems, and several treatises in prose. Daniel was a very popular poet in his day.

Richard II. on the Morning before his Murder.

The morning of that day which was his last,
After a weary rest, rising to pain,
Out at a little grate his eyes he cast
Upon those bordering hills and open plain,
Where others' liberty make him complain
The more his own, and grieves his soul the more,
Conferring captive crowns with freedom poor.

"O happy man," saith he, "that lo I see,
Grazing his cattle in those pleasant fields,
If he but knew his good. How blessed he
That feels not what affliction greatness yields!
Other than what he is he would not be,
Nor change his state with him that sceptre wields.
Thine, thine is that true life: that is to live,
To rest secure and not rise up to grieve.

"Thou sittest at home safe by thy quiet fire,
And hearest of others' harms, but fearest none:
And there thou tellest of Kings, and who aspire,
Who fall, who rise, who triumph, who do moan.
Perhaps thou talkest of me, and dost inquire
Of my restraint, why here I live alone,
And pitiest this my miserable fall;
For pity must have part — envy not all.

"Thrice happy you that look as from the shore,
And have no venture in the wreck you see;
No interest, no occasion to deplore
Other men's travels, while yourselves sit free.
How much doth your sweet rest make us the more
To see our misery and what we be:
Whose blinded greatness, even in turmoil,
Still seeking happy life, makes life a toil."

Sonnet to Sleep.

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my anguish, and restore the light;
With dark forgetting of my care, return,
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-advised youth;
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torments of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of to-morrow;
Never let the rising sun prove you liars,
To add more grief, to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland.

I.

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thought so strong,
As neither hope nor fear can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same:
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey!

II.

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil!
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood: where honor, power, renown,

DEATH OF RICHARD II.

Are only gay afflictions, golden foil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth; and only great doth seem
To little minds who do it so esteem.

IV.

Nor is he moved by all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of Power, that proudly sits on others' crimes —
Charged with more crying sins than those he checks.
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appall him not that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

VI.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompassed; whilst as craft deceives,
And is deceived; whilst man doth ransack me,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And the inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes — he looks thereon
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

VII.

Thus, madam, fares that man that hath prepared
A rest for his desires; and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learned this book of man,
Full of the notes of frailty, and compared
The best of glory with her sufferings:
By whom, I see, you labor all you can
To plant your heart, and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion as your powers can bear.

X.

And whereas none rejoice more in revenge
Than women used to do, yet well you know
That wrong is better checked by being contemned
Than being pursued; leaving to Him to avenge
To whom it appertains: Wherein you show
How worthily your clearness hath condemned
Base malediction, living in the dark,
That at the rays of goodness still will bark: —

XI.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all the aspects of misery
Predominate; whose strong effects are such
As he must bear, being powerless to redress;
And that unless himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man.

XIV.

This concord, madam, of a well-tuned mind
Hath been so set by that all-working hand
Of Heaven, that though the world hath done his worst
To put it out by discords most unkind —
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man; nor ever will be forced
From that most sweet accord; but still agree,
Equal in fortune's inequality.

XV.

And this note, madam, of your worthiness
Remains recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right
In the inheritance of fame you must possess:
You that have built you by your great deserts —
Out of small means — a far more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honored name,
Than all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

DANTE.

Dante (Durante Alighieri), an Italian poet, born at Florence, in 1265; died at Ravenna, September 14, 1321. The name "Dante," by which he is universally designated, is a contraction of his baptismal name "Durante." While a youth he mastered most of the learning of his time. As early as the close of his ninth year he for the first time saw Beatrice Portinari, a girl of noble family, some months younger than himself. Dante, however, seems to have scarcely known Beatrice as she grew up into womanhood. When about twenty years of age she was married to Simone de' Bardi; and died in 1290 at the age of twenty-five. In 1302 the party to which Dante was then attached was overthrown. Dante was, with some others, condemned to perpetual exile and to the payment of a heavy fine, the offence charged against him being that of official malversation. Dante never again saw his native Florence.

Dante lived nineteen years after his exile from Florence. The greater portion of these years was passed in Northern Italy. At times he appears to have been in a condition of extreme destitution; at times he was under the protection of one noble or another. About two years before his death we find him living at Ravenna under the protection of Guido da Polenta, by whom he was sent on an embassy to the Venetians, from which he returned to Ravenna, bearing the seeds of a fatal fever contracted in the miasmatic lagoons.

Besides the "Vita Nuova" and the "Convito" Dante wrote several minor works in Italian and Latin, in verse and prose. The most important of these is the Latin treatise "De Monarchia," written, probably, between 1310 and 1313. But Dante's fame rests mainly upon his poem, the "Divina Commedia." In this poem Dante is in vision conducted through the realms of the Infernal Regions, of Purgatory, and of Paradise; Virgil being his divinely appointed guide through the first two realms, and Beatrice through the third. The "Inferno" was probably completed about the year 1314; the "Purgatorio" some three years later; and the "Paradiso" not long before the death of Dante, in 1321. — There have been many translations of Dante into English. The best translations of the entire "Divina Commedia" are those of Cary (1819)

and of Longfellow (1867–70). Cary's translation is in blank verse; Longfellow's is in unrhymed triplets. Mr. Thomas W. Parsons, of Boston, has made perhaps the best translation of the "Inferno" (Cantos I.–X., 1843, the remaining Cantos in 1867); in this the triple rhyme, as well as the metre of the original, is exceedingly well represented. The prose translation of the "Inferno" by Dr. John Carlyle is admirably executed and annotated.

Dante's First Sight of Beatrice.

(From "The New Life" ["La Vita Nuova"]; translated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.)

I. In that part of the book of my memory before the which is little that can be read, there is a rubric, saying, *Incipit Vita Nova.* Under such rubric I find written many things; and among them the words which I purpose to copy into this little book; if not all of them, at the least their substance.

II. Nine times already since my birth had the heaven of light returned to the selfsame point almost, as concerns its own revolution, when first the glorious Lady of my mind was made manifest to mine eyes; even she who was called Beatrice by many who knew not wherefore. She had already been in this life for so long as that, within her time, the starry heaven had moved towards the Eastern quarter one of the twelve parts of a degree; so that she appeared to me at the beginning of her ninth year almost, and I saw her almost at the end of my ninth year. Her dress, on that day, was of a most noble color, a subdued and goodly crimson, girdled and adorned in such sort as best suited with her very tender age. At that moment, I say most truly that the spirit of life, which hath its dwelling in the secretest chamber of the heart, began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body shook therewith; and in trembling it said these words: *Ecce deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur mihi.* At that moment the animate spirit, which dwelleth in the lofty chamber whither all the senses carry their perceptions, was filled with wonder, and speaking more especially unto the spirits of the eyes, said these words: *Apparuit jam beatitudo vestra.* At that moment the natural spirit, which dwelleth there where our nourishment is administered, began to weep, and in weeping said these words: *Heu miser! quia frequenter impeditus ero deinceps.*

I say that, from that time forward, Love quite governed my soul; which was immediately espoused to him, and with so safe

DANTE'S FIRST SIGHT OF BEATRICE

From Painting by Henry Haliday

and undisputed a lordship (by virtue of strong imagination) that I had nothing left for it but to do all his bidding continually. He oftentimes commanded me to seek if I might see this youngest of the Angels: wherefore I in my boyhood often went in search of her, and found her so noble and praiseworthy that certainly of her might have been said those words of the poet Homer, "She seemed not to be the daughter of a mortal man, but of God." And albeit her image, that was with me always, was an exultation of Love to subdue me, it was yet of so perfect a quality that it never allowed me to be overruled by Love without the faithful counsel of reason, whensoever such counsel was useful to be heard. But seeing that were I to dwell overmuch on the passions and doings of such early youth, my words might be counted something fabulous, I will therefore put them aside; and passing many things that may be conceived by the pattern of these, I will come to such as are writ in my memory with a better distinctness.

III. After the lapse of so many days that nine years exactly were completed since the above-written appearance of this most gracious being, on the last of those days it happened that the same wonderful lady appeared to me dressed all in pure white, between two gentle ladies elder than she. And passing through a street, she turned her eyes thither where I stood sorely abashed: and by her unspeakable courtesy, which is now guerdoned in the Great Cycle, she saluted me with so virtuous a bearing that I seemed then and there to behold the very limits of blessedness. The hour of her most sweet salutation was exactly the ninth of that day; and because it was the first time that any words from her reached mine ears, I came into such sweetness that I parted thence as one intoxicated. And betaking me to the loneliness of mine own room, I fell to thinking of this most courteous lady, thinking of whom I was overtaken by a pleasant slumber, wherein a marvellous vision was presented to me: for there appeared to be in my room a mist of the color of fire, within the which I discerned the figure of a lord of terrible aspect to such as should gaze upon him, but who seemed therewithal to rejoice inwardly that it was a marvel to see. Speaking he said many things, among the which I could understand but few; and of these, this: *Ego dominus tuus.* In his arms it seemed to me that a person was sleeping, covered only with a blood-colored cloth; upon whom looking very attentively, I knew that it was the lady of the salu-

tation who had deigned the day before to salute me. And he who held her held also in his hand a thing that was burning in flames; and he said to me, *Vide cor tuum.* But when he had remained with me a little while, I thought that he set himself to awaken her that slept; after the which he made her to eat that thing which flamed in his hand; and she ate as one fearing. Then having waited again a space, all his joy was turned into most bitter weeping; and as he wept he gathered the lady into his arms, and it seemed to me that he went with her up towards heaven: whereby such a great anguish came upon me that my light slumber could not endure through it, but was suddenly broken. And immediately having considered, I knew that the hour wherein this vision had been made manifest to me was the fourth hour (which is to say, the first of the nine last hours) of the night.

Then, musing on what I had seen, I proposed to relate the same to many poets who were famous in that day: and for that I had myself in some sort the art of discoursing with rhyme, I resolved on making a sonnet, in the which, having saluted all such as are subject unto Love, and entreated them to expound my vision, I should write unto them those things which I had seen in my sleep. And the sonnet I made was this: —

To every heart which the sweet pain doth move,
And unto which these words may now be brought
For true interpretation and kind thought,
Be greeting in our Lord's name, which is Love.
Of those long hours wherein the stars, above,
Wake and keep watch, the third was almost naught,
When Love was shown me with such terrors fraught
As may not carelessly be spoken of.
He seemed like one who is full of joy, and had
My heart within his hand, and on his arm
My lady, with a mantle round her, slept;
Whom (having wakened her) anon he made
To eat that heart; she ate, as fearing harm.
Then he went out; and as he went, he wept.

This sonnet is divided into two parts. In the first part I give greeting, and ask an answer; in the second, I signify what thing has to be answered to. The second part commences here: "Of those long hours."

To this sonnet I received many answers, conveying many different opinions; of the which one was sent by him whom I

now call the first among my friends, and it began thus, "Unto my thinking thou beheld'st all worth." And indeed, it was when he learned that I was he who had sent those rhymes to him, that our friendship commenced. But the true meaning of that vision was not then perceived by any one, though it be now evident to the least skilful.

IV. From that night forth, the natural functions of my body began to be vexed and impeded, for I was given up wholly to thinking of this most gracious creature: whereby in short space I became so weak and so reduced that it was irksome to many of my friends to look upon me; while others, being moved by spite, went about to discover what it was my wish should be concealed. Wherefore I (perceiving the drift of their unkindly questions), by Love's will, who directed me according to the counsels of reason, told them how it was Love himself who had thus dealt with me: and I said so, because the thing was so plainly to be discerned in my countenance that there was no longer any means of concealing it. But when they went on to ask, "And by whose help hath Love done this?" I looked in their faces smiling, and spake no word in return.

V. Now it fell on a day, that this most gracious creature was sitting where words were to be heard of the Queen of Glory; and I was in a place whence mine eyes could behold their beatitude: and betwixt her and me, in a direct line, there sat another lady of a pleasant favor; who looked round at me many times, marvelling at my continued gaze which seemed to have *her* for its object. And many perceived that she thus looked; so that departing thence, I heard it whispered after me, "Look you to what a pass *such a lady* hath brought him;" and in saying this they named her who had been midway between the most gentle Beatrice and mine eyes. Therefore I was reassured, and knew that for that day my secret had not become manifest. Then immediately it came into my mind that I might make use of this lady as a screen to the truth: and so well did I play my part that the most of those who had hitherto watched and wondered at me, now imagined they had found me out. By her means I kept my secret concealed till some years were gone over; and for my better security, I even made divers rhymes in her honor; whereof I shall here write only as much as concerneth the most gentle Beatrice, which is but a very little.

VI. Moreover, about the same time while this lady was a screen for so much love on my part, I took the resolution to set

down the name of this most gracious creature accompanied with many other women's names, and especially with hers whom I spake of. And to this end I put together the names of sixty of the most beautiful ladies in that city where God had placed mine own lady; and these names I introduced in an epistle in the form of a *sirvent;* which it is not my intention to transcribe here. Neither should I have said anything of this matter, did I not wish to take note of a certain strange thing, to wit: that having written the list, I found my lady's name would not stand otherwise than ninth in order among the names of these ladies.

VII. Now it so chanced with her by whose means I had thus long time concealed my desire, that it behooved her to leave the city I speak of, and to journey afar: wherefore I, being sorely perplexed at the loss of so excellent a defence, had more trouble than even I could before have supposed. And thinking that if I spoke not somewhat mournfully of her departure, my former counterfeiting would be the more quickly perceived, I determined that I would make a grievous sonnet therefore; the which I will write here, because it hath certain words in it whereof my lady was the immediate cause, as will be plain to him that understands. And the sonnet was this: —

All ye that pass along Love's trodden way.
Pause ye awhile and say
  If there be any grief like unto mine:
I pray you that you hearken a short space
Patiently, if my case
  Be not a piteous marvel and a sign.

Love (never, certes, for my worthless part,
But of his own great heart)
  Vouchsafed to me a life so calm and sweet
That oft I heard folk question as I went
What such great gladness meant: —
  They spoke of it behind me in the street.

But now that fearless bearing is all gone
  Which with Love's hoarded wealth was given me;
  Till I am grown to be
So poor that I have dread to think thereon.

And thus it is that I, being like as one
  Who is ashamed and hides his poverty,
  Without seem full of glee,
And let my heart within travail and moan.

This poem has two principal parts; for, in the first, I mean to call the Faithful of Love in those words of Jeremias the Prophet, "O vos omnes qui transitis per viam, attendite et videte si est dolor sicut dolor meus," *and to pray them to stay and hear me. In the second I tell where Love had placed me, with a meaning other than that which the last part of the poem shows, and I say what I have lost. The second part begins here,* "*Love* (*never, certes*)."

VIII. A certain while after the departure of that lady, it pleased the Master of the Angels to call into His glory a damsel, young and of a gentle presence, who had been very lovely in the city I speak of: and I saw her body lying without its soul among many ladies, who held a pitiful weeping. Whereupon, remembering that I had seen her in the company of excellent Beatrice, I could not hinder myself from a few tears; and weeping, I conceived to say somewhat of her death, in guerdon of having seen her somewhile with my lady; which thing I spake of in the latter end of the verses that I writ in this matter, as he will discern who understands. And I wrote two sonnets, which are these: —

I.

Weep, Lovers, sith Love's very self doth weep,
  And sith the cause for weeping is so great;
  When now so many dames, of such estate
In worth, show with their eyes a grief so deep
For Death the churl has laid his leaden sleep
  Upon a damsel who was fair of late,
  Defacing all our earth should celebrate, —
Yea, all save virtue, which the soul doth keep.
Now hearken how much Love did honor her.
  I myself saw him in his proper form
    Bending above the motionless sweet dead,
And often gazing into Heaven; for there
  The soul now sits which when her life was warm
    Dwelt with the joyful beauty that is fled.

This first sonnet is divided into three parts. In the first, I call and beseech the Faithful of Love to weep; and I say that their Lord weeps, and that they, hearing the reason why he weeps, shall be more minded to listen to me. In the second, I relate this reason. In the third, I speak of honor done by Love to this Lady. The second part begins here, "*When now so many dames;*" *the third here,* "*Now hearken.*"

II.

Death, always cruel, Pity's foe in chief,
Mother who brought forth grief,
  Merciless judgment and without appeal!
  Since thou alone hast made my heart to feel
  This sadness and unweal,
My tongue upbraideth thee without relief.

And now (for I must rid thy name of ruth)
Behoves me speak the truth
  Touching thy cruelty and wickedness:
  Not that they be not known; but ne'ertheless
  I would give hate more stress
With them that feed on love in very sooth.

Out of this world thou hast driven courtesy;
  And virtue, dearly prized in womanhood;
  And out of youth's gay mood
The lovely lightness is quite gone through thee.

Whom now I mourn, no man shall learn from me
  Save by the measure of these praises given.
  Whoso deserves not Heaven
May never hope to have her company.

This poem is divided into four parts. In the first, I address Death by certain proper names of hers. In the second, speaking to her, I tell the reason why I am moved to denounce her. In the third, I rail against her. In the fourth, I turn to speak to a person undefined, although defined in my own conception. The second part commences here, "Since thou alone;" the third here, "And now (for I must);" the fourth here, "Whoso deserves not."

IX. Some days after the death of this lady, I had occasion to leave the city I speak of, and to go thitherwards where she abode who had formerly been my protection; albeit the end of my journey reached not altogether so far. And notwithstanding that I was visibly in the company of many, the journey was so irksome that I had scarcely sighing enough to ease my heart's heaviness; seeing that as I went, I left my beatitude behind me. Wherefore it came to pass that he who ruled me by virtue of my most gentle lady was made visible to my mind, in the light habit of a traveller, coarsely fashioned. He appeared to me troubled, and looked always on the ground;

saving only that sometimes his eyes were turned towards a river which was clear and rapid, and which flowed along the path I was taking. And then I thought that Love called me and said to me these words: "I come from that lady who was so long thy surety; for the matter of whose return, I know that it may not be. Wherefore I have taken that heart which I made thee leave with her, and do bear it unto another lady, who, as she was, shall be thy surety" (and when he named her I knew her well). "And of these words I have spoken if thou shouldst speak any again, let it be in such sort as that none shall perceive thereby that thy love was feigned for her, which thou must now feign for another." And when he had spoken thus, Love became a part of myself: so that, changed as all my imagining was gone suddenly, for it seemed to me that it were in mine aspect, I rode on full of thought the whole of that day, and with heavy sighing. And the day being over, I wrote this sonnet: —

A DAY agone, as I rode sullenly
  Upon a certain path that liked me not,
  I met Love midday while the air was hot,
Clothed lightly as a wayfarer might be,
And for the cheer he showed, he seemed to me
  As one who hath lost lordship he had got;
  Advancing tow'rds me full of sorrowful thought,
Bowing his forehead so that none should see.
Then as I went, he called me by my name,
  Saying: "I journey since the morn was dim
    Thence where I made thy heart to be: which now
I needs must bear unto another dame."
  Wherewith so much passed into me of him
    That he was gone, and I discerned not how.

This sonnet has three parts. In the first part, I tell how I met Love, and of his aspect. In the second, I tell what he said to me, although not in full through the fear I had of discovering my secret. In the third, I say how he disappeared. The second part commences here, "Then as I went;" the third here, "Wherewith so much."

X. On my return, I set myself to seek out that lady whom my master had named to me while I journeyed sighing. And because I would be brief, I will now narrate that in a short while I made her my surety, in such sort that the matter was spoken of by many in terms scarcely courteous; through the

which I had oftenwhiles many troublesome hours. And by this it happened (to wit: by this false and evil rumor which seemed to misfame me of vice) that she who was the destroyer of all evil and the queen of all good, coming where I was, denied me her most sweet salutation, in the which alone was my blessedness.

The Inferno.

(From "The Divine Comedy.")

Canto I.

The Poet, having lost his way in a gloomy forest, and being hindered by certain wild beasts from ascending a mountain, is met by Virgil, who promises to show him the punishments of Hell, and afterwards of Purgatory; and that he shall then be conducted by Beatrice into Paradise. He follows the Roman poet.

In the midway of this our mortal life,
I found me in a gloomy wood, astray,
Gone from the path direct: and e'en to tell,
It were no easy task, how savage wild
That forest, how robust and rough its growth,
Which to remember only, my dismay
Renews, in bitterness not far from death.
Yet to discourse of what there good befell,
All else will I relate discovered there.
How first I entered it I scarce can say,
Such sleepy dulness in that instant weighed
My senses down, when the true path I left;
But when a mountain's foot I reached, where closed
The valley that had pierced my heart with dread,
I looked aloft, and saw his shoulders broad
Already vested with that planet's beam,
Who leads all wanderers safe through every way.
Then was a little respite to the fear,
That in my heart's recesses deep had lain,
All of that night, so pitifully past:
And as a man, with difficult short breath,
Forespent with toiling, 'scaped from sea to shore,
Turns to the perilous wide waste, and stands
At gaze; e'en so my spirit, that yet failed
Struggling with terror, turned to view the straits,
That none hath past and lived. My weary frame
After short pause recomforted, again
I journeyed on over that lonely steep,

The hinder foot still firmer. Scarce the ascent
Began, when, lo! a panther, nimble, light,
And covered with a speckled skin, appeared;
Nor, when it saw me, vanished, rather strove
To check my onward going; that ofttimes,
With purpose to retrace my steps, I turned.
The hour was morning's prime, and on his way
Aloft the sun ascended with those stars,
That with him rose when Love divine first moved
Those its fair works: so that with joyous hope
All things conspired to fill me, the gay skin
Of that swift animal, the matin dawn
And the sweet season. Soon that joy was chased,
And by new dread succeeded, when in view
A lion came, 'gainst me, as it appeared,
With his head held aloft and hunger-mad,
That e'en the air was fear-struck. A she-wolf
Was at his heels, who in her leanness seemed
Full of all wants, and many a land hath made
Disconsolate ere now. She with such fear
O'erwhelmed me, at the sight of her appalled,
That of the height all hope I lost. As one,
Who, with his gain elated, sees the time
When all unwares is gone, he inwardly
Mourns with heart-griping anguish; such was I,
Haunted by that fell beast, never at peace,
Who coming o'er against me, by degrees
Impelled me where the sun in silence rests.
While to the lower space with backward step
I fell, my ken discerned the form of one,
Whose voice seemed faint through long disuse of speech.
When him in that great desert I espied,
"Have mercy on me," cried I out aloud,
"Spirit! or living man! whate'er thou be!"
He answered: "Now not man, man once I was,
And born of Lombard parents, Mantuans both
By country, when the power of Julius yet
Was scarcely firm. At Rome my life was past
Beneath the mild Augustus, in the time
Of fabled deities and false. A bard
Was I, and made Anchises' upright son
The subject of my song, who came from Troy,
When the flames preyed on Ilium's haughty towers.
But thou, say wherefore to such perils past
Return'st thou? wherefore not this pleasant mount
Ascendest, cause and source of all delight?"

"And art thou then that Virgil, that well-spring,
From which such copious floods of eloquence
Have issued?" I with front abashed replied.
"Glory and light of all the tuneful train!
May it avail me, that I long with zeal
Have sought thy volume, and with love immense
Have conned it o'er. My master thou, and guide!
Thou he from whom alone I have derived
That style, which for its beauty into fame
Exalts me. See the beast, from whom I fled.
O save me from her, thou illustrious sage!
For every vein and pulse throughout my frame
She hath made tremble." He, soon as he saw
That I was weeping, answered, "Thou must needs
Another way pursue, if thou wouldst 'scape
From out that savage wilderness. This beast,
At whom thou criest, her way will suffer none
To pass, and no less hindrance makes than death:
So bad and so accursed in her kind,
That never sated is her ravenous will,
Still after food more craving than before.
To many an animal in wedlock vile
She fastens, and shall yet to many more,
Until that greyhound come, who shall destroy
Her with sharp pain. He will not life support
By earth nor its base metals, but by love,
Wisdom, and virtue, and his land shall be
The land 'twixt either Feltro. In his might
Shall safety to Italia's plains arise,
For whose fair realm, Camilla, virgin pure,
Nisus, Euryalus, and Turnus fell.
He, with incessant chase, through every town
Shall worry, until he to hell at length
Restore her, thence by envy first let loose.
I for thy profit pondering now devise,
That thou mayst follow me; and I, thy guide,
Will lead thee hence through an eternal space,
Where thou shalt hear despairing shrieks, and see
Spirits of old tormented, who invoke
A second death; and those next view, who dwell
Content in fire, for that they hope to come,
Whene'er the time may be, among the blest,
Into whose regions if thou then desire
To ascend, a spirit worthier than I
Must lead thee, in whose charge, when I depart,
Thou shalt be left: for that Almighty King,

Who reigns above, a rebel to his law
Adjudges me; and therefore hath decreed
That, to his city, none through me should come.
He in all parts hath sway; there rules, there holds
His citadel and throne. O happy those,
Whom there he chooses!" I to him in few:
"Bard! by that God, whom thou didst not adore,
I do beseech thee (that this ill and worse
I may escape) to lead me, where thou said'st,
That I saint Peter's gate may view, and those
Who, as thou tell'st, are in such dismal plight."
Onward he moved, I close his steps pursued.

Canto II.

After the invocation, which poets are used to prefix to their works, he shows that, on a consideration of his own strength, he doubted whether it sufficed for the journey proposed to him, but that, being comforted by Virgil, he at last took courage and followed him as his guide and master.

Now was the day departing, and the air,
Imbrowned with shadows, from their toils released
All animals on earth; and I alone
Prepared myself the conflict to sustain,
Both of sad pity, and that perilous road,
Which my unerring memory shall retrace.
O Muses! O high genius! now vouchsafe
Your aid! O mind! that all I saw hast kept
Safe in a written record, here thy worth
And eminent endowments come to proof.
I thus began: "Bard! thou who art my guide,
Consider well, if virtue be in me
Sufficient, ere to this high enterprise
Thou trust me. Thou hast told that Silvius' sire,
Yet clothed in corruptible flesh, among
The immortal tribes had entrance, and was there
Sensibly present. Yet if heaven's great Lord,
Almighty foe to ill, such favor showed,
In contemplation of the high effect,
Both what and who from him should issue forth,
It seems in reason's judgment well deserved:
Sith he of Rome and of Rome's empire wide,
In heaven's empyreal height was chosen sire:
Both which, if truth be spoken, were ordained
And 'stablished for the holy place, where sits
Who to great Peter's sacred chair succeeds.

He from this journey, in thy song renowned,
Learned things, that to his victory gave rise
And to the papal robe. In after-times
The chosen vessel also travelled there,
To bring us back assurance in that faith
Which is the entrance to salvation's way.
But I, why should I there presume ? or who
Permits it ? not Æneas I, nor Paul,
Myself I deem not worthy, and none else
Will deem me. I, if on this voyage then
I venture, fear it will in folly end.
Thou, who art wise, better my meaning know'st
Than I can speak." As one, who unresolves
What he hath late resolved, and with new thoughts
Changes his purpose, from his first intent
Removed ; e'en such was I on that dun coast,
Wasting in thought my enterprise, at first
So eagerly embraced. "If right thy words
I scan," replied that shade magnanimous,
"Thy soul is by vile fear assailed, which oft
So overcasts a man, that he recoils
From noblest resolution, like a beast
At some false semblance in the twilight gloom.
That from this terror thou mayst free thyself,
I will instruct thee why I came, and what
I heard in that same instant, when for thee
Grief touched me first. I was among the tribe,
Who rest suspended, when a dame, so blest
And lovely I besought her to command,
Called me ; her eyes were brighter than the star
Of day ; and she, with gentle voice and soft,
Angelically tuned, her speech addressed :
'O courteous shade of Mantua ! thou whose fame
Yet lives, and shall live long as nature lasts !
A friend, not of my fortune but myself,
On the wide desert in his road has met
Hindrance so great, that he through fear has turned.
How much I dread lest he past help have strayed,
And I be risen too late for his relief,
From what in heaven of him I heard. Speed now,
And by thy eloquent persuasive tongue,
And by all means for his deliverance meet,
Assist him. So to me will comfort spring.
I, who bid thee on this errand forth,
Am Beatrice ; from a place I come
Revisited with joy. Love brought me thence,

Who prompts my speech. When in my Master's sight
I stand, thy praise to him I oft will tell.
"She then was silent, and I thus began:
'O Lady! by whose influence alone,
Mankind excels whatever is contained
Within that heaven which hath the smallest orb,
So thy command delights me, that to obey,
If it were done already, would seem late.
No need hast thou further to speak thy will;
Yet tell the reason, why thou art not loth
To leave that ample space, where to return
Thou burnest, for this centre here beneath.'
"She then: 'Since thou so deeply would inquire,
I will instruct thee briefly, why no dread
Hinders my entrance here. Those things alone
Are to be feared, whence evil may proceed;
None else, for none are terrible beside.
I am so framed by God, thanks to his grace!
That any sufferance of your misery
Touches me not, nor flame of that fierce fire
Assails me. In high heaven a blessed dame
Resides, who mourns with such effectual grief
That hindrance, which I send thee to remove,
That God's stern judgment to her will inclines.
To Lucia calling, her she thus bespake:
"Now doth thy faithful servant need thy aid,
And I commend him to thee." At her word
Sped Lucia, of all cruelty the foe,
And coming to the place, where I abode
Seated with Rachel, her of ancient days,
She thus addressed me: "Thou true praise of God!
Beatrice! why is not thy succor lent
To him, who so much loved thee, as to leave
For thy sake all the multitude admires?
Dost thou not hear how pitiful his wail,
Nor mark the death, which in the torrent flood,
Swoln mightier than a sea, him struggling holds?"
Ne'er among men did any with such speed
Haste to their profit, flee from their annoy,
As, when these words were spoken, I came here,
Down from my blessed seat, trusting the force
Of thy pure eloquence, which thee, and all
Who well have marked it, into honor brings.'
"When she had ended, her bright beaming eyes
Tearful she turned aside; whereat I felt
Redoubled zeal to serve thee. As she willed,

Thus am I come: I saved thee from the beast,
Who thy near way across the goodly mount
Prevented. What is this comes o'er thee then?
Why, why dost thou hang back? why in thy breast
Harbor vile fear? why hast not courage there,
And noble daring; since three maids, so blest,
Thy safety plan, e'en in the court of heaven;
And so much certain good my words forebode?"
As florets, by the frosty air of night
Bent down and closed, when day has blanched their leaves
Rise all unfolded on their spiry stems;
So was my fainting vigor new restored,
And to my heart such kindly courage ran,
That I as one undaunted soon replied:
"O full of pity she, who undertook
My succor! and thou kind who didst perform
So soon her true behest! With such desire
Thou hast disposed me to renew my voyage,
That my first purpose fully is resumed.
Lead on; one only will is in us both.
Thou art my guide, my master thou, and lord."
So spake I; and when he had onward moved,
I entered on the deep and woody way.

Canto V.

Coming into the second circle of Hell, Dante at the entrance beholds Minos the Infernal Judge, by whom he is admonished to beware how he enters those regions. Here he witnesses the punishment of carnal sinners, who are tossed about ceaselessly in the dark air by the most furious winds. Amongst these, he meets with Francesca of Rimini, through pity at whose sad tale he falls fainting to the ground.

From the first circle I descended thus
Down to the second, which, a lesser space
Embracing, so much more of grief contains,
Provoking bitter moans. There Minos stands
Grinning with ghastly feature: he, of all
Who enter, strict examining the crimes,
Gives sentence, and dismisses them beneath,
According as he foldeth him around:
For when before him comes the ill-fated soul,
It all confesses; and that judge severe
Of sins, considering what place in hell
Suits the transgression, with his tail so oft
Himself encircles, as degrees beneath
He dooms it to descend. Before him stand

Alway a numerous throng ; and in his turn
Each one to judgment passing, speaks, and hears
His fate, thence downward to his dwelling hurled.
"O thou ! who to this residence of woe
Approachest ?" when he saw me coming, cried
Minos, relinquishing his dread employ,
"Look how thou enter here ; beware in whom
Thou place thy trust ; let not the entrance broad
Deceive thee to thy harm." To him my guide :
"Wherefore exclaimest ? Hinder not his way
By destiny appointed ; so 't is willed
Where will and power are one. Ask thou no more."
Now 'gin the rueful wailings to be heard.
Now am I come where many a plaining voice
Smites on mine ear. Into a place I came
Where light was silent all. Bellowing there groaned
A noise, as of a sea in tempest torn
By warring wings. The stormy blast of hell
With restless fury drives the spirits on,
Whirled round and dashed amain with sore annoy.
When they arrive before the ruinous sweep,
Their shrieks are heard, their lamentations, moans,
And blasphemies 'gainst the good Power in heaven.
I understood that to this torment sad
The carnal sinners are condemned, in whom
Reason by lust is swayed. As in large troops
And multitudinous, when winter reigns,
The starlings on their wings are borne abroad ;
So bears the tyrannous gust those evil souls.
On this side and on that, above, below,
It drives them : hope of rest to solace them
Is none, nor e'en of milder pang. As cranes,
Chanting their dolorous notes, traverse the sky,
Stretched out in long array ; so I beheld
Spirits, who came loud wailing, hurried on
By their dire doom. Then I : "Instructor ! who
Are these, by the black air so scourged ?" — "The first
'Mong those, of whom thou question'st," he replied,
"O'er many tongues was empress. She in vice
Of luxury was so shameless, that she made
Liking be lawful by promulged decree,
To clear the blame she had herself incurred.
This is Semiramis, of whom 't is writ,
That she succeeded Ninus her espoused ;
And held the land, which now the Soldan rules.
The next in amorous fury slew herself,

And to Sicheus' ashes broke her faith:
Then follows Cleopatra, lustful queen."
There marked I Helen, for whose sake so long
The time was fraught with evil; there the great
Achilles, who with love fought to the end.
Paris I saw, and Tristan; and beside,
A thousand more he showed me, and by name
Pointed them out, whom love bereaved of life.
When I had heard my sage instructor name
Those dames and knights of antique days, o'erpowered
By pity, well-nigh in amaze my mind
Was lost; and I began: "Bard! willingly
I would address those two together coming,
Which seem so light before the wind." He thus:
"Note thou, when nearer they to us approach.
Then by that love which carries them along,
Entreat; and they will come." Soon as the wind
Swayed them toward us, I thus framed my speech:
"O wearied spirits! come, and hold discourse
With us, if by none else restrained." As doves
By fond desire invited, on wide wings
And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,
Cleave the air, wafted by their will along;
Thus issued, from that troop, where Dido ranks,
They, through the ill air speeding; with such force
My cry prevailed by strong affection urged.
"O gracious creature and benign! who goest
Visiting, through this element obscure,
Us, who the world with bloody stain imbrued;
If, for a friend the King of all, we owned,
Our prayer to him should for thy peace arise,
Since thou hast pity on our evil plight.
Of whatsoe'er to hear or to discourse
It pleases thee, that will we hear, of that
Freely with thee discourse, while e'er the wind,
As now, is mute. The land, that gave me birth,
Is situate on the coast, where Po descends
To rest in ocean with his sequent streams.
"Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learnt,
Entangled him by that fair form, from me
Ta'en in such cruel sort, as grieves me still:
Love, that denial takes from none beloved,
Caught me with pleasing him so passing well,
That, as thou seest, he yet deserts me not.
Love brought us to one death: Caïna waits
The soul, who spilt our life." Such were their words;

At hearing which downward I bent my looks,
And held them there so long, that the bard cried:
"What art thou pond'ring?" I in answer thus:
"Alas! by what sweet thoughts, what fond desire
Must they at length to that ill pass have reached!"
Then turning, I to them my speech addressed.
And thus began: "Francesca! your sad fate
Even to tears my grief and pity moves.
But tell me; in the time of your sweet sighs,
By what, and how love granted, that ye knew
Your yet uncertain wishes?" She replied:
"No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy, when misery is at hand! That kens
Thy learned instructor. Yet so eagerly
If thou art bent to know the primal root,
From whence our love gat being, I will do,
As one, who weeps and tells his tale. One day,
For our delight we read of Lancelot,
How him love thralled. Alone we were, and no
Suspicion near us. Ofttimes by that reading
Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue
Fled from our altered cheek. But at one point
Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,
The wished smile, rapturously kissed
By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er
From me shall separate, at once my lips
All trembling kissed. The book and writer both
Were love's purveyors. In its leaves that day
We read no more." While thus one spirit spake,
The other wailed so sorely, that heart-struck
I, through compassion fainting, seemed not far
From death, and like a corpse fell to the ground.

Canto XXVII.

An angel sends them forward through the fire to the last ascent, which leads to the earthly Paradise, situated on the summit of the mountain. They have not proceeded many steps on their way upward, when the fall of night hinders them from going further; and our Poet, who has lain down with Virgil and Statius to rest, beholds in a dream two females, figuring the active and contemplative life. With the return of morning, they reach the height; and here Virgil gives Dante full liberty to use his own pleasure and judgment in the choice of his way, till he shall meet with Beatrice.

Now was the sun so stationed, as when first
His early radiance quivers on the heights,
Where streamed his Maker's blood; while Libra hangs

Above Hesperian Ebro; and new fires,
Meridian, flash on Ganges' yellow tide.
So day was sinking, when the angel of God
Appeared before us. Joy was in his mien.
Forth of the flame he stood upon the brink;
And with a voice, whose lively clearness far
Surpassed our human, "Blessed are the pure
In heart," he sang: then near him as we came,
"Go ye not further, holy spirits!" he cried,
"Ere the fire pierce you: enter in; and list
Attentive to the song ye hear from thence."
I, when I heard his saying, was as one
Laid in the Grave. My hands together clasped,
And upward stretching, on the fire I looked;
And busy fancy conjured up the forms
Erewhile beheld alive consumed in flames.
The escorting spirits turned with gentle looks
Toward me; and the Mantuan spake: "My son,
Here torment thou mayst feel, but canst not death.
Remember thee, remember thee, if I
Safe e'en on Geryon brought thee; now I come
More near to God, wilt thou not trust me now?
Of this be sure; though in its womb that flame
A thousand years contained thee, from thy head
No hair should perish. If thou doubt my truth,
Approach; and with thy hands thy vesture's hem
Stretch forth, and for thyself confirm belief.
Lay now all fear, oh! lay all fear aside.
Turn hither, and come onward undismayed."
I still, though conscience urged, no step advanced.
When still he saw me fixed and obstinate,
Somewhat disturbed he cried: "Mark now, my son,
From Beatrice thou art by this wall
Divided." As at Thisbe's name the eye
Of Pyramus was opened (when life ebbed
Fast from his veins,) and took one parting glance,
While vermeil dyed the mulberry; thus I turned
To my sage guide, relenting, when I heard
The name that springs forever in my breast.
He shook his forehead; and, "How long," he said,
"Linger we now?" then smiled, as one would smile
Upon a child that eyes the fruit and yields.
Into the fire before me then he walked;
And Statius, who erewhile no little space
Had parted us, he prayed to come behind.

I would have cast me into molten glass
To cool me, when I entered; so intense
Raged the conflagrant mass. The sire beloved,
To comfort me, as he proceeded, still
Of Beatrice talked. "Her eyes," saith he,
"E'en now I seem to view." From the other side
A voice, that sang, did guide us; and the voice
Following, with heedful ear, we issued forth,
There where the path led upward. "Come," we heard,
"Come, blessed of my Father." Such the sounds,
That hailed us from within a light, which shone
So radiant, I could not endure the view.
"The sun," it added, "hastes: and evening comes.
Delay not: ere the western sky is hung
With blackness, strive ye for the pass." Our way
Upright within the rock arose, and faced
Such part of heaven, that from before my steps
The beams were shrouded of the sinking sun.
Nor many stairs were overpast, when now
By fading of the shadow we perceived
The sun behind us couched; and ere one face
Of darkness o'er its measureless expanse
Involved the horizon, and the night her lot
Held individual, each of us had made
A stair his pallet; not that will, but power,
Had failed us, by the nature of that mount
Forbidden further travel. As the goats,
That late have skipt and wantoned rapidly
Upon the craggy cliffs, ere they had ta'en
Their supper on the herb, now silent lie
And ruminate beneath the umbrage brown,
While noonday rages; and the goatherd leans
Upon his staff, and leaning watches them:
And as the swain, that lodges out all night
In quiet by his flock, lest beast of prey
Disperse them: even so all three abode,
I as a goat, and as the shepherds they,
Close pent on either side by shelving rock.
A little glimpse of sky was seen above;
Yet by that little I beheld the stars,
In magnitude and lustre shining forth
With more than wonted glory. As I lay,
Gazing on them, and in that fit of musing,
Sleep overcame me, sleep, that bringeth oft
Tidings of future hap. About the hour,

As I believe, when Venus from the east
First lightened on the mountain, she whose orb
Seems alway glowing with the fire of love,
A lady young and beautiful, I dreamed,
Was passing o'er a lea; and, as she came,
Methought I saw her ever and anon
Bending to cull the flowers; and thus she sang:
"Know ye, whoever of my name would ask,
That I am Leah: for my brow to weave
A garland, these fair hands unwearied ply.
To please me at the crystal mirror, here
I deck me. But my sister Rachel, she
Before her glass abides the livelong day,
Her radiant eyes beholding, charmed no less,
Than I with this delightful task. Her joy
In contemplation, as in labor mine."
And now as glimmering dawn appeared, that breaks
More welcome to the pilgrim still, as he
Sojourns less distant on his homeward way,
Darkness from all sides fled, and with it fled
My slumber; whence I rose, and saw my guide
Already risen. "That delicious fruit,
Which through so many a branch the zealous care
Of mortals roams in quest of, shall this day
Appease thy hunger." Such the words I heard
From Virgil's lip; and never greeting heard,
So pleasant as the sounds. Within me straight
Desire so grew upon desire to mount,
Thenceforward at each step I felt the wings
Increasing for my flight. When we had run
O'er all the ladder to its topmost round,
As there we stood, on me the Mantuan fixed
His eyes, and thus he spake: "Both fires, my son,
The temporal and eternal, thou hast seen;
And art arrived, where of itself my ken
No further reaches. I, with skill and art,
Thus far have drawn thee. Now thy pleasure take
For guide. Thou hast o'ercome the steeper way,
O'ercome the straiter. Lo! the sun, that darts
His beam upon thy forehead: lo! the herb,
The arborets and flowers, which of itself
This land pours forth profuse. Till those bright eyes
With gladness come, which, weeping, made me haste
To succor thee, thou mayst or seat thee down,
Or wander where thou wilt. Expect no more
Sanction of warning voice or sign from me,

Free of thy own arbitrement to choose,
Discreet, judicious. To distrust thy sense
Were henceforth error. I invest thee then
With crown and mitre, sovereign o'er thyself."

Canto XXX.

Beatrice descends from heaven, and rebukes the poet.

Soon as that polar light, fair ornament
Of the first heaven, which hath never known
Setting nor rising, nor the shadowy veil
Of other cloud than sin, to duty there
Each one convoying, as that lower doth
The steersman to his port, stood firmly fixed;
Forthwith the saintly tribe, who in the van
Between the Griffon and its radiance came,
Did turn them to the car, as to their rest:
And one, as if commissioned from above,
In holy chant thrice shouted forth aloud;
"Come, spouse! from Libanus:" and all the rest
Took up the song. — At the last audit, so
The blest shall rise, from forth his cavern each
Uplifting lightly his new-vested flesh;
As, on the sacred litter at the voice
Authoritative of that elder, sprang
A hundred ministers and messengers
Of life eternal. "Blessed thou, who comest!"
And, "Oh!" they cried, "from full hands scatter ye
Unwithering lilies:" and, so saying, cast
Flowers over head and round them on all sides.
I have beheld, ere now, at break of day,
The eastern clime all roseate; and the sky
Opposed, one deep and beautiful serene;
And the sun's face so shaded, and with mists
Attempted, at his rising, that the eye
Long while endured the sight: thus, in a cloud
Of flowers, that from those hands angelic rose,
And down within and outside of the car
Fell showering, in white veil with olive wreathed,
A virgin in my view appeared, beneath
Green mantle, robed in hue of living flame:
And o'er my spirit, that so long a time
Had from her presence felt no shuddering dread,
Albeit mine eyes discerned her not, there moved

A hidden virtue from her, at whose touch
The power of ancient love was strong within me.
No sooner on my vision streaming, smote
The heavenly influence, which, years past, and e'en
In childhood, thrilled me, than towards Virgil I
Turned me to leftward; panting, like a babe,
That flees for refuge to his mother's breast,
If aught have terrified or worked him woe:
And would have cried, "There is is no dram of blood,
That doth not quiver in me. The old flame
Throws out clear tokens of reviving fire."
But Virgil had bereaved us of himself;
Virgil, my best-loved father; Virgil, he
To whom I gave me up for safety: nor
All, our prime mother lost, availed to save
My undewed cheeks from blur of soiling tears.
"Dante! weep not that Virgil leaves thee; nay,
Weep thou not yet: behoves thee feel the edge
Of other sword; and thou shalt weep for that."
As to the prow or stern, some admiral
Paces the deck, inspiriting his crew,
When 'mid the sail-yards all hands ply aloof;
Thus, on the left side of the car, I saw
(Turning me at the sound of mine own name,
Which here I am compelled to register)
The virgin stationed, who before appeared
Veiled in that festive shower angelical.
Towards me, across the stream, she bent her eyes;
Though from her brow the veil descending, bound
With foliage of Minerva, suffered not
That I beheld her clearly: then with act
Full royal, still insulting o'er her thrall,
Added, as one who, speaking, keepeth back
The bitterest saying, to conclude the speech:
"Observe me well. I am, in sooth, I am
Beatrice. What! and hast thou deigned at last
Approach the mountain? Knewest not, O man!
Thy happiness is here?" Down fell mine eyes
On the clear fount; but there, myself espying,
Recoiled, and sought the greensward; such a weight
Of shame was on my forehead. With a mien
Of that stern majesty, which doth surround
A mother's presence to her awe-struck child,
She looked; a flavor of such bitterness
Was mingled in her pity. There her words
Brake off; and suddenly the angels sang,

"In thee, O gracious Lord! my hope hath been:"
But went no further than, "Thou, Lord! hast set
My feet in ample room." As snow, that lies,
Amidst the living rafters on the back
Of Italy, congealed, when drifted high
And closely piled by rough Sclavonian blasts;
Breathe but the land whereon no shadow falls,
And straightway melting it distils away,
Like a fire-wasted taper: thus was I,
Without a sigh or tear, or even these
Did sing, that, with the chiming of heaven's sphere
Still in their warbling chime: but when the strain
Of dulcet symphony expressed for me
Their soft compassion, more than could the words,
"Virgin! why so consumest him?" then, the ice
Congealed about my bosom turned itself
To spirit and water; and with anguish forth
Gushed, through the lips and eyelids, from the heart
Upon the chariot's same edge still she stood,
Immovable; and thus addressed her words
To those bright semblances with pity touched:
"Ye in the eternal day your vigils keep;
So that nor night nor slumber, with close stealth,
Conveys from you a single step, in all
The goings on of time: thence, with more heed
I shape mine answer, for his ear intended,
Who there stands weeping; that the sorrow now
May equal the transgression. Not alone
Through operation of the mighty orbs,
That mark each seed to some predestined aim,
As with aspect or fortunate or ill
The constellations meet; but through benign
Largess of heavenly graces, which rain down
From such a height as mocks our vision, this man
Was, in the freshness of his being, such,
So gifted virtually, that in him
All better habits wonderously had thrived.
The more of kindly strength is in the soil,
So much doth evil seed and lack of culture
Mar it the more, and make it run to wildness.
These looks sometime upheld him; for I showed
My youthful eyes, and led him by their light
In upright walking. Soon as I had reached
The threshold of my second age, and changed
My mortal for immortal; then he left me,
And gave himself to others. When from flesh

To spirit I had risen, and increase
Of beauty and of virtue circled me,
I was less dear to him, and valued less.
His steps were turned into deceitful ways,
Following false images of good, that make
No promise perfect. Nor availed me aught
To sue for inspirations, with the which,
I, both in dreams of night, and otherwise,
Did call him back; of them, so little recked him.
Such depth he fell, that all device was short
Of his preserving, save that he should view
The children of perdition. To this end
I visited the purlieus of the dead:
And one, who hath conducted him thus high,
Received my supplications urged with weeping.
It were a breaking of God's high decree,
If Lethe should be past, and such food tasted,
Without the cost of some repentant tear."

Canto XXXI.

Beatrice continues her reprehension of Dante, who confesses his error, and falls to the ground: coming to himself again, he is by Matilda drawn through the waters of Lethe, and presented first to the four virgins who figure the cardinal virtues; these in their turn lead him to the Griffon, a symbol of our Saviour; and the three virgins, representing the evangelical virtues, intercede for him with Beatrice, that she would display to him her second beauty.

"O thou!" her words she thus without delay
Resuming, turned their point on me, to whom
They, with but lateral edge, seemed harsh before:
"Say thou, who stand'st beyond the holy stream,
If this be true. A charge, so grievous, needs
Thine own avowal." On my faculty
Such strange amazement hung, the voice expired
Imperfect, ere its organs gave it birth.
A little space refraining, then she spake:
"What dost thou muse on? Answer me. The wave
On thy remembrances of evil yet
Hath done no injury." A mingled sense
Of fear and of confusion, from my lips
Did such a "Yea" produce, as needed help
Of vision to interpret. As when breaks,
In act to be discharged, a cross-bow bent
Beyond its pitch, both nerve and bow o'erstretched;
The flagging weapon feebly hits the mark;

DANTE AND MATILDA

From Painting by A. Maignan

Thus, tears and sighs forth gushing, did I burst,
Beneath the heavy load: and thus my voice
Was slackened on its way. She straight began:
"When my desire invited thee to love
The good, which sets a bound to our aspirings;
What bar of thwarting foss or linked chain
Did meet thee, that thou so shouldst quit the hope
Of further progress? or what bait of ease,
Or promise of allurement, led thee on
Elsewhere, that thou elsewhere shouldst rather wait?"
A bitter sigh I drew, then scarce found voice
To answer; hardly to these sounds my lips
Gave utterance, wailing: "Thy fair looks withdrawn,
Things present, with deceitful pleasures, turned
My steps aside." She answering spake: "Hadst thou
Been silent, or denied what thou avow'st,
Thou hadst not hid thy sin the more; such eye
Observes it. But whene'er the sinner's cheek
Breaks forth into the precious-streaming tears
Of self-accusing, in our court the wheel
Of justice doth run counter to the edge.
Howe'er, that thou mayst profit by thy shame
For errors past, and that henceforth more strength
May arm thee, when thou hear'st the Siren-voice:
Lay thou aside the motive of this grief,
And lend attentive ear, while I unfold
How opposite a way my buried flesh
Should have impelled thee. Never didst thou spy,
In art or nature, aught so passing sweet,
As were the limbs that in their beauteous frame
Enclosed me, and are scattered now in dust.
If sweetest thing thus failed thee with my death,
What, afterward, of mortal, should thy wish
Have tempted? When thou first hadst felt the dart
Of perishable things, in my departing
For better realms, thy wing thou shouldst have pruned
To follow me; and never stooped again,
To 'bide a second blow, for a slight girl,
Or other gaud as transient and as vain.
The new and inexperienced bird awaits,
Twice it may be, or thrice, the fowler's aim;
But in the sight of one whose plumes are full,
In vain the net is spread, the arrow winged."
I stood, as children silent and ashamed
Stand, listening, with their eyes upon the earth,
Acknowledging their fault, and self-condemned.

And she resumed: "If, but to hear, thus pains thee;
Raise thou thy beard, and lo! what sight shall do."
With less reluctance yields a sturdy holm,
Rent from its fibres by a blast, that blows
From off the pole, or from Iarbas' land,
That I at her behest my visage raised:
And thus the face denoting by the beard,
I marked the secret sting her words conveyed.
No sooner lifted I mine aspect up,
Than I perceived those primal creatures cease
Their flowery sprinkling; and mine eyes beheld
(Yet unassured and wavering in their view)
Beatrice; she, who towards the mystic shape,
That joins two natures in one form, had turned:
And, even under shadow of her veil,
And parted by the verdant rill that flowed
Between, in loveliness she seemed as much
Her former self surpassing, as on earth
All others she surpassed. Remorseful goads
Shot sudden through me. Each thing else, the more
Its love had late beguiled me, now the more
Was loathsome. On my heart so keenly smote
The bitter consciousness, that on the ground
O'erpowered I fell: and what my state was then,
She knows, who was the cause. When now my strength
Flowed back, returning outward from the heart,
The lady, whom alone I first had seen,
I found above me. "Loose me not," she cried:
"Loose not thy hold:" and lo! had dragged me high
As to my neck into the stream; while she,
Still as she drew me after, swept along,
Swift as a shuttle, bounding o'er the wave.
The blessed shore approaching, then was heard
So sweetly, "Tu asperges me," that I
May not remember, much less tell the sound.
The beauteous dame, her arms expanding, clasped
My temples, and immerged me where 't was fit
The wave should drench me: and, thence raising up
Within the fourfold dance of lovely nymphs,
Presented me so laved; and with their arm
They each did cover me. "Here are we nymphs,
And in the heaven are stars. Or ever earth
Was visited of Beatrice, we,
Appointed for her handmaids, tended on her.
We to her eyes will lead thee: but the light
Of gladness, that is in them, well to scan,

Those yonder three, of deeper ken than ours,
Thy sight shall quicken." Thus began their song:
And then they led me to the Griffon's breast,
Where, turned toward us, Beatrice stood.
"Spare not thy vision. We have stationed thee
Before the emeralds, whence love, erewhile,
Hath drawn his weapons on thee." As they spake,
A thousand fervent wishes riveted
Mine eyes upon her beaming eyes, that stood,
Still fixed toward the Griffon, motionless.
As the sun strikes a mirror, even thus
Within those orbs the twofold being shone;
For ever varying, in one figure now
Reflected, now in other. Reader! muse
How wondrous in my sight it seemed, to mark
A thing, albeit steadfast in itself,
Yet in its imaged semblance mutable.
Full of amaze, and joyous, while my soul
Fed on the viand, whereof still desire
Grows with satiety; the other three,
With gesture that declared a loftier line,
Advanced: to their own carol, on they came
Dancing, in festive ring angelical.
"Turn, Beatrice!" was their song: "Oh! turn
Thy saintly sight on this thy faithful one,
Who, to behold thee, many a wearisome pace
Hath measured. Gracious at our prayer, vouchsafe
Unveil to him thy cheeks; that he may mark
Thy second beauty, now concealed." O splendor!
O sacred light eternal! Who is he,
So pale with musing in Pierian shades,
Or with that fount so lavishly imbued,
Whose spirit should not fail him in the essay
To represent thee such as thou didst seem,
When under cope of the still-chiming heaven
Thou gavest to open air thy charms revealed?

AGNES MARY FRANCES ROBINSON DARMESTETER.

Darmesteter, Agnes Mary Frances (Robinson), an English poet; born in Leamington, 1857. She has attained great proficiency in Greek studies, her verse showing the influence of Hellenic literature. In 1888 she married James Darmesteter, the Orientalist. Her writings include: "A Handful of Honeysuckle" (1878); "An Italian Garden" (1886); "Lyrics" (1891); and "Retrospect" (1893); "Life of Renan" (1897).

Tuscan Cypress.

(Rispetti.)

What good is there, ah me, what good in Love?
Since even if you love me, we must part;
And since for either, an you cared enough,
There 's but division and a broken heart?

And yet, God knows, to hear you say — My dear!
I would lie down and stretch me on the bier.
And yet would I, to hear you say — My own!
With mine own hands drag down the burial stone.

I love you more than any words can say,
And yet you do not feel I love you so;
And slowly I am dying day by day, —
You look at me, and yet you do not know.

You look at me, and yet you do not fear;
You do not see the mourners with the bier.
You answer when I speak, and wish me well,
And still you do not hear the passing-bell.

O Love, O Love, come over the sea, come here.
Come back and kiss me once when I am dead!
Come back and lay a rose upon my bier,
Come, light the tapers at my feet and head.

Come back and kiss me once upon the eyes,
So I, being dead, shall dream of Paradise;
Come, kneel beside me once and say a prayer,
So shall my soul be happy anywhere.

When I am dead and I am quite forgot,
What care I if my spirit lives or dies?
To walk with angels in a grassy plot,
And pluck the lilies grown in Paradise?

Ah, no, — the heaven of all my heart has been
To hear your voice and catch the sighs between.
Ah, no, — the better heaven I fain would give,
But in a cranny of your soul to live.

Ah me, you well might wait a little while,
And not forget me, Sweet, until I die!
I had a home, a little distant isle,
With shadowy trees and tender misty sky.

I had a home! It was less dear than thou,
And I forgot, as you forget me now.
I had a home, more dear than I can tell,
And I forgot, but now remember well.

Love me to-day and think not on to-morrow;
Come, take my hands, and lead me out of doors;
There in the fields let us forget our sorrow,
Talking of Venice and Ionian shores; —

Talking of all the seas innumerable
Where we will sail and sing when I am well;
Talking of Indian roses gold and red,
Which we will plait in wreaths — when I am dead.

Tell me a story, dear, that is not true,
Strange as a vision, full of splendid things:
Here will I lie and dream it is not you,
And dream it is a mocking-bird that sings.

For if I find your voice in any part,
Even the sound of it will break my heart;
For if you speak of us and of our love,
I faint and die to feel the thrill thereof.

Let us forget we loved each other much,
Let us forget we ever have to part;
Let us forget that any look or touch
Once let in either to the other's heart.

Only we'll sit upon the daisied grass,
And hear the larks and see the swallows pass;
Only we'll live awhile, as children play,
Without to-morrow, without yesterday.

Far, far away and in the middle sea,
So still I dream, although the dream is vain,
There lies a valley full of rest for me,
Where I shall live and you shall love again.

O ships that sail, O masts against the sky,
Will you not stop awhile in passing by?
O prayers that hope, O faith that never knew,
Will you not take me on to heaven with you?

Ah, Love, I cannot die, I cannot go
Down in the dark, and leave you all alone:
Ah, hold me fast, safe in the warmth I know,
And never shut me underneath a stone.

Dead in the grave! And I can never hear
If you are ill or if you miss me, dear.
Dead, oh my God! and you may need me yet,
While I shall sleep, while I — while I — forget!

Come away, Sorrow, Sorrow, come away —
Let us go sit in some cool, shadowy place;
There shall you sing and hush me all the day,
While I will dream about my lover's face.

Hush me, O Sorrow, like a babe to sleep,
Then close the lids above mine eyes that weep;
Rock me, O Sorrow, like a babe in pain,
Nor, when I slumber, wake me up again.

The Scape-goat.

She lived in a hovel alone, the beautiful child.
Alas, that it should have been so!
But her father died of the drink, and the sons went wild;
And where was the girl to go?

Her brothers left her alone in the lonely hut.
Ah, it was dreary at night
When the wind whistled right through the door that never would shut,
And sent her sobbing with fright.

She never had slept alone; for the stifling room
Held her, brothers, father — all.
Ah, better their violence, better their threats, than the gloom
That now hung close as a pall!

When the hard day's washing was done, it was sweeter to stand
Hearkening praises and vows,
To feel her cold fingers kept warm in a sheltering hand,
Than crouch in the desolate house.

Ah, me! she was only a child; and yet so aware
Of the shame which follows on sin.
A poor, lost, terrified child! she stept in the snare,
Knowing the toils she was in.

Yet now, when I watch her pass with a heavy reel,
Shouting her villanous song,
Is it only pity or shame, do you think, that I feel
For the infinite sorrow and wrong?

With a sick, strange wonder I ask, Who shall answer the sin,
Thou, lover, brothers of thine?
Or he who left standing thy hovel to perish in?
Or I, who gave no sign?

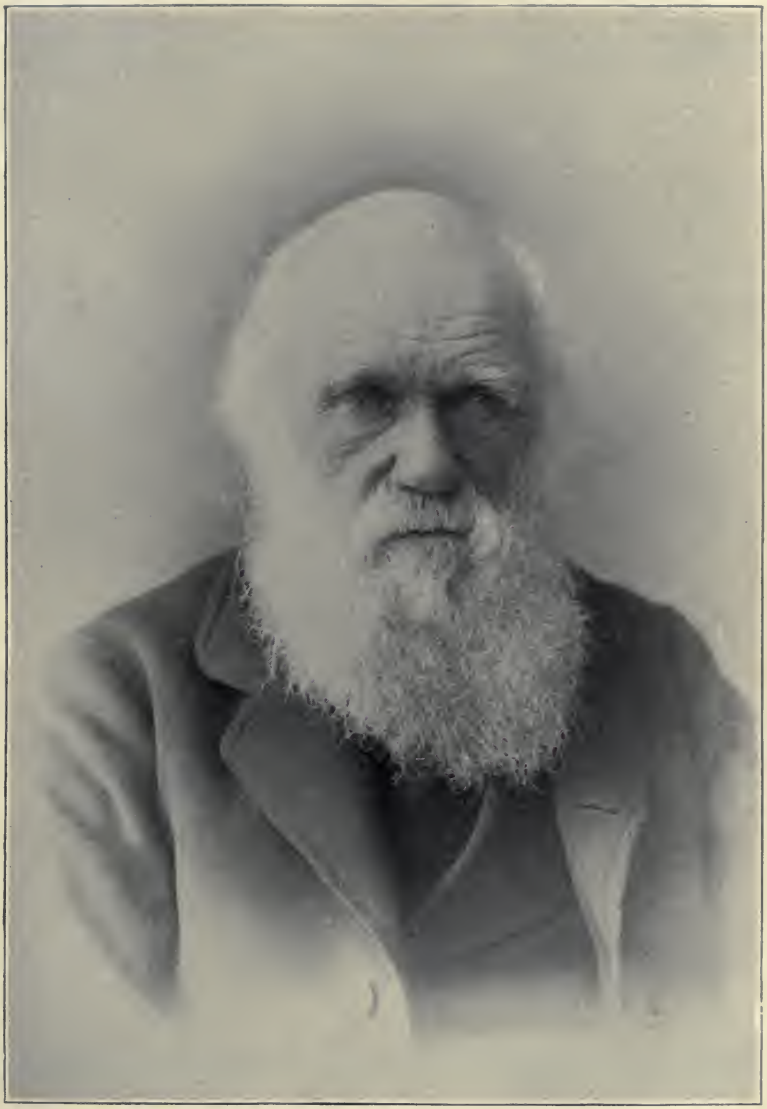
CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN.

Darwin, Charles Robert, a celebrated English naturalist; born February 12, 1809; died April 19, 1882. He studied two years at Edinburgh University, and then entered Christ College, Cambridge, where he received his bachelor's degree in 1831. In December of the same year he volunteered to go as naturalist with Captain Fitzroy of H. M. S. Beagle, for a survey of South America and the circumnavigation of the globe. They returned in 1836. Darwin's life was devoted to science. His earliest well-known work is "The Voyage of a Naturalist: a Journal of Researches into the Geology and Natural History of the Various Countries Visited by H. M. S. Beagle" (1839). He wrote the introduction and many of the notes to the "Zoölogy of the Voyage of H. M. S. Beagle," published by the government in 1840–43; "The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs" (1842); "Geological Observations on Volcanic Islands" (1844); "Geological Observations on South America" (1846); "Monograph of the Family Cirripedia" (1851–53); "The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Life" (1859); "Fertilization of Orchids" (1862); "Movement in Climbing Plants" (1865); "Variations of Plants and Animals Under Domestication" (1868); "The Descent of Man and Selection in Relation to Sex" (1871); "Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals" (1872); "Insectivorous Plants" (1875); The Effects of Cross and Self-fertilization in the Vegetable Kingdom" (1876) "Different Forms of Flowers in Plants of the Same Species" (1877); "Power of Movement in Plants" (1880); and "The Formation of Vegetable Mould Through the Action of Worms, with Observations on their Habits" (1881).

Comparison of the Mental Powers of Man and the Lower Animals.

(From "The Descent of Man.")

We have seen in the last two chapters that man bears in his bodily structure clear traces of his descent from some lower form; but it may be urged that, as man differs so greatly in



CHARLES DARWIN

his mental power from all other animals, there must be some error in this conclusion. No doubt the difference in this respect is enormous, even if we compare the mind of one of the lowest savages, who has no words to express any number higher than four, and who uses hardly any abstract terms for common objects or for the affections, with that of the most highly organized ape. The difference would, no doubt, still remain immense, even if one of the higher apes had been improved or civilized as much as a dog has been in comparison with its parent-form, the wolf or jackal. The Fuegians rank amongst the lowest barbarians, but I was continually struck with surprise how closely the three natives on board H.M.S. "Beagle," who had lived some years in England and could talk a little English, resembled us in disposition and in most of our mental faculties. If no organic being excepting man had possessed any mental power, or if his powers had been of a wholly different nature from those of the lower animals, then we should never have been able to convince ourselves that our high faculties had been gradually developed. But it can be shown that there is no fundamental difference of this kind. We must also admit that there is a much wider interval in mental power between one of the lowest fishes, as a lamprey or lancelet, and one of the higher apes, than between an ape and man; yet this interval is filled up by numberless gradations.

Nor is the difference slight in moral disposition between a barbarian, such as the man described by the old navigator Byron, who dashed his child on the rocks for dropping a basket of sea-urchins, and a Howard or Clarkson; and in intellect between a savage who uses hardly any abstract terms, and a Newton or Shakespeare. Differences of this kind between the highest men of the highest races and the lowest savages, are connected by the finest gradations. Therefore it is possible that they might pass and be developed into each other.

My object in this chapter is to show that there is no fundamental difference between man and the higher mammals in their mental faculties. Each division of the subject might have been extended into a separate essay, but must here be treated briefly. As no classification of the mental powers has been universally accepted, I shall arrange my remarks in the order most convenient for my purpose; and will select those facts which have struck me most, with the hope that they may produce some effect on the reader.

With respect to animals very low in the scale, I shall give some additional facts under Sexual Selection, showing that their mental powers are much higher than might have been expected. The variability of the faculties in the individuals of the same species is an important point for us, and some few illustrations will here be given. But it would be superfluous to enter into many details on this head, for I have found, on frequent inquiry, that it is the unanimous opinion of all those who have long attended to animals of many kinds, including birds, that the individuals differ greatly in every mental characteristic. In what manner the mental powers were first developed in the lowest organisms, is as hopeless an inquiry as how life itself first originated. These are problems for the distant future, if they are ever to be solved by man.

As man possesses the same senses as the lower animals, his fundamental intuitions must be the same. Man has also some few instincts in common, as that of self-preservation, sexual love, the love of the mother for her new-born offspring, the desire possessed by the latter to suck, and so forth. But man, perhaps, has somewhat fewer instincts than those possessed by the animals which come next to him in the series. The orang in the Eastern islands, and the chimpanzee in Africa, build platforms on which they sleep; and, as both species follow the same habit, it might be argued that this was due to instinct, but we cannot feel sure that it is not the result of both animals having similar wants, and possessing similar powers of reasoning. These apes, as we may assume, avoid the many poisonous fruits of the tropics, and man has no such knowledge: but as our domestic animals, when taken to foreign lands, and when first turned out in the spring, often eat poisonous herbs, which they afterwards avoid, we cannot feel sure that the apes do not learn from their own experience or from that of their parents what fruits to select. It is, however, certain, as we shall presently see, that apes have an instinctive dread of serpents, and probably of other dangerous animals.

The fewness and the comparative simplicity of the instincts in the higher animals are remarkable in contrast with those of the lower animals. Cuvier maintained that instinct and intelligence stand in an inverse ratio to each other; and some have thought that the intellectual faculties of the higher animals have been gradually developed from their instincts. But Pouchet, in an interesting essay, has shown that no such inverse

ratio really exists. Those insects which possess the most wonderful instincts are certainly the most intelligent. In the vetebrate series, the least intelligent members, namely fishes and amphibians, do not possess complex instincts; and amongst mammals the animal most remarkable for its instincts, namely, the beaver, is highly intelligent, as will be admitted by every one who has read Mr. Morgan's excellent work.

Although the first dawnings of intelligence, according to Mr. Herbert Spencer, have been developed through the multiplication and co-ordination of reflex actions, and although many of the simpler instincts graduate into reflex actions, and can hardly be distinguished from them, as in the case of young animals sucking, yet the more complex instincts seem to have originated independently of intelligence. I am, however, very far from wishing to deny that instinctive actions may lose their fixed and untaught character, and be replaced by others performed by the aid of the free will. On the other hand, some intelligent actions, after being performed during several generations, become converted into instincts and are inherited, as when birds on oceanic islands learn to avoid man. These actions may then be said to be degraded in character, for they are no longer performed through reason or from experience. But the greater number of the more complex instincts appear to have been gained in a wholly different manner, through the natural selection of variations of simpler instinctive actions. Such variations appear to arise from the same unknown causes acting on the cerebral organization, which induce slight variations or individual differences in other parts of the body; and these variations, owing to our ignorance, are often said to arise spontaneously. We can, I think, come to no other conclusion with respect to the origin of the more complex instincts, when we reflect on the marvellous instincts of sterile worker-ants and bees, which leave no offspring to inherit the effects of experience and of modified habits.

Although, as we learn from the above-mentioned insects and the beaver, a high degree of intelligence is certainly compatible with complex instincts, and although actions at first learned voluntarily can soon through habit be performed with the quickness and certainty of a reflex action, yet it is not improbable that there is a certain amount of interference between the development of free intelligence and of instinct, — which latter implies some inherited modification of the brain.

Little is known about the functions of the brain, but we can perceive that as the intellectual powers become highly developed, the various parts of the brain must be connected by very intricate channels of the freest intercommunication; and as a consequence, each separate part would perhaps tend to be less well fitted to answer to particular sensations or associations in a definite and inherited — that is instinctive — manner. There seems even to exist some relation between a low degree of intelligence and a strong tendency to the formation of fixed, though not inherited habits; for as a sagacious physician remarked to me, persons who are slightly imbecile tend to act in everything by routine or habit; and they are rendered much happier if this is encouraged.

I have thought this digression worth giving, because we may easily underrate the mental powers of the higher animals, and especially of man, when we compare their actions founded on the memory of past events, on foresight, reason, and imagination, with exactly similar actions instinctively performed by the lower animals; in this latter case the capacity of performing such actions has been gained, step by step, through the variability of the mental organs and natural selection, without any conscious intelligence on the part of the animal during each successive generation. No doubt, as Mr. Wallace has argued, much of the intelligent work done by man is due to imitation and not to reason; but there is this great difference between his actions and many of those performed by the lower animals, namely, that man cannot, on his first trial, make, for instance, a stone hatchet or a canoe, through his power of imitation. He has to learn his work by practice; a beaver, on the other hand, can make its dam or canal, and a bird its nest, as well, or nearly as well, and a spider its wonderful web, quite as well, the first time it tries, as when old and experienced.

To return to our immediate subject: the lower animals, like man, manifestly feel pleasure and pain, happiness and misery. Happiness is never better exhibited than by young animals, such as puppies, kittens, lambs, etc., when playing together, like our own children. Even insects play together, as has been described by that excellent observer, P. Huber, who saw ants chasing and pretending to bite each other, like so many puppies.

The fact that the lower animals are excited by the same emotions as ourselves is so well established, that it will not be

necessary to weary the reader by many details. Terror acts in the same manner on them as on us, causing the muscles to tremble, the heart to palpitate, the sphincters to be relaxed, and the hair to stand on end. Suspicion, the offspring of fear, is eminently characteristic of most wild animals. It is, I think, impossible to read the account given by Sir E. Tennent, of the behavior of the female elephants, used as decoys, without admitting that they intentionally practice deceit, and well know what they are about. Courage and timidity are extremely variable qualities in the individuals of the same species, as is plainly seen in our dogs. Some dogs and horses are ill-tempered, and easily turn sulky; others are good-tempered; and these qualities are certainly inherited. Every one knows how liable animals are to furious rage, and how plainly they show it. Many, and probably true, anecdotes have been published on the long-delayed and artful revenge of various animals. The accurate Rengger, and Brehm, state that the American and African monkeys which they kept tame, certainly revenged themselves. Sir Andrew Smith, a zoölogist whose scrupulous accuracy was known to many persons, told me the following story of which he was himself an eye-witness: at the Cape of Good Hope an officer had often plagued a certain baboon, and the animal, seeing him approaching one Sunday for parade, poured water into a hole and hastily made some thick mud, which he skilfully dashed over the officer as he passed by, to the amusement of many bystanders. For long afterwards the baboon rejoiced and triumphed whenever he saw his victim.

The love of a dog for his master is notorious; as an old writer quaintly says, "A dog is the only thing on this earth that luvs you more than he luvs himself."

In the agony of death a dog has been known to caress his master, and every one has heard of the dog suffering under vivisection, who licked the hand of the operator; this man, unless the operation was fully justified by an increase of our knowledge, or unless he had a heart of stone, must have felt remorse to the last hour of his life.

As Whewell has well asked, "Who that reads the touching instances of maternal affection, related so often of the women of all nations, and of the females of all animals, can doubt that the principle of action is the same in the two cases?" We see maternal affection exhibited in the most trifling details; thus Rengger observed an American monkey (a Cebus) carefully

driving away the flies which plagued her infant; and Duvaucel saw a Hylobates washing the faces of her young ones in a stream. So intense is the grief of female monkeys for the loss of their young, that it invariably caused the death of certain kinds kept under confinement by Brehm in North Africa. Orphan monkeys were always adopted and carefully guarded by the other monkeys, both males and females. One female baboon had so capacious a heart that she not only adopted young monkeys of other species, but stole young dogs and cats, which she continually carried about. Her kindness, however, did not go so far as to share her food with her adopted offspring, at which Brehm was surprised, as his monkeys always divided everything quite fairly with their own young ones. An adopted kitten scratched this affectionate baboon, who certainly had a fine intellect, for she was much astonished at being scratched, and immediately examined the kitten's feet, and without more ado bit off the claws. In the Zoölogical Gardens, I heard from the keeper that an old baboon (C. chacma) had adopted a Rhesus monkey; but when a young drill and mandrill were placed in the cage, she seemed to perceive that these monkeys, though distinct species, were her nearer relatives, for she at once rejected the Rhesus and adopted both of them. The young Rhesus, as I saw, was greatly discontented at being thus rejected, and it would, like a naughty child, annoy and attack the young drill and mandrill whenever it could do so with safety; this conduct exciting great indignation in the old baboon. Monkeys will also, according to Brehm, defend their master when attacked by any one, as well as dogs to whom they are attached, from the attacks of other dogs. But we here trench on the subjects of sympathy and fidelity, to which I shall recur. Some of Brehm's monkeys took much delight in teasing a certain old dog whom they disliked, as well as other animals, in various ingenious ways.

Most of the more complex emotions are common to the higher animals and ourselves. Every one has seen how jealous a dog is of his master's affection, if lavished on any other creature; and I have observed the same fact with monkeys. This shows that animals not only love, but have desire to be loved. Animals manifestly feel emulation. They love approbation or praise; and a dog carrying a basket for his master exhibits in a high degree self-complacency or pride. There can, I think, be no doubt that a dog feels shame, as distinct from fear, and

something very like modesty when begging too often for food. A great dog scorns the snarling of a little dog, and this may be called magnanimity. Several observers have stated that monkeys certainly dislike being laughed at; and they sometimes invent imaginary offences. In the Zoölogical Gardens I saw a baboon who always got into a furious rage when his keeper took out a letter or book and read it aloud to him; and his rage was so violent that, as I witnessed on one occasion, he bit his own leg till the blood flowed. Dogs show what may be called a sense of humor, as distinct from mere play; if a bit of stick or other such object be thrown to one, he will often carry it away for a short distance; and then squatting down with it on the ground close before him, will wait until his master comes quite close to take it away. The dog will then seize it and rush away in triumph, repeating the same manœuvre, and evidently enjoying the practical joke.

We will now turn to the more intellectual emotions and faculties, which are very important, as forming the basis for the development of the higher mental powers. Animals manifestly enjoy excitement, and suffer from ennui, as may be seen with dogs, and, according to Rengger, with monkeys. All animals feel Wonder, and may exhibit Curiosity. They sometimes suffer from this latter quality, as when the hunter plays antics and thus attracts them; I witnessed this with deer, and so it is with the wary chamois, and with some kinds of wild-ducks. Brehm gives a curious account of the instinctive dread, which his monkeys exhibited, for snakes; but their curiosity was so great that they could not desist from occasionally satiating their horror in a most human fashion, by lifting up the lid of the box in which the snakes were kept. I was so much surprised at his account, that I took a stuffed and coiled-up snake into the monkey-house at the Zoölogical Gardens, and the excitement thus caused was one of the most curious spectacles which I ever beheld. Three species of Cercopithecus were the most alarmed; they dashed about their cages, and uttered sharp signal cries of danger, which were understood by the other monkeys. A few young monkeys and one old Anubis baboon alone took no notice of the snake. I then placed the stuffed specimen on the ground in one of the larger compartments. After a time all the monkeys collected round it in a large-circle, and staring intently, presented a most ludicrous appearance. They became extremely nervous; so that when a wooden ball, with which they were

familiar as a plaything, was accidentally moved in the straw, under which it was partly hidden, they all instantly started away. These monkeys behaved very differently when a dead fish, a mouse, a living turtle, and other new objects were placed in their cages; for though at first frightened, they soon approached, handled and examined them. I then placed a live snake in a paper bag, with the mouth loosely closed, in one of the larger compartments. One of the monkeys immediately approached, cautiously opened the bag a little, peeped in, and instantly dashed away. Then I witnessed what Brehm has described, for monkey after monkey, with head raised high and turned on one side, could not resist taking a momentary peep into the upright bag, at the dreadful object lying quietly at the bottom. It would almost appear as if monkeys had some notion of zoölogical affinities. for those kept by Brehm exhibited a strange, though mistaken, instinctive dread of innocent lizards and frogs. An orang, also, has been known to be much alarmed at the first sight of a turtle.

The principle of Imitation is strong in man, and especially, as I have myself observed, with savages. In certain morbid states of the brain this tendency is exaggerated in an extraordinary degree; some hemiplegic patients and others, at the commencement of inflammatory softening of the brain, unconsciously imitate every word which is uttered, whether in their own or in a foreign language, and every gesture or action which is performed near them. Desor has remarked that no animal voluntarily imitates an action performed by man, until in the ascending scale we come to monkeys, which are well known to be ridiculous mockers. Animals, however, sometimes imitate each other's actions: thus two species of wolves, which had been reared by dogs, learned to bark, as does sometimes the jackal, but whether this can be called voluntary imitation is another question. Birds imitate the songs of their parents, and sometimes of other birds; and parrots are notorious imitators of any sound which they often hear. Dureau de la Malle gives an account of a dog reared by a cat, who learned to imitate the well-known action of a cat licking her paws, and thus washing her ears and face; this was also witnessed by the celebrated naturalist Audouin. I have received several confirmatory accounts; in one of these, a dog had not been suckled by a cat, but had been brought up with one, together with kittens, and had thus acquired the above habit, which he ever afterwards

practised during his life of thirteen years. Dureau de la Malle's dog likewise learned from the kittens to play with a ball by rolling it about with his fore paws, and springing on it. A correspondent assures me that a cat in his house used to put her paws into jugs of milk having too narrow a mouth for her head. A kitten of this cat soon learned the same trick, and practised it ever afterwards, whenever there was an opportunity.

The parents of many animals, trusting to the principle of imitation in their young, and more especially to their instinctive or inherited tendencies, may be said to educate them. We see this when a cat brings a live mouse to her kittens; and Dureau de la Malle has given a curious account (in the paper above quoted) of his observations on hawks which taught their young dexterity, as well as judgment of distances, by first dropping through the air dead mice and sparrows, which the young generally fail to catch, and then bringing them live birds and letting them loose.

Hardly any faculty is more important for the intellectual progress of man than Attention. Animals clearly manifest this power, as when a cat watches by a hole and prepares to spring on its prey. Wild animals sometimes become so absorbed when thus engaged, that they may be easily approached. Mr. Bartlett has given me a curious proof how variable this faculty is in monkeys. A man who trains monkeys to act in plays used to purchase common kinds from the Zoölogical Society at the price of five pounds for each; but he offered to give double the price, if he might keep three or four of them for a few days, in order to select one. When asked how he could possibly learn so soon, whether a particular monkey would turn out a good actor, he answered that it all depended on their power of attention. If, when he was talking and explaining anything to a monkey, its attention was easily distracted, as by a fly on the wall or other trifling object, the case was hopeless. If he tried by punishment to make an inattentive monkey act, it turned sulky. On the other hand, a monkey which carefully attended to him could always be trained.

It is almost superfluous to state that animals have excellent Memories for persons and places. A baboon at the Cape of Good Hope, as I have been informed by Sir Andrew Smith, recognized him with joy after an absence of nine months. I had a dog who was savage and adverse to all strangers, and I purposely tried his memory after an absence of five years and two days. I went

near the stable where he lived, and shouted to him in my old manner; he showed no joy, but instantly followed me out walking, and obeyed me, exactly as if I had parted with him only half an hour before. A train of old associations, dormant during five years, had thus been instantaneously awakened in his mind. Even ants, as P. Huber has clearly shown, recognized their fellow-ants belonging to the same community after a separation of four months. Animals can certainly by some means judge of the intervals of time between recurrent events.

The Imagination is one of the highest prerogatives of man. By this faculty he unites former images and ideas, independently of the will, and thus creates brilliant and novel results. A poet, as Jean Paul Richter remarks, "who must reflect whether he shall make a character say yes or no — to the devil with him; he is only a stupid corpse." Dreaming gives us the best notion of this power; as Jean Paul again says, "The dream is an involuntary art of poetry." The value of the products of our imagination depends of course on the number, accuracy, and clearness of our impressions, on our judgment and taste in selecting or rejecting the involuntary combinations, and to a certain extent on our power of voluntarily combining them. As dogs, cats, horses, and probably all the higher animals, even birds, have vivid dreams, and this is shown by their movements and the sounds uttered, we must admit that they possess some power of imagination. There must be something special, which causes dogs to howl in the night, and especially during moonlight, in that remarkable and melancholy manner called baying. All dogs do not do so; and, according to Houzeau, they do not then look at the moon, but at some fixed point near the horizon. Houzeau thinks that their imaginations are disturbed by the vague outlines of the surrounding objects, and conjure up before them fantastic images: if this be so, their feelings may almost be called superstitious.

Of all the faculties of the human mind, it will, I presume, be admitted that Reason stands at the summit. Only a few persons now dispute that animals possess some power of reasoning. Animals may constantly be seen to pause, deliberate, and resolve. It is a significant fact, that the more the habits of any particular animal are studied by a naturalist, the more he attributes to reason and the less to unlearned instincts. In future chapters we shall see that some animals extremely low in the scale apparently display a certain amount of reason. No

doubt it is often difficult to distinguish between the power of reason and that of instinct. For instance, Dr. Hayes, in his work on "The Open Polar Sea," repeatedly remarks that his dogs, instead of continuing to draw the sledges in a compact body, diverged and separated when they came to thin ice, so that their weight might be more evenly distributed. This was often the first warning which the travellers received that the ice was becoming thin and dangerous. Now, did the dogs act thus from the experience of each individual, or from the example of the older and wiser dogs, or from an inherited habit, that is, from instinct? This instinct may possibly have arisen since the time, long ago, when dogs were first employed by the natives in drawing their sledges; or the Arctic wolves, the parent-stock of the Esquimaux dog, may have acquired an instinct, impelling them not to attack their prey in a close pack, when on thin ice.

We can only judge by the circumstances under which actions are performed, whether they are due to instinct, or to reason, or to the mere association of ideas: this latter principle, however, is intimately connected with reason. A curious case has been given by Prof. Möbius, of a pike, separated by a plate of glass from an adjoining aquarium stocked with fish, and who often dashed himself with such violence against the glass in trying to catch the other fishes, that he was sometimes completely stunned. The pike went on thus for three months, but at last learned caution, and ceased to do so. The plate of glass was then removed, but the pike would not attack these particular fishes, though he would devour others which were afterward introduced; so strongly was the idea of a violent shock associated in his feeble mind with the attempt on his former neighbors. If a savage, who had never seen a large plate-glass window, were to dash himself even once against it, he would for a long time afterwards associate a shock with a window-frame; but very differently from the pike, he would probably reflect on the nature of the impediment, and be cautious under analogous circumstances. Now with monkeys, as we shall presently see, a painful or merely a disagreeable impression, from an action once performed, is sometimes sufficient to prevent the animal from repeating it. If we attribute this difference between the monkey and the pike solely to the association of ideas being so much stronger and more persistent in the one than the other, though the pike often received

much the more severe injury, can we maintain in the case of man that a similar difference implies the possession of a fundamentally different mind?

Houzeau relates that, whilst crossing a wide and arid plain in Texas, his two dogs suffered greatly from thirst, and that between thirty and forty times they rushed down the hollows to search for water. These hollows were not valleys, and there were no trees in them, or any other difference in the vegetation, and as they were absolutely dry there could have been no smell of damp earth. The dogs behaved as if they knew that a dip in the ground offered them the best chance of finding water, and Houzeau has often witnessed the same behavior in other animals.

I have seen, as I daresay have others, that when a small object is thrown on the ground beyond the reach of one of the elephants in the Zoölogical Gardens, he blows through his trunk on the ground beyond the object, so that the current reflected on all sides may drive the object within his reach. Again, a well-known ethnologist, Mr. Westropp, informs me that he observed in Vienna a bear deliberately making with his paw a current in some water, which was close to the bars of his cage, so as to draw a piece of floating bread within his reach. These actions of the elephant and bear can hardly be attributed to instinct or inherited habit, as they would be of little use to an animal in a state of nature. Now, what is the difference between such actions, when performed by an uncultivated man, and by one of the higher animals?

The savage and the dog have often found water at a low level, and the coincidence under such circumstances has become associated in their minds. A cultivated man would perhaps make some general proposition on the subject; but from all that we know of savages it is extremely doubtful whether they would do so, and a dog certainly would not. But a savage, as well as a dog, would search in the same way, though frequently disappointed; and in both it seems to be equally an act of reason, whether or not any general proposition on the subject is consciously placed before the mind. The same would apply to the elephant and the bear making currents in the air or water. The savage would certainly neither know nor care by what law the desired movements were effected; yet his act would be guided by a rude process of reasoning, as surely as would a philosopher in his longest chain of deduc-

tions. There would no doubt be this difference between him and one of the higher animals, that he would take notice of much slighter circumstances and conditions, and would observe any connection between them after much less experience, and this would be of paramount importance. I kept a daily record of the actions of one of my infants, and when he was about eleven months old, and before he could speak a single word, I was continually struck with the greater quickness with which all sorts of objects and sounds were associated together in his mind, compared with that of the most intelligent dogs I ever knew. But the higher animals differ in exactly the same way in this power of association from those low in the scale, such as the pike, as well as in that of drawing inferences and of observation.

The promptings of reason, after very short experience, are well shown by the following actions of American monkeys, which stand low in their order. Rengger, a most careful observer, states that when he first gave eggs to his monkeys in Paraguay, they smashed them, and thus lost much of their contents; afterwards they gently hit one end against some hard body, and picked off the bits of shell with their fingers. After cutting themselves only once with any sharp tool they would not touch it again, or would handle it with the greatest caution. Lumps of sugar were often given them wrapped up in paper; and Rengger sometimes put a live wasp in the paper, so that in hastily unfolding it they got stung; after this had once happened, they always first held the packet to their ears to detect any movement within.

The following cases relate to dogs. Mr. Colquhoun winged two wild-ducks, which fell on the further side of a stream; his retriever tried to bring over both at once, but could not succeed; she then, though never before known to ruffle a feather, deliberately killed one, brought over the other, and returned for the dead bird. Colonel Hutchinson relates that two partridges were shot at once, one being killed, the other wounded; the latter ran away, and was caught by the retriever, who on her return came across the dead bird; "she stopped, evidently greatly puzzled, and after one or two trials, finding she could not take it up without permitting the escape of the winged bird, she considered a moment, then deliberately murdered it by giving it a severe crunch, and afterwards brought away both together. This was the only known instance of her ever hav-

ing wilfully injured any game." Here we have reason, though not quite perfect, for the retriever might have brought the wounded bird first and then returned for the dead one, as in the case of the two wild-ducks. I give the above cases, as resting on the evidence of two independent witnesses, and because in both instances the retrievers, after deliberation, broke through a habit which is inherited by them (that of not killing the game retrieved), and because they show how strong their reasoning faculty must have been to overcome a fixed habit.

I will conclude by quoting a remark by the illustrious Humboldt. "The muleteers in South America say, 'I will not give you the mule whose step is easiest, but *la mas racional*, — the one that reasons best;'" and as he adds, "this popular expression, dictated by long experience, combats the system of animated machines, better perhaps than all the arguments of speculative philosophy." Nevertheless some writers even yet deny that the higher animals possess a trace of reason; and they endeavor to explain away, by what appears to be mere verbiage, all such facts as those above given.

It has, I think, now been shown that man and the higher animals, especially the Primates, have some few instincts in common. All have the same senses, intuitions, and sensations, — similar passions, affections, and emotions, even the more complex ones, such as jealousy, suspicion, emulation, gratitude, and magnanimity; they practice deceit and are revengeful; they are sometimes susceptible to ridicule, and even have a sense of humor; they feel wonder and curiosity; they possess the same faculties of imitation, attention, deliberation, choice, memory, imagination, the association of ideas, and reason, though in very different degrees. The individuals of the same species graduate in intellect from absolute imbecility to high excellence. They are also liable to insanity, though far less often than in the case of man. Nevertheless, many authors have insisted that man is divided by an insuperable barrier from all the lower animals in his mental faculties. I formerly made a collection of above a score of such aphorisms, but they are almost worthless, as their wide difference and number prove the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of the attempt. It has been asserted that man alone is capable of progressive improvement; that he alone makes use of tools or fire, domesticates other animals, or possesses property; that no animal has the power of abstraction, or of forming general

concepts, is self-conscious and comprehends itself; that no animal employs language; that man alone has a sense of beauty, is liable to caprice, has the feeling of gratitude, mystery, etc.; believes in God, or is endowed with a conscience. I will hazard a few remarks on the more important and interesting of these points.

Archbishop Sumner formerly maintained that man alone is capable of progressive improvement. That he is capable of incomparably greater and more rapid improvement than is any other animal, admits of no dispute; and this is mainly due to his power of speaking and handing down his acquired knowledge. With animals, looking first to the individual, every one who has had any experience in setting traps knows that young animals can be caught much more easily than old ones; and they can be much more easily approached by an enemy. Even with respect to old animals, it is impossible to catch many in the same place and in the same kind of trap, or to destroy them by the same kind of poison; yet it is improbable that all should have partaken of the poison, and impossible that all should have been caught in a trap. They must learn caution by seeing their brethren caught or poisoned. In North America, where the fur-bearing animals have long been pursued, they exhibit, according to the unanimous testimony of all observers, an almost incredible amount of sagacity, caution and cunning; but trapping has been there so long carried on, that inheritance may possibly have come into play. I have received several accounts that when telegraphs are first set up in any district, many birds kill themselves by flying against the wires, but that in the course of a very few years they learn to avoid this danger, by seeing, as it would appear, their comrades killed.

If we look to successive generations, or to the race, there is no doubt that birds and other animals gradually both acquire and lose caution in relation to man or other enemies; and this caution is certainly in chief part an inherited habit or instinct, but in part the result of individual experience. A good observer, Leroy, states that in districts where foxes are much hunted, the young, on first leaving their burrows, are incontestably much more wary than the old ones in districts where they are not much disturbed.

Our domestic dogs are descended from wolves and jackals, and though they may not have gained in cunning, and may

have lost in wariness and suspicion, yet they have progressed in certain moral qualities, such as in affection, trustworthiness, temper, and probably in general intelligence. The common rat has conquered and beaten several other species throughout Europe, in parts of North America, New Zealand, and recently in Formosa, as well as on the mainland of China. Mr. Swinhoe, who describes these two latter cases, attributes the victory of the common rat over the large Mus cominga to its superior cunning; and this latter quality may probably be attributed to the habitual exercise of all its faculties in avoiding extirpation by man, as well as to nearly all the less cunning or weak-minded rats having been continuously destroyed by him. It is, however, possible that the success of the common rat may be due to its having possessed greater cunning than its fellow-species, before it became associated with man. To maintain, independently of any direct evidence, that no animal during the course of ages has progressed in intellect or other mental faculties, is to beg the question of the evolution of species. We have seen that, according to Lartet, existing mammals belonging to several orders have larger brains than their ancient tertiary prototypes.

It has often been said that no animal uses any tool; but the chimpanzee in a state of nature cracks a native fruit, somewhat like a walnut, with a stone. Rengger easily taught an American monkey thus to break open hard palm-nuts; and afterwards, of its own accord, it used stones to open other kinds of nuts, as well as boxes. It thus also removed the soft rind of fruit that had a disagreeable flavor. Another monkey was taught to open the lid of a large box with a stick, and afterwards, it used the stick as a lever to move heavy bodies; and I have myself seen a young orang put a stick into a crevice, slip his hand to the other end, and use it in the proper manner as a lever. The tamed elephants in India are well known to break off branches of trees and use them to drive away the flies; and this same act has been observed in an elephant in a state of nature. I have seen a young orang, when she thought she was going to be whipped, cover and protect herself with a blanket or straw. In these several cases stones and sticks were employed as implements; but they are likewise used as weapons. Brehm states, on the authority of the well-known traveler Schimper, that in Abyssinia when the baboons belonging to one species (C. gelada) descend in troops from the mountains

to plunder the fields, they sometimes encounter troops of another species (C. hamadryas), and then a fight ensues. The Geladas roll down great stones, which the Hamadryas try to avoid, and then both species, making a great uproar, rush furiously against each other. Brehm, when, accompanying the Duke of Coburg-Gotha, aided in an attack with fire-arms on a troop of baboons in the pass of Mensa in Abyssinia. The baboons in return rolled so many stones down the mountain, some as large as a man's head, that the attackers had to beat a hasty retreat; and the pass was actually closed for a time against the caravan. It deserves notice that these baboons thus acted in concert. Mr. Wallace on three occasions saw female orangs, accompanied by their young, "breaking off branches and the great spiny fruit of the Durian tree, with every appearance of rage; causing such a shower of missiles as effectually kept us from approaching too near the tree." As I have repeatedly seen, a chimpanzee will throw any object at hand at a person who offends him; and the before mentioned baboon at the Cape of Good Hope prepared mud for the purpose.

In the Zoölogical Gardens, a monkey, which had weak teeth, used to break open nuts with a stone; and I was assured by the keepers that after using the stone, he hid it in the straw, and would not let any other monkey touch it. Here, then, we have the idea of property; but this idea is common to every dog with a bone, and to most or all birds with their nests.

The Duke of Argyll remarks, that the fashioning of an implement for a special purpose is absolutely peculiar to man; and he considers that this forms an immeasurable gulf between him and the brutes. This is no doubt a very important distinction; but there appears to me much truth in Sir J. Lubbock's suggestion, that when primeval man first used flint-stones for any purpose he would have accidentally splintered them, and would then have used the sharp fragments. From this step it would be a small one to break the flints on purpose, and not a very wide step to fashion them rudely. This latter advance, however, may have taken long ages, if we may judge by the immense interval of time which elapsed before the men of the neolithic period took to grinding and polishing their stone tools. In breaking the flints, as Sir J. Lubbock likewise remarks, sparks would have been emitted, and in grinding them heat would have been evolved: thus the two usual methods of

"obtaining fire may have originated." The nature of fire would have been known in the many volcanic regions where lava occasionally flows through forests. The anthropomorphous apes, guided probably by instinct, build for themselves temporary platforms; but as many instincts are largely controlled by reason, the simpler ones, such as this of building a platform, might readily pass into a voluntary and conscious act. The orang is known to cover itself at night with the leaves of the Pandanus; and Brehm states that one of his baboons used to protect itself from the heat of the sun by throwing a straw-mat over its head. In these several habits, we probably see the first steps towards some of the simpler arts, such as rude architecture and dress, as they arose amongst the early progenitors of man.

ALPHONSE DAUDET

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

Daudet, Alphonse, a French novelist; born at Nîmes, May 13, 1840; died December 16, 1897. In 1857 he accompanied his brother Ernest to Paris, taking with him a volume of poetry, "Les Amoureuses," which was published in 1858, and led to his employment by "Figaro" and other newspapers. He published "La Double Conversion" (1861), and "Le Roman du Chaperon Rouge" (1863). He also wrote, in conjunction with M. Ernest Lepine, two dramas, "La Dernière Idole," and "L'Œillet Blanc." Three later pieces, "L'Arlésienne," "Le Sacrifice," and "Lise Tavernier" (1872), were unsuccessful on the stage, and Daudet, who had intended to make a comedy of "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné," turned it into a novel. His success was already assured by "Le Petit Chose," "Tartarin de Tarascon," "Les Femmes d'Artistes," "Lettres de Mon Moulin," and "Jack," the last-named novel being published in 1873. "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné" appeared in 1874, and was crowned the next year by the French Academy. This was succeeded by "Les Contes Choisis" (1877), "Le Nabab," "Mœurs Parisiennes" (1879), "Causeries du Lundi," "Robert Helmont," "Les Rois en Exil" (1879), "Numa Roumestan" (1880), "L'Évangéliste" (1882), "Sappho" (1884), "Trente Ans de Paris" (1887), "L'Immortel" (1888), "Souvenirs d'un Homme de Lettres" (1888), "Porte Tarascon" (1890), "La Petite Paroisse" (1895).

From "Tartarin of Tarascon."

MITAINE'S MENAGERIE — A LION FROM THE ATLAS AT TARASCON — A SOLEMN AND FEARSOME CONFRONTATION.

Exhibiting Tartarin of Tarascon, as we are, in his private life, before Fame kissed his brow and garlanded him with her well-worn laurel wreath, and having narrated his heroic existence in a modest state, his delights and sorrows, his dreams and his hopes, let us hurriedly skip to the grandest pages of his story, and to the singular event which was to give the first flight to his incomparable career.

It happened one evening at Costecalde the gunmaker's, where Tartarin was engaged in showing several sportsmen the working

of the needle-gun, then in its first novelty. The door suddenly flew open, and in rushed a bewildered cap-popper, howling "A lion, a lion!" General was the alarm, stupor, uproar, and tumult. Tartarin prepared to resist cavalry with the bayonet, whilst Costecalde ran to shut the door. The sportsman was surrounded and pressed and questioned, and here follows what he told them: Mitaine's Menagerie, returning from Beaucaire Fair, had consented to stay over a few days at Tarascon, and was just unpacking, to set up the show on the Castle-green, with a lot of boas, seals, crocodiles, and a magnificent lion from the Atlas Mountains.

An African lion in Tarascon?

Never in the memory of living man had the like been seen. Hence our dauntless cap-poppers looked at one another how proudly! What a beaming on their sun-burned visages! and in every nook of Costecalde's shop what hearty congratulatory grips of the hand were silently exchanged! The sensation was so great and unforeseen that nobody could find a word to say — not even Tartarin.

Blanched and agitated, with the needle-gun still in his fist, he brooded, erect before the counter. A lion from the Atlas Range at pistol range from him, a couple of strides off! a lion, mind you — the beast heroic and ferocious above all others, the King of the Brute Creation, the crowning game of his fancies, something like the leading actor in the ideal company which played such splendid tragedies in his mind's eye. A lion, heaven be thanked! and from the Atlas, to boot! It was more than the great Tartarin could bear.

Suddenly a flush of blood flew into his face. His eyes flashed. With one convulsive movement he shouldered the needle-gun, and turning towards the brave Commandant Bravida (formerly captain — in the Army Clothing Department, please to remember), he thundered to him: —

"Let's go have a look at him, commandant."

"Here, here, I say! that's my gun — my needle-gun you are carrying off," timidly ventured the wary Costecalde; but Tartarin had already got round the corner, with all the cap-poppers proudly lock-stepping behind him.

When they arrived at the menagerie, they found a goodly number of people there. Tarascon, heroic but too long deprived of sensational shows, had rushed upon Mitaine's portable theatre, and had taken it by storm. Hence the voluminous Madame

Mitaine was highly contented. In an Arab costume, her arms bare to the elbow, iron anklets on, a whip in one hand and a plucked though live pullet in the other, the noted lady was doing the honors of the booth to the Tarasconians; and, as she also had "double muscles," her success was almost as great as her animals'.

The entrance of Tartarin with the gun on his shoulder was a damper.

All our good Tarasconians, who had been quite tranquilly strolling before the cages, unarmed and with no distrust, without even any idea of danger, felt momentary apprehension, naturally enough, on beholding their mighty Tartarin rush into the enclosure with his formidable engine of war. There must be something to fear when a hero like he was, came weaponed; so, in a twinkling, all the space along the cage fronts was cleared. The youngsters burst out squalling for fear, and the women looked round for the nearest way out. The chemist Bézuquet made off altogether, alleging that he was going home for his gun.

Gradually, however, Tartarin's bearing restored courage. With head erect, the intrepid Tarasconian slowly and calmly made the circuit of the booth, passing the seal's tank without stopping, glancing disdainfully on the long box filled with sawdust in which the boa would digest its raw fowl, and going to take his stand before the lion's cage.

A terrible and solemn confrontation, this!

The lion of Tarascon and the lion of Africa face to face!

On the one part, Tartarin erect, with his hamstrings in tension, and his arms folded on his gun barrel; on the other, the lion, a gigantic specimen, humped up in the straw, with blinking orbs and brutish mien, resting his huge muzzle and tawny full-bottomed wig on his forepaws. Both calm in their gaze.

Singular thing! whether the needle-gun had given him "the needle," if the popular idiom is admissible, or that he scented an enemy of his race, the lion, who had hitherto regarded the Tarasconians with sovereign scorn, and yawned in their faces, was all at once affected by ire. At first he sniffed; then he growled hollowly, stretching out his claws; rising, he tossed his head, shook his mane, opened a capacious maw, and belched a deafening roar at Tartarin.

A yell of fright responded, as Tarascon precipitated itself madly towards the exit, women and children, lightermen, cap-

poppers, even the brave Commandant Bravida himself. But, alone, Tartarin of Tarascon had not budged. There he stood, firm and resolute, before the cage, lightnings in his eyes, and on his lip that gruesome grin with which all the town was familiar. In a moment's time, when all the cap-poppers, some little fortified by his bearing and the strength of the bars, re-approached their leader, they heard him mutter, as he stared Leo out of countenance : —

"Now, this is something like a hunt!"

All the rest of that day, never a word further could they draw from Tartarin of Tarascon.

SINGULAR EFFECTS OF MENTAL MIRAGE.

Confining his remarks to the sentence last recorded, Tartarin had unfortunately still said overmuch.

On the morrow, there was nothing talked about through town but the near-at-hand departure of Tartarin for Algeria and lion-hunting. You are all witness, dear readers, that the honest fellow had not breathed a word on that head; but, you know, the mirage had its usual effect. In brief, all Tarascon spoke of nothing but the departure.

On the Old Walk, at the club, in Costecalde's, friends accosted one another with a startled aspect : —

"And furthermore, you know the news, at least?"

"And furthermore, rather? Tartarin's setting out, at least?"

For at Tarascon all phrases begin with "and furthermore," and conclude with "at least," with a strong local accent. Hence, on this occasion more than upon others, these peculiarities rang out till the windows shivered.

The most surprised of men in the town on hearing that Tartarin was going away to Africa, was Tartarin himself. But only see what vanity is! Instead of plumply answering that he was not going at all, and had not even had the intention, poor Tartarin, on the first of them mentioning the journey to him, observed with a neat little evasive air, "Aha! maybe I shall — but I do not say as much." The second time, a trifle more familiarized with the idea, he replied, "Very likely;" and the third time, "It's certain."

Finally, in the evening, at Costecalde's and the club, carried away by the egg-nogg, cheers, and illumination; intoxicated by the impression that bare announcement of his departure had

made on the town, the hapless fellow formerly declared that he was sick of banging away at caps, and that he would shortly be on the trail of the great lions of the Atlas. A deafening hurrah greeted this assertion. Whereupon more egg-nogg, bravoes, hand-shaking, slappings of the shoulder, and a torchlight serenade up to midnight before Baobab Villa.

It was Sancho-Tartarin who was anything but delighted. This idea of travel in Africa and lion-hunting made him shudder beforehand; and when the house was re-entered, and whilst the complimentary concert was sounding under the windows, he had a dreadful "row" with Quixote-Tartarin, calling him a cracked head, a visionary, imprudent, and thrice an idiot, and detailing by the card all the catastrophes awaiting him on such an expedition, — shipwreck, rheumatism, yellow fever, dysentery, the black plague, elephantiasis, and the rest of them.

In vain did Quixote-Tartarin vow that he had not committed any imprudence — that he would wrap himself up well, and take even superfluous necessaries with him. Sancho-Tartarin would listen to nothing. The poor craven saw himself already torn to tatters by the lions or engulfed in the desert sands like his late royal highness Cambyses, and the other Tartarin only managed to appease him a little by explaining that the start was not immediate, as nothing pressed.

It is clear enough, indeed, that none embark on such an enterprise without some preparations. A man is bound to know whither he goes, hang it all! and not fly off like a bird. Before anything else, the Tarasconian wanted to peruse the accounts of great African tourists, the narrations of Mungo Park, Du Chaillu, Dr. Livingstone, Stanley, and so on.

In them, he learnt that these daring explorers, before donning their sandals for distant excursions, hardened themselves well beforehand to support hunger and thrist, forced marches, and all kinds of privation. Tartarin meant to act like they did, and from that day forward he lived upon water broth alone. The water broth of Tarascon is a few slices of bread drowned in hot water, with a clove of garlic, a pinch of thyme, and a sprig of laurel. Strict diet, at which you may believe poor Sancho made a wry face.

To the regimen of water broth Tartarin of Tarascon joined other wise practices. To break himself into the habit of long marches, he constrained himself to go round the town seven or eight times consecutively every morning, either at the fast walk

or run, his elbows well set against his body, and a couple of white pebbles in the mouth, according to the antique usage.

To get inured to fog, dew, and night coolness, he would go down into his garden every dusk, and stop out there till ten or eleven, alone with his gun, on the lookout, behind the baobab.

Finally, so long as Mitaine's wild beast show tarried in Tarascon, the cap-poppers who were belated at Costecalde's might spy in the shadow of the booth, as they crossed the Castle-green, a mysterious figure stalking up and down. It was Tartarin of Tarascon, habituating himself to hear without emotion the roarings of the lion in the sombre night.

BEFORE THE START.

Pending Tartarin's delay of the event by all sorts of heroic means, all Tarascon kept an eye upon him, and nothing else was busied about. Cap-popping was winged, and ballad-singing dead. The piano in Bézuquet's shop mouldered away under a green fungus, and the Spanish flies dried upon it, belly up. Tartarin's expedition had put a stopper on everything.

Ah, you ought to have seen his success in the parlors. He was snatched away by one from another, fought for, loaned and borrowed, ay, stolen. There was no greater honor for the ladies than to go to Mitaine's Menagerie on Tartarin's arms, and have it explained before the lion's den how such large game are hunted, where they should be aimed at, at how many paces off, if the accidents were numerous, and the like of that.

Tartarin furnished all the elucidation desired. He had read "The Life of Jules Gérard, the Lion-Slayer," and had lion-hunting at his fingers' ends, as if he had been through it himself. Hence he orated upon these matters with great eloquence.

But where he shone the brightest was at dinner at Chief Judge Ladevèze's, or brave Commandant Bravida's (the former captain in the Army Clothing Factory, you will keep in mind), when coffee came in, and all the chairs were brought up closer together, whilst they chatted of his future hunts.

Thereupon, his elbow on the cloth, his nose over his Mocha, our hero would discourse in a feeling tone of all the dangers awaiting him thereaway. He spoke of the long moonless night lyings-in-wait, the pestilential fens, the rivers envenomed by leaves of poison-plants, the deep snow-drifts, the scorching suns, the scorpions, and rains of grasshoppers; he

also descanted on the peculiarities of the great lions of the Atlas, their way of fighting, their phenomenal vigor, and their ferocity in the mating season.

Heating with his own recital, he would rise from table, bounding to the middle of the dining-room, imitating the roar of a lion and the going off of a rifle: crack! bang! the zizz of the explosive bullet — gesticulating and roaring about till he had overset the chairs.

Everybody turned pale around the board: the gentlemen looking at one another and wagging their heads, the ladies shutting their eyes with pretty screams of fright, the elderly men combatively brandishing their canes; and, in the side apartments, the little boys, who had been put to bed betimes, were greatly startled by the sudden outcries and imitated gun-fire, and screamed for lights.

Meanwhile, Tartarin did not start.

BAGGED HIM AT LAST.

It was not until early on the morrow of this adventurous and dramatic eve that our hero awoke, and acquired assurance doubly sure that the prince and the treasure had really gone off, without any prospect of return. When he saw himself alone in the little white tomb-house, betrayed, robbed, abandoned in the heart of savage Algeria, with a one-humped camel and some pocket-money as all his resources, then did the representative of Tarascon for the first time doubt. He doubted Montenegro, friendship, glory, and even lions; and the great man blubbered bitterly.

Whilst he was pensively seated on the sill of the sanctuary, holding his head between his hands and his gun between his legs, with the camel mooning at him, the thicket over the way was divided, and the stupor-stricken Tartarin saw a gigantic lion appear not a dozen paces off. It thrust out its high head and emitted powerful roars, which made the temple walls shake beneath their votive decorations, and even the saint's slippers dance in their niche.

The Tarasconian alone did not tremble.

"At last you 've come!" he shouted, jumping up and levelling the rifle.

Bang, bang! went a brace of shells into its head.

It was done. For a minute, on the fiery background of the

Afric sky, there was a dreadful firework display of scattered brains, smoking blood, and tawny hair. When all fell, Tartarin perceived two colossal negroes furiously running towards him, brandishing cudgels. They were his two negro acquaintances of Milianah!

Oh, misery!

This was the domesticated lion, the poor blind beggar of the Mohammed Monastery, whom the Tarasconian's bullets had knocked over.

This time, spite of Mahound, Tartarin escaped neatly. Drunk with fanatical fury, the two African collectors would have surely beaten him to pulp had not the god of chase and war sent him a delivering angel in the shape of the rural constable of the Orléansville commune. By a by-path this *garde champêtre* came up, his sword tucked under his arm.

The sight of the municipal cap suddenly calmed the negroes' choler. Peaceful and majestic, the officer with the brass badge drew up a report on the affair, ordered the camel to be loaded with what remained of the king of beasts, and the plaintiffs as well as the delinquent to follow him, proceeding to Orléansville, where all was deposited with the law-courts receiver.

There issued a long and alarming case!

After the Algeria of the native tribes which he had overrun, Tartarin of Tarascon became thence acquainted with another Algeria, not less weird and to be dreaded — the Algeria in the towns, surcharged with lawyers and their papers. He got to know the pettifogger who does business at the back of a café — the legal Bohemian, with documents reeking of wormwood bitters and white neckcloths spotted with champoreau; the ushers, the attorneys, all the locusts of stamped paper, meagre and famished, who eat up the colonist body and boots — ay, to the very straps of them, and leave him peeled to the core like an Indian cornstalk, stripped leaf by leaf.

Before all else it was necessary to ascertain whether the lion had been killed on the civil or the military territory. In the former case the matter regarded the Tribunal of Commerce; in the second, Tartarin would be dealt with by the Council of War; and at the mere name the impressionable Tarasconian saw himself shot at the foot of the ramparts or huddled up in a casemate-silo.

The puzzle lay in the limitation of the two territories being very hazy in Algeria.

At length, after a month's running about, entanglements and waiting under the sun in the yards of Arab Departmental offices, it was established that, whereas the lion had been killed on the military territory, on the other hand Tartarin was in the civil territory when he shot. So the case was decided in the civil courts, and our hero was let off on paying two thousand five hundred francs damages, costs not included.

How could he pay such a sum?

The few piastres escaped from the prince's sweep had long since gone in legal documents and judicial libations. The unfortunate lion-destroyer was therefore reduced to selling the store of guns by retail, rifle by rifle; so went the daggers, the Malay kreeses, and the life-preservers. A grocer purchased the preserved aliments; an apothecary what remained of the medicaments. The big boots themselves walked off after the improved tent to a dealer of curiosities, who elevated them to the dignity of "rarities from Cochin-China."

When everything was paid up, only the lion's skin and the camel remained to Tartarin. The hide he had carefully packed, to be sent to Tarascon to the address of brave Commandant Bravida, and, later on, we shall see what came of this fabulous trophy. As for the camel, he reckoned on making use of him to get back to Algiers, not by riding on him, but by selling him to pay his coach-fare — the best way to employ a camel in travelling. Unhappily the beast was difficult to place, and no one would offer a copper for him.

Still Tartarin wanted to regain Algiers by hook or crook. He was in haste again to behold Baya's blue bodice, his little snuggery and his fountains, as well as to repose on the white trefoils of his little cloister whilst awaiting money from France. So our hero did not hesitate; distressed but not downcast, he undertook to make the journey afoot and penniless by short stages.

In this enterprise the camel did not cast him off. The strange animal had taken an unaccountable fancy for his master, and on seeing him leave Orléansville he set to striding steadfastly behind him, regulating his pace by his, and never quitting him by a yard.

At the first outset Tartarin found this touching; such fidelity and devotion above proof went to his heart, all the more because the creature was accommodating, and fed himself on nothing. Nevertheless, after a few days, the Tarasconian was

worried by having this glum companion perpetually at his heels, to remind him of his misadventures. Ire arising, he hated him for his sad aspect, hump and gait of a goose in harness. To tell the whole truth, he held him as his Old Man of the Sea, and only pondered on how to shake him off; but the follower would not be shaken off. Tartarin attempted to lose him, but the camel always found him; he tried to outrun him, but the camel ran faster. He bade him begone, and hurled stones at him. The camel stopped with a mournful mien, but in a minute resumed the pursuit, and always ended by overtaking him. Tartarin had to resign himself.

For all that, when, after eight full days of tramping, the dusty and harassed Tarasconian espied the first white housetops of Algiers glimmer from afar in the verdure, and when he got to the city gates on the noisy Mustapha Avenue, amid the Zouaves, Biskris, and Mahonnais, all swarming around him and staring at him trudging by with his camel, overtasked patience escaped him.

"No! no!" he growled, "it is not likely! I cannot enter Algiers with such an animal!"

Profiting by a jam of vehicles, he turned off into the fields and jumped into a ditch. In a minute or so he saw over his head on the highway the camel flying off with long strides and stretching his neck with a wistful air.

Relieved of a great weight thereby, the hero sneaked out of his covert, and entered the town anew by a circuitous path which skirted the wall of his own little garden.

TARASCON AGAIN!

Mid-day has come.

The "Zouave" had her steam up, ready to go. Upon the balcony of the Valentin Café, high above, the officers were levelling telescopes, and, with the colonel at their head, looking at the lucky little craft that was going back to France. This is the main distraction of the staff. On the lower level, the roads glittered. The old Turkish cannon breeches, stuck up along the waterside, blazed in the sun. The passengers hurried. Biskris and Mahonnais piled their luggage up in the wherries.

Tartarin of Tarascon had no luggage. Here he comes down the Rue de la Marine through the little market, full of bananas and melons, accompanied by his friend Barbassou. The hap-

less Tarasconian left on the Moorish strand his gun-cases and his illusions, and now he had to sail for Tarascon with his hands in his otherwise empty pockets. He had barely leaped into the captain's cutter before a breathless beast slid down from the heights of the square and galloped towards him. It was the faithful camel, who had been hunting after his master in Algiers during the last four-and-twenty hours.

On seeing him, Tartarin changed countenance, and feigned not to know him, but the camel was not going to be put off. He scampered along the quay; he whinnied for his friend, and regarded him with affection.

"Take me away," his sad eyes seemed to say, "take me away in your ship, far, far from this sham Arabia, this ridiculous Land of the East, full of locomotives and stage coaches, where a camel is so sorely out of keeping that I do not know what will become of me. You are the last real Turk, and I am the last camel. Do not let us part, O my Tartarin!"

"Is that camel yours?" the captain inquired.

"Not a bit of it!" replied Tartarin, who shuddered at the idea of entering Tarascon with that ridiculous escort; and, impudently denying the companion of his misfortunes, he spurned the Algerian soil with his foot, and gave the cutter the shoving-off start. The camel sniffed of the water, extended its neck, cracked its joints, and, jumping in behind the row-boat at haphazard, he swam towards the "Zouave" with his humpback floating like a bladder, and his long neck projecting over the wave like the beak of a galley.

Cutter and camel came alongside the mail steamer together.

"This dromedary regularly cuts me up," observed Captain Barbassou, quite affected. "I have a good mind to take him aboard and make a present of him to the Zoölogical Gardens at Marseilles."

And so they hauled up the camel with many blocks and tackles upon the deck, being increased in weight by the brine, and the "Zouave" started.

Tartarin spent the two days of the crossing by himself in his stateroom, not because the sea was rough or that the red fez had too much to suffer, but because the deuced camel, as soon as his master appeared above decks, showed him the most preposterous attentions. You never did see a camel make such an exhibition of a man as this.

From hour to hour, through the cabin portholes, where he

stuck out his nose now and then, Tartarin saw the Algerian blue sky pale away; until one morning, in a silvery fog, he heard with delight Marseilles bells ringing out. The "Zouave" had arrived and cast anchor.

Our man, having no luggage, got off without saying anything, hastily slipped through Marseilles for fear he was still pursued by the camel, and never breathed till he was in a third-class carriage making for Tarascon.

Deceptive security!

Hardly were they two leagues from the city before every head was stuck out of window. There were outcries and astonishment. Tartarin looked in his turn, and — what did he descry! the camel, reader, the inevitable camel, racing along the line behind the train and keeping up with it! The dismayed Tartarin drew back and shut his eyes.

After this disastrous expedition of his he had reckoned on slipping into his house *incognito*. But the presence of this burdensome quadruped rendered the thing impossible. What kind of a triumphal entry would he make? Good heavens! not a sou, not a lion, nothing to show for it save a camel!

"Tarascon! Tarascon!"

He was obliged to get down.

O amazement!

Scarce had the hero's red fez popped out of the doorway before a loud shout of "Tartarin forever!" made the glazed roof of the railway station tremble. "Long life to Tartarin, the lion-slayer!" And out burst the windings of horns and the choruses of the local musical societies.

Tartarin felt death had come: he believed it a hoax. But, no! all Tarascon was there, waving their hats, all of the same way of thinking. Behold the brave Commandant Bravida, Costecalde the armorer, the Chief Judge, the chemist, and the whole noble corps of cap-poppers, who pressed around their leader, and carried him in triumph out through the passages.

Singular effects of the mirage! — the hide of the blind lion sent to Bravida was the cause of all this riot. With that humble fur exhibited in the club-room the Tarasconians, and, at the back of them, the whole South of France, had grown exalted. The "Sémaphore" newspaper had spoken of it. A drama had been invented. It was not merely a solitary lion which Tartarin had slain, but ten, nay, twenty — pooh! a herd of lions had been made marmalade of. Hence, on disembark-

ing at Marseilles, Tartarin was already celebrated without being aware of it, and an enthusiastic telegram had gone on before him by two hours to his native place.

But what capped the climax of the popular gladness was to see a fancifully shaped animal, covered with foam and dust, appear behind the hero, and stumble down the station stairs.

Tarascon for an instant believed that its dragon was come again.

Tartarin set his fellow-citizens at ease.

"This is my camel," he said.

Already feeling the influence of the splendid sun of Tarascon, which makes people tell "bouncers" unwittingly, he added, as he fondled the camel's hump: —

"It is a noble beast! It saw me kill all my lions!"

Whereupon he familiarly took the arm of the commandant, who was red with pleasure; and followed by his camel, surrounded by the cap-hunters, acclaimed by all the population, he placidly proceeded towards the Baobab Villa; and, on the march, thus commenced the account of his mighty hunting: —

"Once upon an evening, you are to imagine that, out in the depths of the Sahara — "

From "Recollections of a Literary Man."

THE GARDEN OF THE RUE DES ROSIERS.

Written March 22, 1871.

Put not your trust in the names of streets, nor in the peaceful appearance thereof! When, after having clambered over barricades and mitrailleuses, I reached the top of Montmartre, and from behind the windmills looked down and saw the little Rue des Rosiers, with its pebbled roadway, its gardens, and small houses, I could have fancied myself far away in the provinces, in one of those quiet suburbs where the town as it becomes more scattered, finally dwindles down and disappears in the surrounding fields. In front of me, nothing was to be seen but a flight of pigeons and two sisters of mercy in their large caps, timidly skirting the wall. In the distance rose the Solferino tower, a vulgar and heavy fortress, Sunday resort of the neighborhood that the siege has almost rendered picturesque, by reducing it to a ruin.

By degrees, as I advanced, the street widened out, and wore a more animated appearance. There were tents laid out in a

line, cannon and stacks of guns, and on the left-hand side a large gateway, in front of which national guards were smoking their pipes. The house was at the back and could not be seen from the street. After some parley, the sentinel allowed me to enter. It was a two-storied house, situated between a courtyard and garden, and had nothing tragic about it. It belongs to the heirs of M. Scribe.

The rooms on the ground floor, light, airy, and hung with flowery papers, opened into the passage leading from the little paved courtyard to the garden. It was here that the former *Comité Central* held its meetings. It was hither that on the afternoon of the 18th the two generals were conveyed, and that they endured the anguish of their last hour; while the mob yelled in the garden outside, and the deserters came and stuck their hideous faces against the windows, scenting blood like wolves; here, at last, that the two corpses were brought back, and remained exposed for two days to the public gaze.

With heavy heart, I went down the three steps leading to the garden, a true suburban garden, where each tenant has his corner of currant bushes and clematis, separated by green trellis-work with belled gates. The fury of a mob had passed over all. The enclosures were knocked down, the flower-beds torn up. Nothing was left standing but certain quincunxes of limes, some twenty trees, freshly trimmed, with their hard gray branches uprising in the air, like a vulture's talons. An iron railing went round the back by way of wall, showing in the distance the immense, melancholy valley, and the tall, smoking factory chimneys.

The calm brought by time steals over things as well as over human beings. Here I am on the very scene of the drama, and yet I experience a certain difficulty in recalling an impression of it. The weather is mild, the sky clear. These Montmartre soldiers who surround me seem good-natured fellows. They sing, and play at pitch and toss. The officers laugh as they saunter to and fro! The great wall alone, riddled with bullets, and with crumbled coping, stands up like a witness and relates the crime. It was against this wall they were shot.

It appears that at the last moment General Lecomte, who till then had been firm and resolute, felt his courage fail him. He struggled and tried to escape, ran a few steps in the garden, was seized again immediately, shaken, dragged, jostled, fell on his knees and spoke of his children.

"I have five," he said sobbing.

The heart of the father had burst the tunic of the soldier. There were fathers also in that mad crowd, and some pitying voices answered his despairing appeal; but the inexorable deserters would not listen.

"If we do not shoot him to-day, he will have us shot to-morrow."

He was thrust against the wall. Immediately after, the sergeant of an infantry regiment approached him.

"General," he said, "you must promise us —"

Then suddenly changing his mind, he took a couple of steps backwards, and discharged his chassepot full in his chest. The others had only to finish him off.

Clément Thomas, however, did not give way for one instant.

Placed against the same wall as Lecomte, at two paces from his body, he faced death to the end, and spoke in a dignified manner. When the guns were lowered, he instinctively raised his left arm before his face, and the old Republican died in the attitude of Cæsar. At the spot where they fell, against the cold wall, bare like the target of a shooting gallery, a few branches of a peach-tree are still spread out, and at the top blooms an early flower, all white, spared by the bullets and unsullied by the powder.

On quitting the Rue des Rosiers, through the silent roads rising one above the other, along the sides of the hill, full of gardens and terraces, I came to the former cemetery of Montmartre, that had been reopened a few days before, to receive the bodies of the two generals. It is a village cemetery, bare, without trees, adorned by nothing but gravestones. Like those rapacious peasants, who in ploughing their land encroach each day on the pathway that crosses their fields, making it finally disappear altogether; so here, death has invaded everything, even the alleys. The tombs crowd one above the other. Every place is filled. One is at a loss to know where to step.

I know nothing sadder than these old cemeteries. One feels one's self to be in presence of a vast assemblage, and yet no one is visible. Those who lie there seemed indeed twice dead.

"What are you looking for?" inquired a kind of half gardener, half gravedigger, in a national guard's forage cap, who was mending a railing.

My answer astonished him. For a moment he hesitated, looked around him, and lowering his voice:—

"Over there," he said, "near the cowl."

What he called the cowl was a sentry-box in japanned sheet-iron, sheltering a few tarnished glass-beaded wreaths, and old filigree flowers. By its side was a wide slab, which had been recently raised. Not a railing, not an inscription. Nothing but two bunches of violets, wrapped in white paper, with a stone placed on their stalks that the strong wind of the hill-side may not blow them away. It is here they sleep side by side. It is in this transitory tomb, awaiting restoration to their families, that a billet has been given to these two soldiers.

AN ESCAPE.

Written during the Commune.

On one of the last days of the month of March five or six of us were seated at a table, in front of the Café Riche, watching the battalions of the Commune march past. There had been as yet no fighting, but assassinations had already taken place in the Rue des Rosiers, Place Vendôme, and at the Préfecture de Police. The farce was rapidly turning into a tragedy, and the boulevard laughed no longer.

In serried ranks round the red flag, with their canvas bags slung across the shoulder, the *communeux* tramped along with resolute step, covering the whole roadway ; and when one looked at all these people under arms, so far from their working districts, with cartridge-pouches tightly buckled over their fustian jackets, the workmen's hands clutching the butt end of their guns, it was impossible not to think of the empty workshops and the abandoned factories.

This march past was in itself a menace. We all understood it, and the same sad, undefinable presentiment chilled our hearts.

At this moment, a tall, indolent and bloated swell, known to all the boulevard, from Tortoni to the Madeleine, approached our table. He was one of the most contemptible specimens of the fast man of the late Empire, a second-hand exquisite, who had never done anything but pick up on the boulevard all the eccentricities of the upper ten ; baring his throat like Lutteroth, wearing ladies' dressing-gowns like Mouchy, bracelets like Narishkine, keeping for five years a card of Grammont-Caderousse stuck in his looking-glass ; and withal painted like any old actor, dropping all his *r*'s, in the affected style of the Directoire, saying :

"*Pa'ole d'honneu'. Bonjou' Ma'ame,*" bringing the smell of Tattersall's stables everywhere on his boots, and with just enough education to be able to scratch his name on the mirrors of the Café Anglais, which, however, did not prevent him from posing as a thorough theologian, and from exhibiting from one restaurant to another his disdainful, used-up, blasé manner, which at that time constituted the height of "form."

During the siege, my fine fellow had had himself attached to some kind of staff — merely to save his riding horses — and from time to time his ungainly figure might be seen, parading the neighborhood of the Place Vendôme, amongst all the other grand gold-laced gentlemen; since then I had lost sight of him. Therefore, to find him again suddenly in the midst of the insurrection, ever the same, in this convulsed Paris, produced on me the lugubrious and comical impression of an old veteran of the first empire, carrying out his pilgrimage of the 5th of May in the midst of the modern boulevard. The race of wretched Dundrearies was not ended, then? There were still some left! In reality, I think that had I been given a choice, I would have preferred those infuriated *communards* who gathered on the ramparts, with a dry crust at the bottom of their rough canvas wallets. These at least had something in their heads, some vague, wild ideal which floated above them, and took some fierce coloring from the folds of that red rag, for which they were going to die. But he, empty rattle, with his vacant, breadcrumb brain!

That day precisely, our friend was more insipid, more indolent, more full of fine airs than usual. He wore a little straw hat with blue ribbons, his moustache was well waxed, his hair cropped Russian fashion; a short coat displayed all his figure, and to be thoroughly complete, at the end of a silken cord, used as a leash, he led a lady's lapdog, a little Havanese dog the size of a rat, which, buried in its long hair, looked as bored and fatigued as his master. Thus got up, he planted himself in a languid attitude in front of our table, and watched the *communeux* defiling past, made some foolish remark, then with a slouch and a swing that were positively inimitable, declared to us that these fellows were beginning to make his blood boil, and that he was going off at once to "place his sword at the service of the Admiral!" The fiat had gone forth, the declaration was launched! Lasouche or Priston have never found anything more comic. Thereupon he turned away, and strolled off languidly, followed by his little sulky dog.

I know not whether in reality he did place his sword at the Admiral's disposal; but in any case, M. Saisset did not make much use of it, for eight days later, the flag of the Commune floated over all the mayors' offices, the drawbridges were raised, fighting had begun everywhere, and from hour to hour the sidewalks grew emptier and the streets more deserted. Every one tried to escape as best he might — in the market-gardeners' carts, in the luggage vans of the embassies. Some disguised themselves as bargemen, stokers, or navvies. The most romantic crossed the ramparts at night with rope-ladders. The boldest went thirty at a time, and passed through a gate by storm; others, more practical, simply offered a bribe of five francs. Many followed hearses, and went wandering about the fields of the surrounding suburbs, with umbrellas and chimney-pot hats, black from head to foot, like village tipstaffs. Once outside, all these Parisians looked at each other laughingly, breathed freely, capered about, made fun of Paris; but soon the nostalgia of the asphalt regained possession of them, and the emigration, begun as truant schoolboys, became sad and burdensome as an exile.

My mind full of these ideas of escape, I was one morning strolling down the Rue de Rivoli, in pouring rain, when I was stopped by seeing a familiar face. At that early hour there was scarcely anything in sight but the sweeping-machines, gathering up the mud in little gleaming heaps along the side of the pavement, and the rows of tumbrels filled one after the other by the scavengers. Horror! it was under the bespattered smock of one of these men that I recognized my masher, well disguised indeed! — a battered felt hat, a neck-handkerchief tied like a wisp round the throat, and the wide trousers called by the Parisian workman (pardon me the word) a *salopette;* all this was wet, shabby, threadbare, covered with a thick coating of mire, that the wretched creature did not even then consider thick enough, for I detected him trampling in the puddles, and kicking the mud up to the very roots of his hair. It was this peculiar manœuvre that attracted my attention.

"Good morning, Vicomte," I said to him in an undertone as I passed. The Vicomte grew pale under his mud stains, threw a terrified glance around him, then seeing every one busy, he regained a little assurance, and told me that he had not chosen to place his sword (always his sword) at the service of the Commune, and that his butler's brother, mud contractor at

Montreuil, had fortunately contrived for him this possibility of leaving Paris. He could not add more. The carts were full, and the procession was beginning to move on. My fellow had but time to run to his team, take up his position in the file, crack his whip, and, hoi! go on! he was off. The adventure interested me. In order to see the end of it, I followed the tumbrels at a distance, as far as the Porte de Vincennes.

Each man walked at the side of his horses, whip in hand, leading his team by a leathern rein. To make his task easier they had put the Vicomte the last, and it was pitiful to see the poor devil striving to do like the others, to imitate their voice, their gait, that heavy bent, drowsy gait, swinging along with the rolling of the wheels, regulated by the step of the overladen animals. At times they stopped to allow some battalion to pass on its way to the ramparts. Then he would assume a bustling air, swear, use his whip, and make himself as much of a carter as possible; but, from time to time, the man of fashion re-appeared. This scavenger looked at women. In front of a cartridge manufactory, Rue de Charonne, he paused for a moment to watch the factory girls entering. The aspect of the great faubourg, all the swarms of people seemed to astonish him very much, and the startled glances he threw right and left showed his surprise, as though he fancied himself in an unknown country.

And yet Vicomte, you have travelled over these long streets leading to Vincennes often enough, on fine spring and autumn Sundays, when you were returning from the races, with a green card stuck in your hat, and a leather bag slung over your shoulder, cracking your whip in delicate and masterly style. But then you were perched up so high in your phaeton, you were surrounded with such a mass of flowers, ribbons, ringlets, and gauze veils, the wheels that almost touched your own, enveloped you in such a luminous and aristocratic dust, that you never saw the dark windows opening at your approach, nor the workmen's homes, where, at that very hour, they were sitting down to dinner; and when you had passed by, when all that long train of luxurious existence, the bright silks and startling golden locks of the women, all had disappeared toward Paris, bearing away with it its gilded atmosphere, you did not know how much more gloomy the Faubourg became, how much more bitter seemed the bread, how much heavier the tool appeared, nor what you left there of accumulated hatred and anger. A

volley of oaths and cracks of the whip cut short my soliloquy. We had reached the Port de Vincennes. The drawbridge had been lowered, and in the twilight, in the downpour of rain, in the midst of the obstruction caused by the crowding carts, the national guards examining the permits, I perceived the poor Vicomte struggling with his three large horses, which he was trying to turn round. The unfortunate fellow had lost his place. He swore, tugged at the rein; large drops of sweat rolled down his face. I can assure you his languid look had vanished. Already the *communeux* were beginning to notice him. A circle was formed round him, laughing at him; his position became dangerous. Luckily the head carter came to his assistance, tore the bridle from his hands with a rough push, then, with a lash of his large whip, started the team, which rushed over the bridge at a galop, with the Vicomte running and splashing behind. The gate passed, he resumed his place, and the long file was lost in the waste land outside the fortifications.

It was, indeed, a piteous egress. I watched it from the top of an embankment, the fields full of rubbish in which the wheels stuck; the scarce and muddy grass, the men bending low under the downpour, the long line of tumbrels rolling heavily, like hearses. It might have been some shameful burial, as it were all the Paris of the *Bas Empire* disappearing, drowned in the mud of its own creation.

MADAME ARNOULD-PLESSY.

Did you see her act in *Henriette Maréchal?* Do you remember her, in front of her looking-glass, throwing a long and despairing gaze at that mute and pitiless confidant, and saying, with a heart-rending intonation: "Ah, I look every hour of my age to-day." Those who heard her will never be able to forget it. It was so deep felt, so human! By those few simple words, slowly accentuated, falling one after the other like the notes of a knell, the actress conveyed so much: the regret at departed youth, the bitter anguish of a woman who feels that her reign is over, and that if she does not abdicate willingly, old age will very soon come, and sign her renunciation by a disfiguring scratch across her whole face.

Terrible moment even for the strongest, or the most upright! It is like a sudden exile, an abrupt change of climate, and the surprise of an icy cold atmosphere succeeding the

balmy and perfumed air, full of flattering murmurs and passionate adulations, which surround a woman's beauty in the meridian of her age. For the actress, the wrench is still more cruel. For in her the coquetry natural to woman grows and is aggravated by a thirst for fame. And so most actresses never will make an end, never have the courage to place themselves once for all before their mirror, and say: "I look every hour of my age to-day." They are truly much to be pitied. In vain they struggle, cling despairing to the faded shreds of the fallen crown, they see the public abandoning them, admiration replaced by indulgence, then by compassion; and what is more heart-rending than all, by indifference.

Thanks to her intelligence, thanks to her pride, the grand and valiant Arnould-Plessy did not await this distressing hour. Although she still had some years before her, she preferred disappearing at the height of her zenith, like those fine October suns, that plunge suddenly under the horizon, rather than drag their luminous agony through a dim and slow twilight. Her reputation has gained thereby; but we have lost many delightful evenings she could still have given us. With her, Marivaux disappeared, and the charm of his marvellous talent, of that sparkling and airy phraseology which has the capricious breadth of range of a fan unfolded to the footlights. All these delightful heroines with names like the princesses of Shakespeare, and who have even something of their ethereal elegance, have vanished and drawn back within the covers of the book; in vain are they evoked, they no longer answer to the call. Gone, too, is all that pretty jesting with language and wit, that dainty talk, perhaps a little affected, a little overrefined, but so French, such as Musset has so often written; charming triflers, who lean arms, hidden under floating laces, on the edge of a work-table, laden with all the smiling caprices of an amorous idleness. All that is at an end, no one knows how to talk, how to flirt, now, in that sentimental style on the stage.

The tradition is lost since Arnould-Plessy is no longer there. And then not only was the artist both studious and methodical, a faithful interpreter of traditional French art, but this excellent actress had also an original and inquiring talent, whether she grappled with the grand tragic creations, such as Agrippina, which she played in a remarkable manner, more after Suetonius than Racine, or whether she created a part full

of modern life and realistic art, such as Nany in Meilhac's drama — an ignorant peasant and passionately devoted mother. I remember particularly a scene in which to express the thousand conflicting sentiments which clashed in her ambitious and jealous spirit, Nany, uncultivated, stuttering, seeking in vain for words, in a burst of mad rage against herself, gasped out as she struck her breast: "Ah! peasant, peasant!" The actress said it in a way that made the whole house shudder.

And remember that such cries, such truthful gestures, are not traditional, that no teaching can give them, but only a profound study, sympathetic and observant of life. Is it not a magnificent triumph, the proof of an admirable power of creation, that a drama that foundered like *Nany*, and was played only about ten nights, should have remained forever in the mind and eyes of those who saw it, because Mme. Arnould-Plessy had acted the principal part in it.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

DAVIS, REBECCA (HARDING), an American authoress, was born at Washington, Pa., June 24, 1831. In very early life she removed to Virginia. She was reared and educated at Wheeling, W. Va., where she wrote her first published tales, "Life in the Iron Mills" and "A Story of To-Day," which appeared in the "Atlantic" in 1861, the latter being again published in book form under the title of "Margaret Howth" (1861). The following year she was married to L. Clark Davis, who was at that time connected with the editorial department of the Philadelphia "Inquirer;" and during the seven years of their residence in Philadelphia she continued to write for the newspaper and periodical press, and to publish works of a more permanent character. Among the latter were, "Waiting for Verdict" (1867), and "Dallas Galbraith" (1868). In 1869 she became a regular writer on the editorial staff of the New York "Tribune." Her later works include: "The Captain's Story" (1874); "John Andross" (1874); "The Faded Leaf of History" (1875); "Kitty's Choice" (1876); "A Law Unto Herself" (1878); "Natasqua" (1886); "Doctor Warrick's Daughters" (1896).

LIFE AND DEATH.[1]

(From "Dr. Warrick's Daughters.")

DOCTOR SAMUEL WARRICK was a surgeon in a Federal regiment from the beginning to the end of the Civil War. His wife, in the mean time, lived with her children in the old Warrick homestead near Luxborough in eastern Pennsylvania.

Even as early as '65, Luxborough was called a city by the contractors who had recently pushed in and built mills. They elected themselves mayors and councilmen: their dwellings rose around the new Park near the Works with Greek porticos in front and Ottoman minarets at the back, and within, much plenishing of gilt and plush and vases of alabaster.

The old settlers, who live in crooked, shady lanes on the hill, ignored these people and their city. They always talked of "our little burgh" with proud humility: as the great Louis

[1] Copyright, 1896, by Harper & Brothers.

was known to his people only as "Monsieur," because there could be but one gentleman in France. Of course they knew that there were other towns in the country, but they thought of them vaguely, as one does of affairs in the Antarctic circle. Luxborough was the final result of the creation. For it Columbus had sailed, and Washington fought, and the Bible been written. They delighted to tell each other that "with our resources and water power we could easily have surpassed Philadelphia at any time. But our people, sir, have had higher pursuits than trade." A small college gave a scholastic flavor to the pursuits of some citizens; others were army and navy officers on half pay; still others derived their support from the meagre dividends of the venerable Luxborough Bank. But a meagre income did not interfere with the self-respect of any Luxboroughan. He wrapped his poverty about him as a royal garment and smiled down patronage on the world.

Now, these people all knew that their forefathers had been Swedish peasants who came over on the "Key of Calmar": or mechanics and cotters brought to his principality by Penn. But had they not founded Luxborough? That was a patent of nobility in the minds of their descendants, who clung fondly to their old oak chests and chain clocks.

The young people, it is true, had talked much, of late, of certain Scotch lords and English baronets, whom, without regard to Burke and Debrett, they declared to be their ancestors and whose crests they uneasily adopted.

Luxborough asserted itself, however, most strenuously in the Monthly Whist Club (established A. D. 1767). The mill-owners beat in vain at its closed doors. They jeered at the sandwiches and tea which were its fixed features, but their hearts were sore with envy. These homely simplicities showed a superb contempt for the vulgar splendor of their balls and costly suppers. Once a year minuets were danced at the club, the girls wearing their grandmothers' brocade gowns. The patronesses "requested the honor of your presence" on the backs of playing cards, as the club had done when Dolly Madison or Nelly Custis were its guests. These things furnished the new-comers with endless gibes. But the old Luxboroughans smiled and vouchsafed no answer. They were sure that their town, with its patrician caste, was as unique in the world as a Rome or a Damascus.

For the rest, their minds were chiefly concerned with their

food and the squabbles of the High and Low churches. They were all good housekeepers and churchgoers, and, let the world rage as it would, the excellence of their hams and jellies and missionaries were firm foundations on which they stood impregnable. So deep was their complacency that if a Luxboroughan went out into the world and found success, his old neighbors scowled askance at him. Why should he go out into the world? Could he not have the best of hams and the Monthly Club at home? They would not clap their hands for him.

Young Logue was the foremost American sculptor in Rome for years, and George Parr, the philologist, was recognized by the greatest of German scholars. He was for months the honored guest of Queen Sophie in the Huis ten Bosch.

But when the two men came home Luxborough passed them with an icy nod. No cards were sent them for the club. "They have good blood," said Mrs. Hayes, who was patroness that year. "But it is safer to keep out all artistic riffraff." She felt that they should be taught that Luxborough was its own world. Roman studios and foreign courts were but as the rim to its cup.

Naturally, men of ability who were born in the town and could not push out into the world did not find these things as ludicrous as they seemed to Doctor Parr or John Logue. They complained that they were stifled: sunk in a slough, not of despond, but of self-satisfied mediocrity.

Doctor Warrick was one of these men. The war gave him his first chance to draw a full breath of life. His wife, on the contrary, was calm and self-contained as any Luxboroughan, although she came from another city. Certain idiosyncrasies belong to all Pennsylvanian towns as though they were first cousins.

Mrs. Warrick lived a couple of miles outside of the borough. She ignored the town as the town did the rest of the earth. Her children, her garden, the cook, the turkeys — here was the world. Even the war threw but a far-off shadow through the windows of her cheerful lighted home.

She had her anxieties, however. She was forced to economize closely, as her husband was apt to lend part of every quarter's salary to some needy friend in camp. Sometimes, what with tobacco to the prisoners and suppers to the staff, he would have none left to send home.

"Your papa" — she would say, with kindling eyes, when this

happened — "your papa is the most generous of men! He is giving his life to his country, and he would give his last dollar to anybody who needs it. Well, thank God, the dear soul has it to give!" Then she would go to work to nip ten cents here and there out of meat and butter bills to make up the deficit.

When the news of Lee's surrender came the neighboring women rejoiced loyally together in their sanitary committees, but she fell to cleaning house to be ready for the doctor.

Her nephew, Brooke Calhoun, a noisy boy who had rushed in from the country when the news came, hauled down the flags from the garret early in the morning. "I'll put one out of each window," he shouted. Anne, a lean child of ten, clattered down the stairs after him, loaded with nails and hammer. Mrs. Warrick came in from her crocus-beds with muddy fingers.

"No, I think not, Brooke, dear," she said gently, "not flags; it is peace, you know. Your uncle has been through such horrors in these years — knee-deep, you might say, in blood and mud — that I thought the house ought to be very quiet and clean for him. Just home. No flags — evergreen now, twisted around the pillars and over the door? What do you think?"

"All right," Brooke said. But he and Anne scowled as they nailed up the hemlock. Their souls were clothed upon with victory and blood to-day. Brooke banged the nails viciously. The whole North was resplendent in red, white, and blue; why must he carry out the idea of a ridiculous woman? As for Anne, she hid one of the flags. She intended presently to go to a window in the barn which opened on the road, and, wrapping it around her, pose there as Liberty, for passers-by to see. Sometimes she covered herself with a piece of old mosquito netting and stood there, hoping that people would take her for a bride. Mrs. Warrick, who kept her little girls apart from the villagers as if they were nuns, never dreamed of these tricks of the child.

Mildred Warrick, a girl of fourteen, stood silently watching her sister and Brooke, slowly turning her innocent blue eyes from one to the other. They never asked for her opinion in their disputes. Her mouth was as dumb as her eyes. Nobody had ever known the soft, chubby creature to have an opinion since she was born.

When they were seated at breakfast Mrs. Warrick looked around her with a beaming face. Her regency was nearly over. Surely Samuel would think she had not managed badly?

Five years ago, at parting, the doctor had made over the

property to her. "You 'll make ducks and drakes of it, of course, being a woman," he said, with a shrug. "But what else can I do?"

When they were married the house had been surrounded for several miles by the Warrick estate. But the doctor, from time to time, to pull himself out of debt, had sold farm after farm, until only the old apple orchard was left on one side, and on the other the garden where his wife worked all day among her pease and beans.

"If my wife breathes on a seed it turns into a rose," he used to say fondly, which pleased her so much that she did not notice that he never helped her to weed the rose-bed.

In front of the house a grassy field sloped to the road, and upon it three or four huge, ancient oaks threw an always grave and solemn shadow.

The homestead, like most Colonial houses in eastern Pennsylvania, was built of black-lined English brick in a large, unmeaning square. The doctor liked to tell of the entertainments which long-dead Warricks had given here to Washington, or to wandering Bourbon princes, and there was still a lingering flavor of gracious hospitality in the noble proportions of the lofty apartments and the vast fireplaces, with their unwieldy brass dogs glittering in the flame. Time had softened the florid splendors of the frescoed nymphs on the ceiling and yellowed the marble Caryatides of the mantel-pieces: even the gorgeous roses on the carpets had faded into soft, dull hues on which the sunshine fell pleasantly. The great mahogany chairs on which the children sat at the table shone in it, black with age.

"Your papa will find no change in the house when he comes," Mrs. Warrick said complacently, "and I have not sold an inch of ground, either."

"That is a pity," said Brooke. "If you had sold Matthew Plunkett the orchard, and he had built his big villa there, it would have sent up the value of this property five hundred per cent."

"Perhaps so," said his aunt indifferently. "We have enough of money. I did not care to have the Plunketts for neighbors, or any of the new rich clique."

"Here comes Dave Plunkett now," said Anne. "He writes poetry," she whispered to Brooke. "He reads his tragedies to mamma while she plants her seeds! He waddles after her through the paths like a tame dog."

"I will not bring my tragedy, when I write it, to Aunt

Sarah," said Brooke gravely, looking at the jolly face and tawdry plaid gown of the stout old lady.

An enormously fat lad, gaudily dressed, came into the room, and, after greeting them with a bob of the head, dropped into a seat and fell to work voraciously at the scrapple and hot toast. He paused long enough to mumble:

"When d' ye expect the doctor, Mrs. Warrick?"

"Next week. We are almost ready. The grates must be polished and the pictures hung."

"Why did not you keep the prints on the walls for your own comfort all these years, Aunt Sarah?" said Brooke.

"The frames would have tarnished, and besides I take no interest in pictures," she said, calmly sipping her coffee.

"And yet they count for so much to the doctor! He must have grown thin, kept away from such things so long!" the boy said. "George! how he will scamper around to theatres and old book-shops when he comes! And how the money will fly!"

"I'll go with him!" piped Anne shrilly.

Mrs. Warrick, her cup in her hand, turned her broad red face from one to the other with a startled stare. In the last five years she had learned to look upon her husband only as a hero, facing death for a great cause.

But —. Why, of course he would run about to theatres and book-shops, irritable, voluble; in a paroxysm of rapture one minute over a first edition, and a paroxysm of misery the next over a limp collar. And she — always outside of his paroxysms! The old days flashed up distinctly before her. His finest engraving was no more to her than black scratches on paper. Clothes were to her only a troublesome covering for the body. He had poetic ideas about color and drapery which she never could understand. How tired she used to be trying to understand, to keep up. But Samuel never saw it. He would keep her for an hour descanting on the lines of a Morghen when she was frantic to go and devil the crabs for supper.

Milly watched her anxiously. She caught her hand under the table. "Is papa like that?" she whispered. "Would he waste your little bit of money on such trash?"

"Mildred!" she shook off her hand. "You don't know your father. He is a man who — why — he has great ideas, great purposes! He stands head and shoulders above other men, like Cato or Nelson, or — or — Lafayette. He has been risking his life for years, and you would begrudge him a little miserable

money? He lives away above us with his books and his pictures. You 'll see."

"Why! I did n't mean anything! I am sorry!" stammered Brooke, amazed at this outbreak. He wanted to laugh. Love between people of his own age was a divine thing, but the devotion of this old woman with a mole on her nose to the fussy little surgeon was like a farce on the stage.

David Plunkett, who had been watching Mrs. Warrick, broke in at this crisis: —

"Calhoun, did you know I thought of going to Princeton? Father says I can, if I like."

"Well, do you like?" said Brooke gruffly, with an uneasy glance at his aunt's dim eyes.

"Better 'n anything. It seems as if I ought to have the chance, too. There 's Sims the butcher 's sendin' his son to Yale, an' Warren — you know Jo Warren — he 's workin' his way through Harvard. If I — think of me graduatin' first honor-man in Princeton!" He stretched out his huge arms with a deep breath.

Brooke looked at him a moment and then said respectfully, "It will take a lot of work, Pud."

"I don't mind work. I 've got a fine brain. If I do it at all, I 'll go in for bein' a professor. Why, I 'd rather be a teacher sittin' up there with a lot of men before me, knowin' things that they don't know, than be President!"

"Why don't you go to college then?" said Brooke impatiently. "Your father 's reckoned an eight-million man — he can afford it. What hinders you?"

David munched a great mouthful deliberately before he spoke. "Eight million? P'r'aps. But you see, if I 'm to be an oil man like pap, I 've to begin now. College graduates don't count in business. You 've got to be trained young."

"It does not need much training to measure tanks of oil and take pay."

"So! that 's your idea of the oil business, is it?" said David contemptuously. "My father began without a dollar, sir. But he knows oil and gas. He 's got the sharpest eye for indications of any man in the State. That 's what brought him the eight millions. If I mean to carry on the business, I 've got to go in training now. I must give up college."

Brooke laughed. "Well, go in training, then! You won't have money enough!"

David looked at him steadily, a sharp cunning creeping into his flabby white face. "Millions breed billions, is the old saying. But you've got to nurse 'em well. You can't have too much money nowadays" — his catlike eyes twinkling.

"I am ashamed of you, David!" said Mrs. Warrick. "You are going to sell your birthright for pottage that you don't need!"

"Oh! Nobody but you ever thought I had a birthright, Mrs. Warrick." David rose and went to her side, a queer tremor on his broad face. "I brought sumthin' for you to read to-day, but I guess you're too busy!"

"A poem!" she said, smiling kindly. "Come this evening, my boy. I am going to town now."

"Well, then, I'll go. 'Mornin'!" he muttered, with a general nod.

"'By, Pud," said Brooke.

"Good-morning, Mr. Plunkett," lisped Milly respectfully as he passed her. He stopped short, his face red with delight, and held out his hand. She took it reluctantly, and as the unwieldy body lumbered out rubbed her fingers with a shudder.

"Why were you civil to him, then?" cried Anne. "He thinks the world is made up of Dave Plunkett!"

Mrs. Warrick looked after Dave with alarm. What would the doctor say when he found this rough lad an *habitué* of the house?

Her soul was full of alarms. It was not a hero who was coming; it was — Samuel. How Milly's lisp would worry him! Anne's clumsiness would drive him mad. Heavens! why must the child wave her arms and legs about like that!

As she sat silent behind the coffee urn the world suddenly grew askew around her. It must be set straight in a day for Samuel.

If she were only one of these superior women coming to the front now, who organized sanitary commissions or lectured on the war! But Sarah was only clever in gardening. She was a good-humored creature. The knowledge of her inferiority never had hurt her as it did to-day. If she had even kept her pretty white-and-pink skin! She glanced at the mirror. Samuel used to think so much of that!

Then a fiery passion rose in her. He ought not to ask whether her skin was white or black! If she were an idiot, he should n't care! She had loved him so. These things were trifles — trifles!

Sarah's thoughts as usual soon dropped to the basis of hard common-sense. She was not to blame if she had been born without the wit and taste which her husband and children had. She had at least made them live up to their own high standard.

"Why do you shriek so, Anne?" she said now, irritably; "other girls do it, but you cannot. How often must I tell you? You are a Warrick. A Warrick cannot be loud or pushing any more than she can be dishonest or cowardly. Your father will expect to find you fit to bear your name."

Brooke, who was reading the newspaper, threw it down. "They are going to disband the troops! It is to be peace, sure enough!" he cried. "I thought there always would be fighting here and there, and in a year I could go in. I've had hard luck, to be only a boy while this scrimmage was going on. Now, I've no chance."

"Oh," said Mrs. Warrick eagerly, "we may have a war with England soon, and then you can go in. A man always has the chance to do credit to his name."

"Why, I am not a Warrick, cousin Sarah. Nor you. We are Dacres."

"Yes, and the Dacres always stood by their creed till death. There was a Dacre burned at Smithfield, and my grandfather was whipped by the Puritans in Massachusetts. On his gravestone it says, 'He was the son of generations of fearless confessors.' You are descended from him, Brooke," said Mrs. Warrick, with kindling eyes.

Brooke laughed. "Oh, I've no doubt the Puritan creed was as nearly right as his own. He ought to have met them half-way comfortably, and so dodged the whipping. We've outgrown that sort of thing! You are a churchwoman, but you don't want to burn Father Riley, nor the Plunketts, who are Methodists."

"I'd as lief go to the stake myself as to Mass or to the Methodist revivals," she said doggedly.

Brooke laughed, and took Anne to feed the cows. Her mother looked after her anxiously. Would Samuel be satisfied with the girls? She knew nothing of modern training. One or two ideas had seemed to her of authority: the Church and the family honor. She had helped herself in her weeding and darning by thinking of Jane Dacre tied to the stake. But was this sort of thing enough for the girls?

"Elegance of deportment," "grace of attitude" — some of the doctor's favorite phrases came back to nag her honest soul.

Milly was patting her hand fondly. "Mamma, Anne does not understand," she said; "she would not be burned sooner than be a Methodist, but *I* would."

"Oh, yes; certainly, dear," her mother said impatiently.

If Anne had said that it would mean something. But Milly's mind was so easily filled and emptied! When Mrs. Warrick had an opinion, she knew as certainly that Milly would echo it as that a cup of water would reflect a passing color.

"She will be what I am while I am with her," she thought. "Well, I shall probably always be with her. Even when the girls are married, I shall look after them a bit."

She made haste now to catch the train into town. It was a threatening day. Heavy clouds drifted through the thin April sunshine. Brooke walked with her to the little station. "I have an appointment with the oculist," she explained; "my eyes have suddenly failed. I must have glasses before Samuel comes. Brooke, what do you think of this gown? It is my best, but the figures are so bold. It was cheap, but I wish I had bought a better one — and the red ginghams the girls wear? He has such exquisite taste."

"Don't bother! What are gowns?" the boy growled. He could not put it into words, but if Doctor Warrick could not see how unlike to all other girls these were in their solitary life with their mother; with their queer unworldly notions about their Warrick blood and souls inherited from martyrs? If he made it a question of gowns? He kicked a stone viciously which lay in his way.

"What day does he come?" he asked.

"He leaves it for me to decide. He can run up on furlough, returning when his regiment is mustered out, or wait and come then to stay. Of course I shall write for him to come at once, if only for a day —"

She did not finish the sentence. Brooke glanced at her face, and turned quickly away.

"Here is your train," he said gently.

Sarah Warrick is of no interest in this history. The chapter which concerns her must be brief.

She waited an hour in the oculist's outer office, her mind busy with calculations of the cost of a plainer gown and the time she would need to make it. At last her turn came, and she entered the operating-room.

Doctor Swan was an old man, whom she had known since her childhood. He was standing when she came in, and greeted her gravely. She fancied that he looked anxious. He was a sympathetic man, in spite of his dry manner. Some patient, perhaps, whose case he found incurable.

"How much longer will the examination last?" she asked. "I have been looking at these tedious letters and wheels for five days. Can you not tell me what ails my eyes to-day?"

"Yes, I think I can," he said.

At another time she might have been startled by his unsmiling face, but just then she thought of a nainsook wrapper, soft and creamy white — Samuel would delight in that, unless — was she too old to wear white?

Doctor Swan meanwhile led her into a dark closet and turned a strong light into her eyes. "I must trouble you with this once more. I must be sure that I am right," he said. As she moved her eyes up and down at his bidding, she hesitated about embroidery for the gown. It would be costly, but Samuel liked lace so much —

"Now to the left. That will do."

He drew back, wiping the little mirror that he held.

"Have you finished already?"

"Yes, I have finished."

"I am very glad. I am so busy at home. And the glasses?" she asked, buttoning her coat.

The old man still rubbed the mirror with a bit of chamois-skin, looking down at her steadily, standing between her and the door.

"You never will require glasses. I wish to say — Sarah, there is something that I must tell you."

"Yes." She waited, attentive, smiling.

"There is a peculiar fact about the eye. You may have heard of it. There is a gray curtain — I may call it that — at the back of the eye, and on it, when I turn a strong light — Sit down, Sarah. You do not seem strong to-day."

"I am not as young as when we went to school on the hill together," she said, laughing. "I do feel my age a little this year. You were saying?"

Why did he prose so? She would have time to buy the nainsook, if she could go at once.

"It is like a gray canvas. On it, as I said" — he turned his eyes away from her, but went on hurriedly — "on it an oculist

can see the marks made by certain incurable diseases before any other part of the body betrays their presence. It is the writing on the wall. Death — "

She had taken the seat he gave her. She rose now mechanically, and stood looking into his eyes. He stopped speaking, but it seemed to her, after a moment, that he had been talking a long time and had said much.

She said at last: "What did you see? What is the disease?"

He answered her, briefly.

Turning his back on her, he began to arrange some empty vials on a shelf. Her eyes followed him. How clean his bottles were — quite shining! She must go now. The nainsook — the train —

Her jaws moved beyond her control.

Death!

"Are you going, Sarah?" He walked with her to the door. "Will you have a little wine? Water?"

"No, thank you." She had her hand on the knob of the door. She hesitated a moment and then turned:

"Can anything be done? Is there any chance?"

"Consult your physician at once, of course. But I did not diagnose the case hastily. It is kindest to be frank, when the time is short — What did you say?"

"How long?"

"Not more than a month."

She bowed and smiled civilly, as if he had told her the time of day, and opening the door passed through the outer office, which was filled with patients. He followed her to the hall.

"It is raining," he said.

"I have an umbrella, thank you. Good-morning."

"Good-morning, Mrs. Warrick."

As she went down the steps he put out his hand to stop her, but checked himself, looked after her with an approving nod, and went in.

It was only a spring shower. The buds on the maple-trees shone redly in it. "They will be out early in May this year," she thought, and then stopped short.

"Why, I shall not see them!" she said.

Some woman whom she knew passed at the moment. Sarah smiled and nodded, but looked after her. "She will be here. She can see the children and talk to Samuel, and I — "

Then a sudden frenzy came upon her to be at home, to see her husband. The minutes were flying, and there were so few! She had work for their whole lives to do, and no time was left to her — no time.

But at the end of a block she turned and went into a shop. As she made her purchase she saw that they were closing the windows of the house. The saleswomen were whispering anxiously together. Coming into the street, she saw workmen busy everywhere removing the flags and decorations from the houses. Black streamers hung from many windows; groups of excited men stood talking on the street; some of them wore crape on their arms, and they spoke low as if in the presence of the dead.

She stopped, bewildered. Had they heard — that it was only a month?

"What has happened?" she asked some one hurrying by.

"Lincoln was murdered last night!" the woman said. "Why, where have you been not to know it?"

"Is that all?" said Sarah.

She walked on up the street. It was all so natural and familiar — the sun shining on the muddy spattered sidewalks, the bells on the horse-cars jingling. There was a policeman whom she knew: this shop was where she always bought candy for Anne.

There was no awful presence near her. No death, nor God. Nothing but the gay shops and the car horses with their bells.

Sarah had, as we know, a worried sense of the inferiority of her own small mind. She felt, with a kind of humiliation now, that she could not force herself up to the supreme moment.

"I wonder," she thought, "if I shall go before Him thinking of candy and policemen?"

She went to her physician's office for an hour, then to a telegraph station, and then home.

The car was filled with her neighbors. They greeted her cordially, but they were still excited with the horror of the assassination.

Mrs. Warrick sat silent, listening, on a back seat. She said to herself, "The whole world is shaken because Lincoln is dead. Nobody thinks of me. Yet I have lived my life in the world too. I have lived my life in the world too."

She tried to quiet herself, to think rationally. How would the Warricks meet death? She had always looked up to her husband's family as of finer clay than herself. But they did

not seem real at all to her now. Their very name was an empty sound.

She tried to think of Jane Dacre and the flames, but she could not remember now why it was that Jane died. She could not remember what the Protestant creed was.

As she left the car, her neighbors nodded good-by, laughing. Would they care when they knew? There was old Peter, waiting to carry her bag. She had always tried to be kind to the poor black soul. Would he remember her? Would anybody remember her?

The storm which had been threatening all day had sunk lower, a gray darkness thickened the air; suddenly, fierce gusts bent the trees. They made the stout old woman stagger as she walked. She halted under the oaks; they waved their branches wildly, with half inarticulate cries over her head. She saw that they knew what had happened to her. There was some comfort in that. She turned into the old garden, which was home to her more than any place on earth. The rain was falling now, the pale green bushes were dripping; the crocuses thrust their wet heads through the soft mould. She dropped upon her knees in it. So many years she had worked with them! She knew every leaf and root of them.

They knew.

She pulled up a weed or two and straightened the roots of the jonquils with affectionate pats, her eyes growing quiet. She had been treading on shifting seas, but now she felt firm ground again under her feet.

She walked toward the house. "I 'm afraid I have n't much grit to go through with it," she said, with an uneasy laugh.

The girls were waiting for her on the porch. She sat down and drew them to her, kissing them again and again.

"Have you heard?" Milly cried. "Have you heard, mamma?"

"About the President? Yes. All the world 's dying, I think. Stay, don't go away! Don't leave me."

"How wet you are!" said Milly. "What 's in that bundle?"

"It is a white wrapper," Mrs. Warrick said, opening it, "with embroidery. I thought you and Anne would like to remember — to see me in it. I shall wear it every day. I am sorry I ever wore those ugly gowns."

"And papa? When did you tell him to come?"

Mrs. Warrick did not answer.

"Did you telegraph to him? When did you tell him to come?"

"I told him," she said slowly, "to stay there until his regiment was mustered out. It will be — more than a month."

"Oh, you poor little mother!" Anne said. "You wanted him so! It will be so hard for you to wait!"

"I — " She gave a queer laugh. "Papa cannot bear a fuss. You must always keep him from that. I will — wait."

She sat with her arms about them, looking out into the rain.

Wait? For what? In a month she would be gone — altogether gone. The children would grow up like their father. They were of his kind — a different kind from her. She had sometimes been taken for their nurse in the train. There was a certain air of distinction in them which she never could get, try as she might. She had often felt as if she were down on a low road in life, and these girls, the children of her womb, to whom she had given her own flesh and her own blood, were climbing up above her. They would go on climbing, now, and where would she be?

Anne, who very seldom caressed anybody, saw just then her mother's troubled face, and throwing her arms about her kissed her.

"Why — Anne!" Mrs. Warrick held her back, looking at her. Her eyes gathered an intelligence which never before had lighted them. "You won't forget! I have loved you so, children!" she said, "no matter what I am. Nobody will ever love you like your mother."

She walked down the porch. "It's love that lasts!" she told herself, shivering with exultation. "Oh, I see now! On the cross — for love. He came back to them that loved him — He came back — "

Brooke at that moment rushed up the steps. "I must pull down these greens!" he said. "Lincoln's dead! I must hang out black streamers. Everybody has black streamers out!"

"No! No black on this house!" Mrs. Warrick cried. "I will have no black — no mourning! When people die they do not go away; they are not forgotten! God is good. They stay to help their own. They stay right here!"

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

DAVIS, RICHARD HARDING, American novelist and editor, born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 18, 1864. A son of Rebecca (Harding) Davis, he was educated at Lehigh and Johns Hopkins Universities. He has been connected with a number of the Philadelphia and New York papers, in which were published many of his short stories. He became managing editor of "Harper's Weekly" in 1890. Among his works are: "Gallagher and Other Stories" (1891); "Stories for Boys" (1891); "Van Bibber and Others" (1892); "The West from a Car Window" (1892); "The Rulers of the Mediterranean" (1893); "The Exiles and Other Stories" (1894); "The Princess Aline" (1895); "About Paris" (1895); "Three Gringoes in Venezuela and Central America" (1896); "Soldiers of Fortune" (1897). In 1898 he accompanied the American army to Cuba and Porto Rico as special correspondent for "Scribner's Monthly" during the Spanish war.

AN UNFINISHED STORY.

(From "Van Bibber and Others.")

MRS. TREVELYAN, as she took her seat, shot a quick glance down the length of her table and at the arrangement of her guests, and tried to learn if her lord and master approved. But he was listening to something Lady Arbuthnot, who sat on his right, was saying, and, being a man, failed to catch her meaning, and only smiled unconcernedly and cheerfully back at her. But the wife of the Austrian Minister, who was her very dearest friend, saw and appreciated, and gave her a quick little smile over her fan, which said that the table was perfect, the people most interesting, and that she could possess her soul in peace. So Mrs. Trevelyan pulled at the tips of her gloves and smiled upon her guests. Mrs. Trevelyan was not used to questioning her powers, but this dinner had been almost impromptu, and she had been in doubt. It was quite unnecessary, for her dinner carried with it the added virtue of being the last of the season, an encore to all that had gone before — a special number by

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request on the social programme. It was not one of many others stretching on for weeks, for the summer's change and leisure began on the morrow, and there was nothing hanging over her guests that they must go on to later. They knew that their luggage stood ready locked and strapped at home; they could look before them to the whole summer's pleasure, and they were relaxed and ready to be pleased, and broke simultaneously into a low murmur of talk and laughter. The windows of the dining-room stood open from the floor, and from the tiny garden that surrounded the house, even in the great mass of stucco and brick of encircling London, came the odor of flowers and of fresh turf. A soft summer-night wind moved the candles under their red shades; and gently as though they rose from afar, and not only from across the top of the high wall before the house, came the rumble of the omnibuses passing farther into the suburbs, and the occasional quick rush of a hansom over the smooth asphalt. It was a most delightful choice of people, gathered at short notice and to do honor to no one in particular, but to give each a chance to say good-by before he or she met the yacht at Southampton or took the club train to Homburg. They all knew each other very well; and if there was a guest of the evening, it was one of the two Americans — either Miss Egerton, the girl who was to marry Lord Arbuthnot, whose mother sat on Trevelyan's right, or young Gordon, the explorer, who had just come out of Africa. Miss Egerton was a most strikingly beautiful girl, with a strong, fine face, and an earnest, interested way when she spoke, which the English found most attractive. In appearance she had been variously likened by Trevelyan, who was painting her portrait, to a druidess, a vestal virgin, and a Greek goddess; and Lady Arbuthnot's friends, who thought to please the girl, assured her that no one would ever suppose her to be an American — their ideas of the American young woman having been gathered from those who pick out tunes with one finger on the pianos in the public parlors of the Métropole. Miss Egerton was said to be intensely interested in her lover's career, and was as ambitious for his success in the House as he was himself. They were both very much in love, and showed it to others as little as people of their class do. The others at the table were General Sir Henry Kent; Phillips, the novelist; the Austrian Minister and his young wife; and Trevelyan, who painted portraits for large sums of money and figure pieces for art; and some simply fash-

ionable smart people who were good listeners, and who were rather disappointed that the American explorer was no more sunburned than other young men who had stayed at home, and who had gone in for tennis or yachting.

The worst of Gordon was that he made it next to impossible for one to lionize him. He had been back in civilization and London only two weeks, unless Cairo and Shepheard's Hotel are civilization, and he had been asked everywhere, and for the first week had gone everywhere. But whenever his hostess looked for him, to present another and not so recent a lion, he was generally found either humbly carrying an ice to some neglected dowager, or talking big game or international yachting or tailors to a circle of younger sons in the smoking-room, just as though several hundred attractive and distinguished people were not waiting to fling the speeches they had prepared on Africa at him, in the drawing-room above. He had suddenly disappeared during the second week of his stay in London, which was also the last week of the London season, and managers of lecture tours and publishers and lion-hunters, and even friends who cared for him for himself, had failed to find him at his lodgings. Trevelyan, who had known him when he was a travelling correspondent and artist for one of the great weeklies, had found him at the club the night before, and had asked him to his wife's impromptu dinner, from which he had at first begged off, but, on learning who was to be there, had changed his mind and accepted. Mrs. Trevelyan was very glad he had come; she had always spoken of him as a nice boy, and now that he had become famous she liked him none the less, but did not show it before people as much as she had been used to do. She forgot to ask him whether he knew his beautiful compatriot or not; but she took it for granted that they had met, if not at home, at least in London, as they had both been made so much of, and at the same houses.

The dinner was well on its way towards its end, and the women had begun to talk across the table, and to exchange bankers' addresses, and to say "Be sure and look us up in Paris," and "When do you expect to sail from Cowes?" They were enlivened and interested, and the present odors of the food and flowers and wine, and the sense of leisure before them, made it seem almost a pity that such a well-suited gathering should have to separate for even a summer's pleasure.

The Austrian Minister was saying this to his hostess, when Sir Henry Kent, who had been talking across to Phillips, the

novelist, leaned back in his place and said, as though to challenge the attention of every one, "I can't agree with you, Phillips. I am sure no one else will."

"Dear me," complained Mrs. Trevelyan, plaintively, "what have you been saying now, Mr. Phillips? He always has such debatable theories," she explained.

"On the contrary, Mrs. Trevelyan," answered the novelist, "it is the other way. It is Sir Henry who is making all the trouble. He is attacking one of the oldest and dearest platitudes I know." He paused for the general to speak, but the older man nodded his head for him to go on. "He has just said that fiction is stranger than truth," continued the novelist. "He says that I — that people who write could never interest people who read if they wrote of things as they really are. They select, he says — they take the critical moment in a man's life and the crises, and want others to believe that that is what happens every day. Which it is not, so the general says. He thinks that life is commonplace and uneventful — that is, uneventful in a picturesque or dramatic way. He admits that women's lives are saved from drowning, but that they are not saved by their lovers, but by a longshoreman with a wife and six children, who accepts five pounds for doing it. That 's it, is it not?" he asked.

The general nodded and smiled. "What I said to Phillips was," he explained, "that if things were related just as they happen, they would not be interesting. People do not say the dramatic things they say on the stage or in novels; in real life they are commonplace or sordid — or disappointing. I have seen men die on the battle-field, for instance, and they never cried, 'I die that my country may live,' or 'I have got my promotion at last;' they just stared up at the surgeon and said, 'Have I got to lose that arm?' or 'I am killed, I think.' You see, when men are dying around you, and horses are plunging, and the batteries are firing, one does n't have time to think up the appropriate remark for the occasion. I don't believe, now, that Pitt's last words were, 'Roll up the map of Europe.' A man who could change the face of a continent would not use his dying breath in making epigrams. It was one of his secretaries or one of the doctors who said that. And the man who was capable of writing home, 'All is lost but honor,' was just the sort of a man who would lose more battles than he would win. No; you, Phillips," said the general, raising his voice as he

became more confident and conscious that he held the centre of the stage, "and you, Trevelyan, don't write and paint every-day things as they are. You introduce something for a contrast or for an effect; a red coat in a landscape for the bit of color you want, when in real life the red coat would not be within miles; or you have a band of music playing a popular air in the street when a murder is going on inside the house. You do it because it is effective; but it is n't true. Now Mr. Caithness was telling us the other night at the club, on this very matter — "

"Oh, that 's hardly fair," laughed Trevelyan; "you 've rehearsed all this before. You 've come prepared."

"No, not at all," frowned the general, sweeping on. "He said that before he was raised to the bench, when he practised criminal law, he had brought word to a man that he was to be reprieved, and to another that he was to die. Now, you know," exclaimed the general, with a shrug, and appealing to the table, "how that would be done on the stage or in a novel, with the prisoner bound ready for execution, and a galloping horse, and a fluttering piece of white paper, and all that. Well, now, Caithness told us that he went into the man's cell and said, 'You have been reprieved, John,' or William, or whatever the fellow's name was. And the man looked at him and said: 'Is that so? That 's good — that 's good;' and that was all he said. And then, again, he told one man whose life he had tried very hard to save: 'The Home Secretary has refused to intercede for you. I saw him at his house last night at nine o'clock.' And the murderer, instead of saying, 'My God! what will my wife and children do?' looked at him, and repeated, 'At nine o'clock last night!' just as though that were the important part of the message."

"Well, but, general," said Phillips, smiling, "that 's dramatic enough as it is, I think. Why — "

"Yes," interrupted the general, quickly and triumphantly. "But that is not what you would have made him say, is it? That 's my point."

"There was a man told me once," Lord Arbuthnot began, leisurely — "he was a great chum of mine, and it illustrates what Sir Henry has said, I think — he was engaged to a girl, and he had a misunderstanding or an understanding with her that opened both their eyes, at a dance, and the next afternoon he called, and they talked it over in the drawing-room, with the tea-tray between them, and agreed to end it. On the stage he would

have risen and said, 'Well, the comedy is over, the tragedy begins, or the curtain falls;' and she would have gone to the piano and played Chopin sadly while he made his exit. Instead of which he got up to go without saying anything, and as he rose he upset a cup and saucer on the tea-table, and said, 'Oh, I beg your pardon;' and she said, 'It is n't broken;' and he went out. You see," the young man added, smiling, "there were two young people whose hearts were breaking, and yet they talked of tea-cups, not because they did not feel, but because custom is too strong on us and too much for us. We do not say dramatic things or do theatrical ones. It does not make interesting reading, but it is the truth."

"Exactly," cut in the Austrian Minister, eagerly. "And then there is the prerogative of the author and of the playwright to drop a curtain whenever he wants to, or to put a stop to everything by ending the chapter. That is n't fair. That is an advantage over nature. When some one accuses some one else of doing something dreadful at the play, down comes the curtain quick and keeps things at fever point, or the chapter ends with a lot of stars, and the next page begins with a description of a sunset two weeks later. To be true, we ought to be told what the man who is accused said in the reply, or what happened during those two weeks before the sunset. The author really has no right to choose only the critical moments, and to shut out the commonplace, every-day life by a sort of literary closure. That is, if he claims to tell the truth."

Phillips raised his eyebrows and looked carefully around the table. "Does any one else feel called upon to testify?" he asked.

"It 's awful, is n't it, Phillips," laughed Trevelyan, comfortably, "to find that the photographer is the only artist, after all? I feel very guilty."

"You ought to," pronounced the general, gayly. He was very well satisfied with himself at having held his own against these clever people. "And I am sure Mr. Gordon will agree with me, too," he went on, confidently, with a bow towards the younger man. "He has seen more of the world than any of us, and he will tell you, I am sure, that what happens only suggests the story; it is not complete in itself. That it always needs the author's touch, just as the rough diamond — "

"Oh, thanks, thanks, general," laughed Phillips. "My feelings are not hurt as badly as that."

Gordon had been turning the stem of a wine-glass slowly between his thumb and his finger while the others were talking, and looking down at it smiling. Now he raised his eyes as though he meant to speak, and then dropped them again. "I am afraid, Sir Henry," he said, "that I don't agree with you at all."

Those who had said nothing felt a certain satisfaction that they had not committed themselves. The Austrian Minister tried to remember what it was he had said, and whether it was too late to retreat, and the general looked blankly at Gordon and said, "Indeed?"

"You should n't have called on that last witness, Sir Henry," said Phillips, smiling. "Your case was very good as it was."

"I am quite sure," said Gordon, seriously, "that the story Phillips will never write is a true story, but he will not write it because people would say it is impossible, just as you have all seen sunsets sometimes that you knew would be laughed at if any one tried to paint them. We all know such a story, something in our own lives, or in the lives of our friends. Not ghost stories, or stories of adventure, but of ambitions that come to nothing, of people who were rewarded or punished in this world instead of in the next, and love stories."

Phillips looked at the young man keenly and smiled. "Especially love stories," he said.

Gordon looked back at him as if he did not understand.

"Tell it, Gordon," said Mr. Trevelyan.

"Yes," said Gordon, nodding his head in assent, "I was thinking of a particular story. It is as complete, I think, and as dramatic as any of those we read. It is about a man I met in Africa. It is not a long story," he said, looking around the table tentatively, "but it ends badly."

There was a silence much more appreciated than a polite murmur of invitation would have been, and the simply smart people settled themselves rigidly to catch every word for future use. They realized that this would be a story which had not as yet appeared in the newspapers, and which would not make a part of Gordon's book. Mrs. Trevelyan smiled encouragingly upon her former protégé; she was sure he was going to do himself credit; but the American girl chose this chance, when all the other eyes were turned expectantly towards the explorer, to look at her lover.

"We were on our return march from Lake Tchad to the

Mobangi," said Gordon. "We had been travelling over a month, sometimes by water and sometimes through the forest, and we did not expect to see any other white men besides those of our own party for several months to come. In the middle of a jungle late one afternoon I found this man lying at the foot of a tree. He had been cut and beaten and left for dead. It was as much of a surprise to me, you understand, as it would be to you if you were driving through Trafalgar Square in a hansom, and an African lion should spring up on your horses' haunches. We believed we were the only white men that had ever succeeded in getting that far south. Crampel had tried it, and no one knows yet whether he is dead or alive; Doctor Schlemen had been eaten by cannibals, and Major Bethume had turned back two hundred miles farther north; and we could no more account for this man's presence than if he had been dropped from the clouds. Lieutenant Royce, my surgeon, went to work at him, and we halted where we were for the night. In about an hour the man moved and opened his eyes. He looked up at us and said, 'Thank God!' — because we were white, I suppose — and went off into unconsciousness again. When he came to the next time, he asked Royce, in a whisper, how long he had to live. He was n't the sort of a man you had to lie to about a thing like that, and Royce told him he did not think he could live for more than an hour or two. The man moved his head to show that he understood, and raised his hand to his throat and began pulling at his shirt, but the effort sent him off into a fainting-fit again. I opened his collar for him as gently as I could, and found that his fingers had clinched around a silver necklace that he wore about his neck, and from which there hung a gold locket shaped like a heart."

Gordon raised his eyes slowly from the observation of his finger-tips as they rested on the edge of the table before him to those of the American girl who sat opposite. She had heard his story so far without any show of attention, and had been watching, rather with a touch of fondness in her eyes, the clever, earnest face of Arbuthnot, who was following Gordon's story with polite interest. But now, at Gordon's last words, she turned her eyes to him with a look of awful indignation, which was followed, when she met his calmly polite look of inquiry, by one of fear and almost of entreaty.

"When the man came to," continued Gordon, in the same conventional monotone, "he begged me to take the chain and

locket to a girl whom he said I would find either in London or in New York. He gave me the address of her banker. He said: 'Take it off my neck before you bury me; tell her I wore it ever since she gave it to me. That it has been a charm and loadstone to me. That when the locket rose and fell against my breast, it was as if her heart were pressing against mine and answering the beating and throbbing of the blood in my veins.'"

Gordon paused, and returned to the thoughtful scrutiny of his finger-tips.

"The man did not die," he said, raising his head. "Royce brought him back into such form again that in about a week we were able to take him along with us on a litter. But he was very weak, and would lie for hours sleeping when we rested, or mumbling and raving in a fever. We learned from him at odd times that he had been trying to reach Lake Tchad, to do what we had done, without any means of doing it. He had had not more than a couple of dozen porters and a corporal's guard of Senegalese soldiers. He was the only white man in the party, and his men had turned on him, and left him as we found him, carrying off with them his stock of provisions and arms. He had undertaken the expedition on a promise from the French government to make him governor of the territory he opened up if he succeeded, but he had had no official help. If he failed, he got nothing; if he succeeded, he did so at his own expense and by his own endeavors. It was only a wonder he had been able to get as far as he did. He did not seem to feel the failure of his expedition. All that was lost in the happiness of getting back alive to this woman with whom he was in love. He had been three days alone before we found him, and in those three days, while he waited for death, he had thought of nothing but that he would never see her again. He had resigned himself to this, had given up all hope, and our coming seemed like a miracle to him. I have read about men in love, I have seen it on the stage, I have seen it in real life, but I never saw a man so grateful to God and so happy and so insane over a woman as this man was. He raved about her when he was feverish, and he talked and talked to me about her when he was in his senses. The porters could not understand him, and he found me sympathetic, I suppose, or else he did not care, and only wanted to speak of her to some one, and so he told me the story over and over again as I walked beside

the litter, or as we sat by the fire at night. She must have been a very remarkable girl. He had met her first the year before, on one of the Italian steamers that ply from New York to Gibraltar. She was travelling with her father, who was an invalid going to Tangier for his health; from Tangier they were to go on up to Nice and Cannes, and in the spring to Paris and on to London for this season just over. The man was going from Gibraltar to Zanzibar, and then on into the Congo. They had met the first night out; they had separated thirteen days later at Gibraltar, and in that time the girl had fallen in love with him, and had promised to marry him if he would let her, for he was very proud. He had to be. He had absolutely nothing to offer her. She is very well known at home. I mean her family is: they have lived in New York from its first days, and they are very rich. The girl had lived a life as different from his as the life of a girl in society must be from that of a vagabond. He had been an engineer, a newspaper correspondent, an officer in a Chinese army, and had built bridges in South America, and led their little revolutions there, and had seen service on the desert in the French army of Algiers. He had no home or nationality even, for he had left America when he was sixteen; he had no family, had saved no money, and was trusting everything to the success of this expedition into Africa to make him known and to give him position. It was the story of Othello and Desdemona over again. His blackness lay from her point of view, or rather would have lain from the point of view of her friends, in the fact that he was as helplessly ineligible a young man as a cowboy. And he really had lived a life of which he had no great reason to be proud. He had existed entirely for excitement, as other men live to drink until they kill themselves by it; nothing he had done had counted for much except his bridges. They are still standing. But the things he had written are lost in the columns of the daily papers. The soldiers he had fought with knew him only as a man who cared more for the fighting than for what the fighting was about, and he had been as ready to write on one side as to fight on the other. He was a rolling stone, and had been a rolling stone from the time he was sixteen and had run away to sea, up to the day he had met this girl, when he was just thirty. Yet you can see how such a man would attract a young, impressionable girl, who had met only those men whose actions are bounded by the courts of law

or Wall Street, or the younger set who drive coaches and who live the life of the clubs. She had gone through life as some people go through picture-galleries, with their catalogues marked at the best pictures. She knew nothing of the little fellows whose work was skied, who were trying to be known, who were not of her world, but who toiled and prayed and hoped to be famous. This man came into her life suddenly with his stories of adventure and strange people and strange places, of things done for the love of doing them and not for the reward or reputation, and he bewildered her at first, I suppose, and then fascinated, and then won her. You can imagine how it was, these two walking the deck together during the day, or sitting side by side when the night came on, the ocean stretched before them. The daring of his present undertaking, the absurd glamour that is thrown over those who have gone into that strange country from which some travellers return, and the picturesqueness of his past life. It is no wonder the girl made too much of him. I do not think he knew what was coming. He did not pose before her. I am quite sure, from what I knew of him, that he did not. Indeed, I believed him when he said that he had fought against the more than interest she had begun to show for him. He was the sort of man women care for, but they had not been of this woman's class or calibre. It came to him like a sign from the heavens. It was as if a goddess had stooped to him. He told her when they separated that if he succeeded — if he opened this unknown country, if he was rewarded as they had promised to reward him — he might dare to come to her; and she called him her knight-errant, and gave him her chain and locket to wear, and told him whether he failed or succeeded it meant nothing to her, and that her life was his while it lasted, and her soul as well.

"I think," Gordon said, stopping abruptly, with an air of careful consideration, "that those were her words as he repeated them to me."

He raised his eyes thoughtfully towards the face of the girl opposite, and then glanced past her, as if he were trying to recall the words the man had used. The fine, beautiful face of the woman was white and drawn around the lips, and she gave a quick, appealing glance at her hostess, as if she would beg to be allowed to go. But Mrs. Trevelyan and her guests were watching Gordon or toying with the things in front of

them. The dinner had been served, and not even the soft movements of the servants interrupted the young man's story.

"You can imagine a man," Gordon went on, more lightly, "finding a hansom cab slow when he is riding from the station to see the woman he loves; but imagine this man urging himself and the rest of us to hurry when we were in the heart of Africa, with six months' travel in front of us before we could reach the first limits of civilization. That is what this man did. When he was still on his litter he used to toss and turn, and abuse the bearers and porters and myself because we moved so slowly. When we stopped for the night he would chafe and fret at the delay; and when the morning came he was the first to wake, if he slept at all, and eager to push on. When at last he was able to walk, he worked himself into a fever again, and it was only when Royce warned him that he would kill himself if he kept on that he submitted to be carried, and forced himself to be patient. And all the time the poor devil kept saying how unworthy he was of her, how miserably he had wasted his years, how unfitted he was for the great happiness which had come into his life. I suppose every man says that when he is in love; very properly, too; but the worst of it was, in this man's case, that it was so very true. He was unworthy of her in everything but his love for her. It used to frighten me to see how much he cared. Well, we got out of it at last, and reached Alexandria, and saw white faces once more, and heard women's voices, and the strain and fear of failure were over, and we could breathe again. I was quite ready enough to push on to London, but we had to wait a week for the steamer, and during that time that man made my life miserable. He had done so well, and would have done so much more if he had had my equipment, that I tried to see that he received all the credit due him. But he would have none of the public receptions, and the audience with the khedive, or any of the fuss they made over us. He only wanted to get back to her. He spent the days on the quay watching them load the steamer, and counting the hours until she was to sail; and even at night he would leave the first bed he had slept in for six months, and would come into my room and ask me if I would not sit up and talk with him until daylight. You see, after he had given up all thought of her, and believed himself about to die without seeing her again, it made her all the dearer, I suppose, and made him all the more fearful of losing her again.

"He became very quiet as soon as we were really under way, and Royce and I hardly knew him for the same man. He would sit in silence in his steamer-chair for hours, looking out at the sea and smiling to himself, and sometimes, for he was still very weak and feverish, the tears would come to his eyes and run down his cheeks. 'This is the way we would sit,' he said to me one night, 'with the dark purple sky and the strange Southern stars over our heads, and the rail of the boat rising and sinking below the line of the horizon. And I can hear her voice, and I try to imagine she is still sitting there, as she did the last night out, when I held her hands between mine.'" Gordon paused a moment, and then went on more slowly: "I do not know whether it was that the excitement of the journey overland had kept him up or not, but as we went on he became much weaker and slept more, until Royce became anxious and alarmed about him. But he did not know it himself; he had grown so sure of his recovery then that he did not understand what the weakness meant. He fell off into long spells of sleep or unconsciousness, and woke only to be fed, and would then fall back to sleep again. And in one of these spells of unconsciousness he died. He died within two days of land. He had no home and no country and no family, as I told you, and we buried him at sea. He left nothing behind him, for the very clothes he wore were those we had given him — nothing but the locket and the chain which he had told me to take from his neck when he died."

Gordon's voice had grown very cold and hard. He stopped and ran his fingers down into his pocket and pulled out a little leather bag. The people at the table watched him in silence as he opened it and took out a dull silver chain with a gold heart hanging from it.

"This is it," he said, gently. He leaned across the table, with his eyes fixed on those of the American girl, and dropped the chain in front of her. "Would you like to see it?" he said.

The rest moved curiously forward to look at the little heap of gold and silver as it lay on the white cloth. But the girl, with her eyes half closed and her lips pressed together, pushed it on with her hand to the man who sat next her, and bowed her head slightly, as though it was an effort for her to move at all. The wife of the Austrian Minister gave a little sigh of relief.

"I should say your story did end badly, Mr. Gordon," she said. "It is terribly sad, and so unnecessarily so."

"I don't know," said Lady Arbuthnot, thoughtfully — "I don't know; it seems to me it was better. As Mr. Gordon says, the man was hardly worthy of her. A man should have something more to offer a woman than love; it is a woman's prerogative to be loved. Any number of men may love her; it is nothing to their credit: they cannot help themselves."

"Well," said General Kent, "if all true stories turn out as badly as that one does, I will take back what I said against those the story-writers tell. I prefer the ones Anstey and Jerome make up. I call it a most unpleasant story."

"But it is n't finished yet," said Gordon, as he leaned over and picked up the chain and locket. "There is still a little more."

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" said the wife of the Austrian Minister, eagerly. "But then," she added, "you can't make it any better. You cannot bring the man back to life."

"No," said Gordon, "but I can make it a little worse."

"Ah, I see," said Phillips, with a story-teller's intuition — "the girl."

"The first day I reached London I went to her banker's and got her address," continued Gordon. "And I wrote, saying I wanted to see her, but before I could get an answer I met her the next afternoon at a garden-party. At least I did not meet her; she was pointed out to me. I saw a very beautiful girl surrounded by a lot of men, and asked who she was, and found out it was the woman I had written to, the owner of the chain and locket; and I was also told that her engagement had just been announced to a young Englishman of family and position, who had known her only a few months, and with whom she was very much in love. So you see," he went on, smiling, "that it was better that he died, believing in her and in her love for him. Mr. Phillips, now, would have let him live to return and find her married; but Nature is kinder than writers of fiction, and quite as dramatic."

Phillips did not reply to this, and the general only shook his head doubtfully and said nothing. So Mrs. Trevelyan looked at Lady Arbuthnot, and the ladies rose and left the room. When the men had left them, a young girl went to the piano, and the other women seated themselves to listen; but Miss Egerton, saying that it was warm, stepped out through one of the high windows on to the little balcony that overhung

the garden. It was dark out there and cool, and the rumbling of the encircling city sounded as distant and as far off as the reflection seemed that its million lights threw up to the sky above. The girl leaned her face and bare shoulder against the rough stone wall of the house, and pressed her hands together, with her fingers locking and unlocking and her rings cutting through her gloves. She was trembling slightly, and the blood in her veins was hot and tingling. She heard the voices of the men as they entered the drawing-room, the momentary cessation of the music at the piano, and its renewal, and then a figure blocked the light from the window, and Gordon stepped out of it and stood in front of her with the chain and locket in his hand. He held it towards her, and they faced each other for a moment in silence.

"Will you take it now?" he said.

The girl raised her head, and drew herself up until she stood straight and tall before him. "Have you not punished me enough?" she asked, in a whisper. "Are you not satisfied? Was it brave? Was it manly? Is that what you have learned among your savages — to torture a woman?" She stopped with a quick sob of pain, and pressed her hands against her breast.

Gordon observed her, curiously, with cold consideration. "What of the sufferings of the man to whom you gave this?" he asked. "Why not consider him? What was your bad quarter of an hour at the table, with your friends around you, to the year he suffered danger and physical pain for you — for you, remember?"

The girl hid her face for a moment in her hands, and when she lowered them again her cheeks were wet and her voice was changed and softer. "They told me he was dead," she said. "Then it was denied, and then the French papers told of it again, and with horrible detail, and how it happened."

Gordon took a step nearer her. "And does your love come and go with the editions of the daily papers?" he asked, fiercely. "If they say to-morrow morning that Arbuthnot is false to his principles or his party, that he is a bribe-taker, a man who sells his vote, will you believe them and stop loving him?" He gave a sharp exclamation of disdain. "Or will you wait," he went on, bitterly, "until the Liberal organs have had time to deny it? Is that the love, the life, and the soul you promised the man who — "

There was a soft step on the floor of the drawing-room, and the tall figure of young Arbuthnot appeared in the opening of the window as he looked doubtfully out into the darkness. Gordon took a step back into the light of the window, where he could be seen, and leaned easily against the railing of the balcony. His eyes were turned towards the street, and he noticed over the wall the top of a passing omnibus and the glow of the men's pipes who sat on it.

"Miss Egerton?" asked Arbuthnot, his eyes still blinded by the lights of the room he had left. "Is she here? Oh, is that you?" he said, as he saw the movement of the white dress. "I was sent to look for you," he said. "They were afraid something was wrong." He turned to Gordon, as if in explanation of his lover-like solicitude. "It has been rather a hard week, and it has kept one pretty well on the go all the time, and I thought Miss Egerton looked tired at dinner."

The moment he had spoken, the girl came towards him quickly, and put her arm inside of his, and took his hand.

He looked down at her wonderingly at this show of affection, and then drew her nearer, and said, gently, "You are tired, aren't you? I came to tell you that Lady Arbuthnot is going. She is waiting for you."

It struck Gordon, as they stood there, how handsome they were and how well suited. They took a step towards the window, and then the young nobleman turned and looked out at the pretty garden and up at the sky, where the moon was struggling against the glare of the city.

"It is very pretty and peaceful out here," he said, "is it not? It seems a pity to leave it. Good-night, Gordon, and thank you for your story." He stopped, with one foot on the threshold, and smiled. "And yet, do you know," he said, "I cannot help thinking you were guilty of doing just what you accused Phillips of doing. I somehow thought you helped the true story out a little. Now didn't you? Was it all just as you told it? Or am I wrong?"

"No," Gordon answered; "you are right. I did change it a little, in one particular."

"And what was that, may I ask?" said Arbuthnot.

"The man did not die," Gordon answered.

Arbuthnot gave a quick little sigh of sympathy. "Poor devil!" he said, softly; "poor chap!" He moved his left hand over and touched the hand of the girl, as though to reassure

himself of his own good fortune. Then he raised his eyes to Gordon's with a curious, puzzled look in them. "But then," he said, doubtfully, "if he is not dead, how did you come to get the chain?"

The girl's arm within his own moved slightly, and her fingers tightened their hold upon his hand.

"Oh," said Gordon, indifferently, "it did not mean anything to him, you see, when he found he had lost her, and it could not mean anything to her. It is of no value. It means nothing to any one — except, perhaps, to me."

DANIEL DEFOE

DANIEL DEFOE.

DEFOE, DANIEL, an English novelist and political writer, born in London in 1661; died there April 26, 1731. He was the son of a butcher of St. Giles, Cripplegate. His surname was Foe, and it was not until he was about forty years of age that he changed his signature from D. Foe to Defoe. He was intended for the dissenting ministry, and acquired a good knowledge of the classics and also received special training in his own language. He afterward acquired a knowledge of French, Italian, and Spanish. In 1680 he was nominated a Presbyterian minister, but did not choose to follow that vocation. He became a writer of political pamphlets, the earliest of which, "More Reformation," was a satire on himself. When convicted of seditious libel he wrote a "Hymn to the Pillory," which awakened such enthusiasm that his appearance in that place of humiliation became a triumph.

In 1719 "Robinson Crusoe" took the reading world by storm. It immediately became popular, and its extraordinary success induced its author to write numerous other narratives in a similar vein.

Defoe was the author of two hundred and ten books and pamphlets. His "Journal of the Plague in London" and his "Memoirs of a Cavalier" have been accepted as veritable history, so minute was the author's knowledge of the times he describes, and so vivid was his conception of the effect of events upon the common mind.

From contact with the denizens of the prison where he was confined several years for libel he gained a knowledge of the life and character of criminals, that enabled him to relate, as from his own soul, the experience of theirs. His style is unrivalled in simplicity and naturalness, his English is pure and unpretending. Among his works are: "The Storm" (1704); "Apparition of Mrs. Veal" (1706); "Robinson Crusoe" (1719); "Further Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" (1719); "King of Pirates" (1719); "Duncan Campbell" (1720); "Mr. Campbell's Pacquet" (1720); "Memoirs of a Cavalier" (1720); "Captain Singleton" (1720); "Moll Flanders" (1722); "Journal of the Plague Year" (1722); "Cartouche" (1722); "Colonel Jacque" (1722); "The Highland Rogue" (1723); "The Fortunate Mistress" (1724); "Narrative of Murders at Calais" (1724); "John Sheppard" (1724); "Account of Jonathan Wild"

(1725); and other romances. His pamphlets include: "Essay upon Projects" (1698); "Shortest Way with Dissenters" (1702); and "Political History of the Devil" (1726).

The Shipwreck.

(From "Robinson Crusoe.")

Our ship was about one hundred and twenty tons' burden, carried six guns, and fourteen men, besides the master, his boy, and myself. We had on board no large cargo of goods, except of such toys as were fit for our trade with the negroes, such as beads, bits of glass, shells, and odd trifles, especially little looking-glasses, knives, scissors, hatchets, and the like.

We had very good weather, and we sailed north, at first, along our own coast. We passed the line in about twelve days' time, and were, by our last observation, in seven degrees twenty-two minutes north latitude, when a violent tornado took us quite out of our knowledge. It blew in such a terrible manner that for twelve days together we could do nothing but drive, and, scudding away before it, let it carry us wherever fate and the fury of the waves directed; and during these twelve days, I need not say that I expected every day to be swallowed up; nor did any in the ship expect to save their lives.

At last we perceived land ahead, but before we could make out whether it was an island or the mainland, the ship struck on the sand a long distance from the shore. Now we were in a dreadful condition indeed, and had nothing to do but to think of saving our lives as best we could. We had a boat at our stern just before the storm, but she was first staved by dashing against the ship's rudder, and in the next place she broke away, and either sunk or was driven off to sea; so there was no hope from her. We had another boat on board, but how to get her off into the sea was a doubtful thing; however, there was no room to debate, for we fancied the ship would break in pieces every minute, and some told us she was actually broken already.

In this distress, the mate of our vessel lay hold of the boat, and with the help of the rest of the men, they got her flung over the ship's side; and getting all into her, let go, and committed ourselves, being eleven in number, to God's mercy and the wild sea; for though the storm was abated considerably, yet the sea went dreadfully high upon the shore.

And now we all saw plainly that the boat could not escape, and that we should be drowned. As to making sail, we had

none, nor, if we had, could we have done anything with it; so we worked at the oar towards land, though with heavy hearts, like men going to execution; for we all knew that when the boat came near the shore she would be dashed in a thousand pieces by the breach of the sea. However, we committed our souls to God in the most earnest manner.

What the shore was, whether rock or sand, whether steep or shoal, we knew not; the only hope was that we might happen into some bay or gulf, or the mouth of some river, where by great chance we might run our boat in under the lee of the land, and perhaps make smooth water. But there was nothing of this appeared; but as we made nearer and nearer the shore, the land looked more frightful than the sea.

At last, a great wave came rolling after us, overset the boat, and we were all swallowed up in a moment. Nothing can describe what I felt when I sank into the water; for though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw breath, till that wave having driven me, or rather carried me, a vast way on towards the shore, and having spent itself went back, and left me upon the land almost dry, but half dead with the water I took in. I had so much presence of mind, as well as breath left, that seeing myself nearer the main land than I expected, I got upon my feet and ran. Another wave soon overtook me and then another, until I was dashed against a rock with such force as to make me nearly senseless.

I held on to the rock, however, until the wave receded, and the next run I took I got to the mainland exhausted and bruised, and, indeed, more dead than alive.

But I was now landed, and safe on shore, and began to look up and to thank God that my life was saved. I walked about the shore, lifting up my hands, and my whole being, I may say, wrapt up in a contemplation of my deliverance; making a thousand gestures and motions, which I cannot describe; reflecting upon all my comrades that were drowned, and that there should not be one soul saved but myself; for, as for them, I never saw them afterwards, or any sign of them, except three of their hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not fellows.

I cast my eyes to the stranded vessel, when, the breach and froth of the sea being so big, I could hardly see it, it lay so far off, and considered, Lord! how was it possible I could get on shore?

After I had solaced my mind with the comfortable part of my condition, I began to look around me, to see what kind of place I was in, and what was next to be done; and I soon found

my comforts abate, and that, in a word, I had a dreadful deliverance; for I was wet, had no clothes to shift me, nor anything either to eat or drink, to comfort me. Neither did I see any prospect before me but that of perishing of hunger, or being devoured by wild beasts; and that which was particularly affecting to me was, that I had no weapon, either to hunt and kill any creature for my sustenance, or to defend myself against any other creature that might desire to kill me for theirs. In a word, I had nothing about me but a knife, a tobacco-pipe, and a little tobacco in a box. This was all my provision; and this threw me into terrible agonies of mind, that for a while I ran about like a madman. Night coming upon me, I began, with a heavy heart, to consider what would be my lot if there were any ravenous beasts in that country, seeing at night they always come abroad for prey.

All the remedy that offered to my thoughts, at that time, was to get up into a thick bushy tree, like a fir, but thorny, which grew near me, and where I resolved to sit all night, and consider the next day what death I should die, for as yet I saw no prospect of life. I walked about a furlong from the shore, to see if I could find any fresh water to drink, which I did to my great joy; and having drunk, and put a little tobacco in my mouth to prevent hunger, I went to the tree, and getting up into it, endeavored to place myself so that if I should sleep I might not fall. And having cut me a short stick, like a truncheon, for my defence, I took up my lodging; and being excessively fatigued, I fell fast asleep, and slept as comfortably as, I believe, few could have done in my condition, and found myself more refreshed with it than I think I ever was on such an occasion.

Robinson's Calendar.

(From "Robinson Crusoe.")

After I had been there about ten or twelve days, it came into my thoughts that I should lose my reckoning of time, and should even forget the Sabbath-day from the working-days; but to prevent this, I cut it with my knife upon a large post, in capital letters, and making it into a great cross, I set it up on the shore where I first landed, viz., "I came on shore here on the 30th of September, 1659."

Upon the sides of this square post I cut every day a notch with my knife, and every seventh notch was as long again as the rest, and every first day of the month as long again as that long one; and thus I kept my calendar.

I had brought from the ship some pens, ink, and paper, and while they lasted I kept a strict account of everything, but they were soon gone. We had on the ship two cats and a dog, and I had brought both of the cats on shore. As for the dog, he swam ashore, and became my trusty servant for many years.

The want of tools made every work I did go on heavily; and it was near a whole year before I had entirely finished my little pale, or surrounded habitation. The piles or stakes, which were as heavy as I could well lift, were a long time in cutting and preparing in the woods, and more, by far, in bringing home; so that I spent sometimes two days in cutting and bringing home one of those posts; and a third day in driving it into the ground. But what need I have been concerned at the tediousness of anything I had to do, seeing I had time enough to do it in? nor had I any other employment, if that had been over, at least that I could foresee, except the ranging the island to seek for food, and climbing the high rocks to see if any vessel was within sight.

Having now brought my mind a little to relish my condition, and given over looking out to sea, to see if I could spy a ship; I say, giving over these things, I began to apply myself to accommodate my way of living, and to make things as easy to me as I could.

I have already described my habitation, which was a tent under the side of a rock, surrounded with a strong pale of posts and cables; but I might now rather call it a wall, for I raised a kind of wall up against it of turfs, about two feet thick on the outside; and after some time (I think it was a year and a half) I raised rafters from it, leaning to the rock, and thatched or covered it with boughs of trees, and such things as I could get to keep out the rain, which I found at some times of the year very violent.

I have already observed how I brought all my goods into this pale, and into this cave which I had made behind me. But I must observe, too, that at first this was a confused heap of goods, which, as they lay in no order, so they took up all my place. I had no room to turn myself; so I set myself to enlarge my cave, and worked farther into the earth, for it was a loose, sandy rock, which yielded easily to the labor I bestowed on it; and so when I found I was pretty safe as to beasts of prey, I worked sideways, to the right hand, into the rock; and then turning to the right again, worked quite out, and made me a door to come out on the outside of my pale or fortification.

And now I began to apply myself to make such necessary things as I found I most wanted, particularly a chair and a table; for without these I was not able to enjoy the few comforts I had in the world. I could not write, or eat, or do several things with so much pleasure without a table.

I had never handled a tool in my life; and yet, in time, by labor, application, and contrivance, I found, at last, that I wanted nothing but I could have made it, especially if I had had the tools. However, I made abundance of things, even without tools; and some with no more tools than an adze and a hatchet, which, perhaps, were never made that way before, and that with infinite labor. For example, if I wanted a board, I had no other way but to cut down a tree, set it on an edge before me, and hew it flat on either side with my axe, till I had brought it to be as thin as a plank, and then dub it smooth with my adze. It is true, by this method I could make but one board out of a whole tree; but this I had no remedy for but patience.

However, I made me a table and a chair, in the first place; and this I did out of the short pieces of boards that I brought on my raft from the ship. But when I had wrought out some boards as above, I made large shelves, of the breadth of a foot and an half, one over another, all along one side of my cave, to lay all my tools, nails, and iron-work on; and, in a word, to separate everything at large into their places, that I might come easily at them; also I knocked pieces into the wall of the rock, to hang my guns and all things that would hang up; so that had my cave been to be seen, it looked like a general magazine of all necessary things; and I had everything so ready at my hand that it was a great pleasure to me to see all my goods in such order.

As long as my ink lasted I kept a journal of all that happened to me, of which I will now give a part, for much that I wrote at that time I have already told, and need not repeat.

A Footprint.

(From "Robinson Crusoe.")

It happened one day, about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen on the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. I listened, I looked around me, but I could hear nothing,

"I stood like one thunderstruck"

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nor see anything; I went up to a rising ground, to look farther; I went up the shore, and down the shore, but it was all one; I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the print of a foot — toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came thither I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man. Nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes my affrighted imagination represented things to me in; how many wild ideas were formed every moment in my fancy, and what strange unaccountable whimseys came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came to my castle (for so I think I called it ever after this), I fled into it like one pursued. Whether I went over by the ladder, as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock which I called a door, I cannot remember; for never frighted hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I did to this retreat.

I had no sleep that night, but lay trembling with fright and thinking who or what it could be that had visited the island. I fancied all sorts of things, but finally concluded that some of the savages of the main land had been there, and this did not in the least allay my fear, for afterwards I was in constant dread that I should meet them. When milking my goats or gathering my fruit, if I heard the least noise, I was ready to drop everything and flee to my house.

Now I began sorely to repent that I had dug my cave so large as to bring a door through again beyond where my fortification joined to the rock. Therefore I resolved to draw me a second fortification, in the same manner of a semicircle, at a distance from my wall, just where I had planted a double row of trees about twelve years before. These trees having been planted so thick before, there wanted but few piles to be driven between them, and my wall would be soon finished. So that I had now a double wall; and my outer wall was thickened with pieces of timber, old cables, and everything I could think of to make it strong, having in it seven little holes, about as big as

I might put my arm out at. In the inside of this, I thickened my wall to about ten feet thick, continually bringing earth out of my cave, and laying it at the foot of the wall, and walking upon it; and through the seven holes I contrived to plant the muskets like cannon, so I could fire all the seven guns in two minutes' time. This wall I was many a weary month in finishing and yet never thought myself safe till it was done.

Then I planted the ground without as full of trees as could well stand and grow, so that, in two years' time, I had a grove so thick that no one would ever imagine there was any human habitation beyond it. While I was doing this I thought much of the safety of my goats; so I made a strong enclosure in a retired part of the island, and removed to it ten she-goats and two he-goats and left them there.

One day as I wandered more to the west part of the island, being on a hill, I thought I saw a boat far out at sea, but I was not sure. On coming down from the hill, I was confounded and amazed to see the shore spread with skulls and other bones of human bodies. There was a place where a fire had been made, and a circle dug in the earth, where I supposed the savage wretches had sat down to their inhuman feast. When I recovered from my horror at such a sight, I began to thank God that I was cast ashore upon a part of the island that was not visited by the cannibals.

In this frame of thankfulness I went home to my castle, and began to be much easier now, as to the safety of my circumstances, than ever I was before: for I observed that these wretches never came to this island in search of what they could get; perhaps not seeking, not wanting, or not expecting, anything here; and having often, no doubt, been up in the covered, woody part of it, without finding anything to their purpose. I knew I had been here now almost eighteen years, and never saw the least footsteps of human creature there before; and I might be eighteen years more as entirely concealed as I was now, if I did not discover myself to them, which I had no manner of occasion to do; it being my only business to keep myself entirely concealed where I was, unless I found a better sort of creatures than cannibals to make myself known to. Yet I entertained such an abhorrence of the savage wretches that I have been speaking of, and of the wretched inhuman custom of their devouring and eating one another up, that I continued pensive and sad, and kept close within my own circle for almost two years

after this. When I say my own circle, I mean by it my three plantations, viz., my castle, my country-seat (which I called my bower), and my enclosure in the woods; nor did I look after this for any other use than as an enclosure for my goats; for the aversion which nature gave me to these wretches was such that I did not so much as go to look after my boat in all this time, but began rather to think of making me another; for I could not think of ever making any more attempts to bring the other boat round the island to me, lest I should meet with some of those creatures at sea; in which case, if I had happened to have fallen into their hands, I knew what would have been my lot.

Night and day, I could think of nothing now but how I might destroy some of these monsters, and if possible, save the victim they should bring hither to destroy.

Man Friday.

(From "Robinson Crusoe.")

I had watched thus for about a year and a half, when I saw one morning no less than five canoes on shore, and there were about thirty of the savages dancing around a fire. While I looked, I saw two miserable wretches dragged from the boats. One was knocked down immediately and cut up for their cookery, while the other was left standing by himself till they would be ready for him.

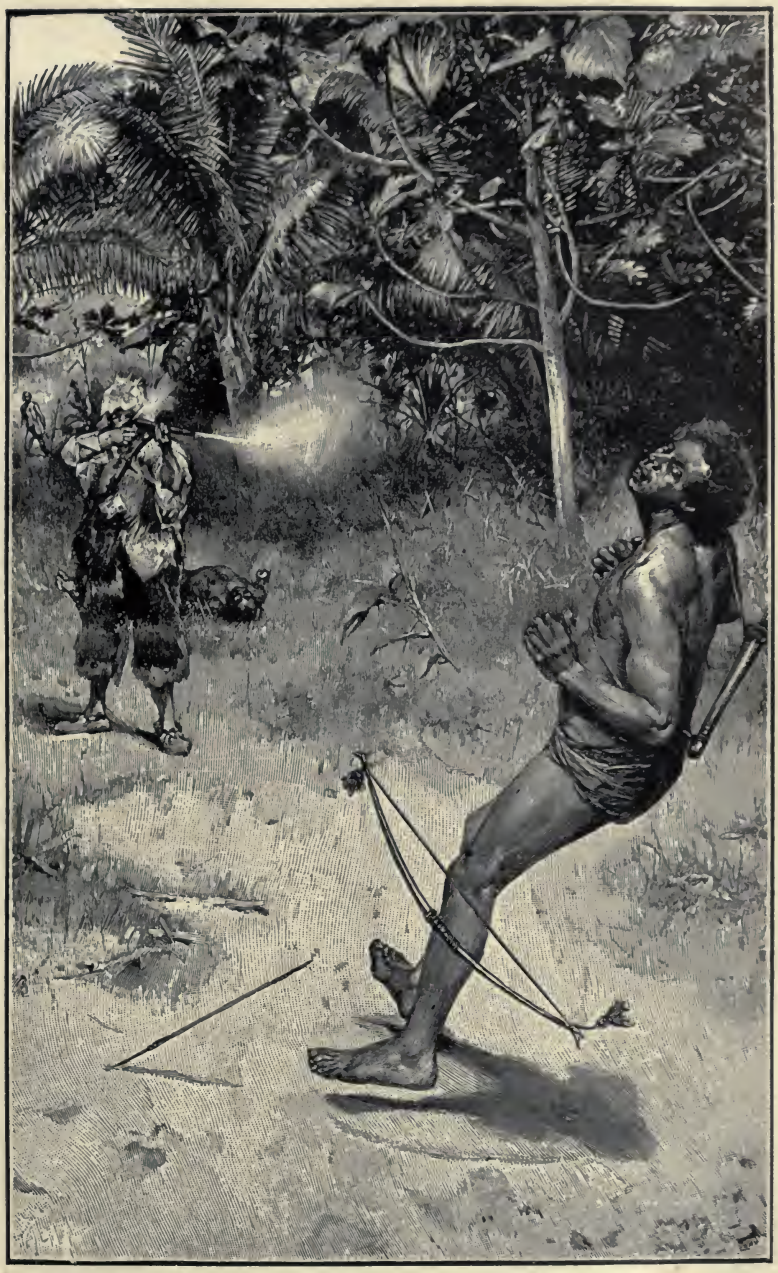
This poor wretch, seeing himself a little at liberty, and unbound, started away from them, and ran with incredible swiftness along the sands, directly towards me. I was dreadfully frightened when I perceived him run my way; and especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body. However, my spirits began to recover when I found that there was not above three men that followed him; and still more was I encouraged when I found that he outstripped them exceedingly in running.

There was between them and my castle, the creek; but he made nothing of it, but plunging in, swam through in about thirty strokes, landed, and ran with exceeding strength and swiftness. When the three persons came to the creek, I found that two of them could swim, but the third went no farther, and soon after went softly back again. It came very warmly upon my thoughts that now was the time to get me a servant, and perhaps a companion. I immediately ran down the ladder,

fetched my two guns, and getting up again with the same haste to the top of the hill, I crossed towards the sea; and having a very short cut, and all down hill, clap'd myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, hallooing aloud to him that fled, who, looking back, was at first perhaps as much frightened at me as at them. But I beckoned with my hand to him to come back; and, in the mean time, rushing at once upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my piece. I was loath to fire, because I would not have the rest hear. Having knocked this fellow down, the other stopped, as if he had been frightened, and I advanced towards him. But as I came nearer, I perceived he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me: so I was then obliged to shoot at him first, which I did, and killed him at the first shot. The poor savage who fled, but had stopped, was so frightened with the fire and noise of my piece that he stood stock still. I hallooed again to him, and made signs to come forward, which he easily understood, and came a little way, and stood, trembling. I smiled at him pleasantly, and beckoned, and at length he came close to me, laid his head upon the ground, and put my foot upon it. This, it seems, meant that he would be my slave forever.

But there was more work to do. The savage that I had knocked down began to come to himself, and sat up on the ground. My savage motioned for me to give him my sword, and when I gave it to him he ran quickly and cut off his head at a single stroke. When he had done this, he comes laughing to me in sign of triumph, and brought me the sword again. But that which astonished him most, was to know how I killed the other Indian so far off. When he came to him, he stood like one amazed, looking at him, turning him first on one side, then on the other. He took up his bow and arrows and came back; so I turned to go away, and beckoned to him to follow me.

Upon this he made signs to me that he should bury them with sand, that they might not be seen by the rest, if they followed; and so I made signs to him again to do so. He fell to work; and in an instant he had scraped a hole in the sand with his hands, big enough to bury the first in, and then dragged him into it, and covered him; and did so by the other also. Then calling him away, I carried him, not to my castle, but quite away to my cave, on the farther part of the island. Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draught of water, which



"I was then obliged to shoot"

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I found he was indeed in great distress for, and having refreshed him, I made signs for him to go and lie down to sleep; so the poor creature lay down, and went to sleep.

He was a comely, handsome fellow, with straight, strong limbs, tall and well shaped; and, as I reckoned, about twenty-six years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect, but seemed to have something very manly in his face. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool; his forehead very high and large; and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The color of his skin was not quite black, but very tawny. His face was round and plump; his nose small, not flat like the Negroes; a very good mouth, thin lips, and his fine teeth well set, and as white as ivory. After he had slept about half an hour, he awoke and came out of the cave to me: for I had been milking my goats. When he espied me he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, with all the possible signs of an humble, thankful disposition, making a great many antic gestures to show it. At last he lays his head flat upon the ground, close to my foot, and sets my other foot upon his head, as he had done before.

I let him know that I understood him and was very well pleased. In a little time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me; and, first, I let him know his name should be FRIDAY, which was the day I saved his life. I called him so for the memory of the time. I likewise taught him to say Master, and then let him know that was to be my name; I likewise taught him to say Yes and No, and to know the meaning of them. I gave him some milk in an earthen pot, and let him see me drink it before him, and sop my bread in it; and gave him a cake of bread to do the like, which he quickly complied with, and made signs that it was very good for him. I kept there with him all that night; but, as soon as it was day, I beckoned to him to come with me, and let him know I would give him some clothes; at which he seemed very glad, for he was stark naked. As we went by the place where he had buried the two men, he pointed exactly to the place, and showed me the marks that he had made to find them again, making signs to me that we should dig them up again and eat them. At this I appeared very angry, made as if I would vomit at the thoughts of it, and beckoned with my hand to him to come away, which he did immediately, with great submission. I then led him up to the top of the hill, to see if his enemies were gone, and pulling out

my glass, I saw plainly the place where they had been, but no appearance of them or their canoes.

We visited the place, and carefully buried the remains of their horrible feast. Friday let me know that there had been a great battle, and that four prisoners, of which he was one, were brought here to be eaten. When we came back to our castle, I fell to work to dress my man, Friday. I gave him a pair of linen drawers, and made him a jerkin of goat's skin, and a very good cap of hare's skin, and he was mightily pleased to see himself clothed like his master.

I then made him a little tent between my two fortifications, and I fixed all my doors so I could fasten them on the inside. As to the weapons, I took them all into my habitation every night. But I needed none of all this precaution; for never man had a more faithful, loving, sincere servant than Friday was to me; without passions, sullenness, or designs, perfectly obliged and engaged. His very affections were tied to me, like those of a child to a father; and I dare say he would have sacrificed his life to save mine, upon any occasion whatsoever. The many testimonies he gave me of this put it out of doubt, and soon convinced me that I needed no precautions for my safety on his account.

I was greatly delighted with him, and made it my business to teach him everything that was proper to make him useful, handy, and helpful; but especially to make him speak, and understand me when I spoke. And he was the aptest scholar that ever was; and particularly was so merry, so constantly diligent, and so pleased when he could but understand me, or make me understand him, that it was very pleasant to me to talk to him. . . .

It was after this some time, that being upon the top of the hill, at the east side of the island, Friday, the weather being very serene, looked very earnestly towards the mainland, then fell to dancing and cried, "Oh, joy! oh, glad! there see my country." That set me to thinking whether I could not make the voyage with Friday, or send Friday alone to see if the white men were still there.

When I proposed to Friday that he should go over alone to see his people, he felt very badly, and said he would like to go, but would not leave me; so I resolved to make a large canoe and make the venture. We felled a large tree near the water, and, with a month's hard labor, we shaped a very handsome

boat, and in another fortnight we got her into the water. Though she was large enough to carry twenty men, I was surprised to see with what dexterity and how swift my man Friday could manage her, turn her, and paddle her along. So I asked him if we would, and if we might venture over in her. "Yes," he said; "we venture over in her very well, though great blow wind." However, I had a farther design that he knew nothing of, and that was to make a mast and a sail, and to fit her with an anchor and cable.

After all this was done, I had my man Friday to teach as to what belonged to the navigation of my boat; for, though he knew very well how to paddle the canoe, he knew nothing of what belonged to a sail and a rudder; and was the most amazed when he saw me work the boat to and again in the sea by the rudder, and how the sail jibbed, and filled this way or that way, as the course we sailed changed. However, with a little use I made all these things familiar to him, and he became an expert sailor, except that as to the compass I could make him understand very little of that.

By the time I had the boat finished the rainy season was upon us, and we had to keep within doors. When we began to go out again, I sent Friday down to the shore one day to find a turtle. In a short time he came flying over my outer wall in a great fright, crying out to me, "O, master! O, master! O, bad!" "What's the matter, Friday?" said I. "Oh! yonder, there," says he; "one, two, three canoes, one, two, three!" "Well, Friday," says I, "do not be frightened." So I heartened him up as well as I could. However, I saw the poor fellow was most terribly scared, for nothing ran in his head but that they were come back to look for him, and would cut him in pieces and eat him; and the poor fellow trembled so that I scarcely knew what to do with him. I comforted him as well as I could, and told him I was in as much danger as he, and that they would eat me as well as him. "But," said I, "Friday, we must resolve to fight them. Can you fight, Friday?" "Me shoot," says he; "but there come many great number." "No matter for that," said I, again; "our guns will fright them that we do not kill." So I asked him whether, if I resolved to defend him, he would defend me, and stand by me, and do just as I bid him. He said, "Me die when you bid die, master."

I loaded the two fowling-pieces with swan shot as large as

small pistol-bullets. Then I took four muskets, and loaded them with two slugs, and five small bullets each; and my two pistols I loaded with a brace of bullets each. I hung my great sword by my side, and gave Friday his hatchet. When I had thus prepared myself, I took my perspective-glass, and went up to the side of the hill; and I found quickly by my glass that there were one-and-twenty savages, three prisoners, and three canoes; and that their whole business seemed to be the triumphant banquet upon these three human bodies. I observed also that they landed, not where they had done when Friday made his escape, but nearer to my creek, where the shore was low, and where a thick wood came close almost down to the sea. This, with the abhorrence of the inhuman errand these wretches came about, filled me with such indignation that I came down again to Friday, and told him I was resolved to go down to them, and kill them all; and asked him if he would stand by me. He had now got over his fright, and he was very cheerful, and told me, as before, he would die when I bid die.

In this fit of fury I gave Friday one pistol to stick in his girdle, and three guns upon his shoulder, and I took one pistol and the other three myself; and in this posture we marched out. I took a small bottle of rum in my pocket, and gave Friday a large bag with more powder and bullets; and as to orders, I charged him to keep close behind me, and not to stir, or shoot, or do anything till I bid him, and in the mean time not to speak a word. In this posture I fetched a compass to my right hand of near a mile, as well to get over the creek as to get into the wood, so that I might come within shot of them before I should be discovered, Friday following close at my heels. I marched till I came to the skirt of the wood on the side which was next to them, only that one corner of the wood lay between me and them. Here I called softly to Friday, and showing him a great tree which was just at the corner of the wood, bade him go to the tree, and bring me word what they were doing. He did so, and came immediately back to me, and told me that they were all about their fire eating the flesh of one of their prisoners, and that another lay bound upon the sand a little from them, whom he said they would kill next; and this fired the very soul within me. He told me it was not one of their nation, but one of the bearded men whom he had told me of, that came to their country in the boat. I was filled with horror at the very naming of the white bearded man; and

going to the tree, I saw plainly a white man, who lay upon the beach of the sea with his hands and feet tied with flags, or things like rushes.

I had now not a moment to lose, for nineteen of the dreadful wretches sat upon the ground, all close huddled together, and had just sent the other two to butcher the poor Christian, and bring him perhaps limb by limb to their fire, and they were stooping down to untie the bands at his feet. I turned to Friday: "Now, Friday," said I, "do exactly as you see me do." So I set down one of the muskets and the fowling-piece upon the ground, and Friday did the like by his, and with the other musket I took my aim at the savages, bidding him to do the like; then asking him if he was ready, he said, "Yes." "Then fire at them," said I; and I fired also.

Friday took his aim so much better than I that on the side that he shot he killed two of them, and wounded three more; and on my side I killed one, and wounded two. They were, you may be sure, in a dreadful consternation; and all of them that were not hurt jumped upon their feet, but did not know which way to run, or which way to look. Friday kept his eyes close upon me, that, as I had bid him, he might observe what I did; so, as soon as the first shot was made, I threw down the piece, and took up the fowling-piece, and Friday did the like. He saw me cock and present; he did the same again. "Are you ready, Friday?" said I. "Yes," says he. "Let fly, then," said I, "in the name of God!" and with that I fired again among the amazed wretches, and so did Friday; and as our pieces were now loaded with what I call swan-shot, or small pistol-bullets, we found only two drop; but so many were wounded that they ran about yelling and screaming like mad creatures, all bloody, and most of them miserably wounded.

"Now, Friday," said I, laying down the discharged pieces, and taking up the musket which was yet loaded, "follow me," which he did with a great deal of courage; upon which I rushed out of the wood and showed myself, and Friday close at my foot. As soon as I perceived they saw me, I shouted as loud as I could, and bade Friday do so too, and running as fast as I could, which by the way was not very fast, being loaded with arms as I was, I made directly towards the poor victim, who was, as I said, lying upon the beach. The two butchers who were going toward him when we first fired had fled in fright to

the sea-side and had jumped into a canoe, and three more of the rest made the same way. I told Friday to run down and fire at them, which he did, killing two and badly wounding a third.

I cut the flags that bound the poor victim, and asked him, in the Portuguese tongue, what he was. He answered, in Latin, Christianus; but was so faint and weak that he could scarce stand or speak. I gave him a drink from my bottle, and a piece of bread, which he quickly ate. Then I asked him what countryman he was, and he said Espagnole; and being a little recovered, let me know how thankful he was. "Seignior," said I, in as good Spanish as I could make up, "we must fight now. Take this sword and pistol, if you have any strength left." He took them thankfully and, as if they gave him new vigor, he flew upon his murderers like a fury. A powerful savage once threw him on his back and was wringing my sword out of his hands, when he wisely quitted the sword and shot him through the body, before I, who was running up to help him, could come near him. We killed them all except four who escaped in the boat, whereof one was wounded, if not dead.

From "Journal of the Plague Year."

It was about the beginning of September, 1664, that I, among the rest of my neighbors, heard, in ordinary discourse, that the plague was returned again in Holland; for it had been very violent there, and particularly at Amsterdam and Rotterdam, in the year 1663, whither they say, it was brought, some said from Italy, others from the Levant, among some goods which were brought home by their Turkey fleet; others said it was brought from Candia; others from Cyprus. It mattered not from whence it came; but all agreed it was come into Holland again.

We had no such thing as printed newspapers in those days, to spread rumors and reports of things, and to improve them by the invention of men, as I have lived to see practised since. But such things as those were gathered from the letters of merchants and others, who corresponded abroad, and from them was handed about by word of mouth only; so that things did not spread instantly over the whole nation, as they do now. But it seems that the government had a true account of it, and several councils were held about ways to prevent its coming

over, but all was kept very private. Hence it was that this rumor died off again, and people began to forget it, as a thing we were very little concerned in, and that we hoped was not true; till the latter end of November, or the beginning of December, 1664, when two men, said to be Frenchmen, died of the plague in Longacre, or rather at the upper end of Drury Lane. The family they were in endeavored to conceal it as much as possible; but as it had gotten some vent in the discourse of the neighborhood, the secretaries of state got knowledge of it. And concerning themselves to inquire about it, in order to be certain of the truth, two physicians and a surgeon were ordered to go to the house, and make inspection. This they did, and finding evident tokens of the sickness upon both the bodies that were dead, they gave their opinions publicly that they died of the plague. Whereupon it was given in to the parish clerk, and he also returned them to the hall; and it was printed in the weekly bill of mortality in the usual manner.

The people showed a great concern at this, and began to be alarmed all over the town, and the more, because in the last week in December, 1664, another man died in the same house, and of the same distemper: and then we were easy again for about six weeks, when none having died with any marks of infection, it was said the distemper was gone; but after that, I think it was about the 12th of February, another died in another house, but in the same parish, and in the same manner. . . .

However, all this went off again, and the weather proving cold, and the frost, which began in December, still continuing very severe, even till near the end of February, attended with sharp though moderate winds, the bills decreased again, and the city grew healthy, and everybody began to look upon the danger as good as over; only that still the burials in St. Giles's continued high. From the beginning of April, especially, they stood at twenty-five each week, till the week from the 18th to the 25th, when there was buried in St. Giles's parish thirty, whereof two of the plague, and eight of the spotted fever, which was looked upon as the same thing; likewise the number that died of the spotted fever in the whole increased, being eight the week before, and twelve the week above named.

This alarmed us all again, and terrible apprehensions were among the people, especially the weather being now changed and growing warm, and the summer being at hand: however, the next week there seemed to be some hopes again, the bills

were low, the number of the dead in all was but 388, there was none of the plague, and but four of the spotted fever.

But the following week it returned again, and the distemper was spread into two or three other parishes, viz., St. Andrew's, Holborn, St. Clement Danes, and, to the great affliction of the city, one died within the walls, in the parish of St. Mary Wool Church, that is to say, in Bearbinder Lane, near Stocks Market; in all there were nine of the plague, and six of the spotted fever. It was, however, upon inquiry, found that this Frenchman who died in Bearbinder Lane was one who, having lived in Long-acre, near the infected houses, had removed for fear of the distemper, not knowing that he was already infected.

This was the beginning of May, yet the weather was temperate, variable, and cool enough, and people had still some hopes: that which encouraged them was, that the city was healthy, the whole ninety-seven parishes buried but fifty-four, and we began to hope that, as it was chiefly among the people at that end of the town, it might go no farther; and the rather, because the next week, which was from the 9th of May to the 16th, there died but three, of which not one within the whole city or liberties, and St. Andrew's buried but fifteen, which was very low. It is true, St. Giles's buried two-and-thirty, but still, as there was but one of the plague, people began to be easy; the whole bill also was very low, for the week before the bill was but 347, and the week above mentioned but 343. We continued in these hopes for a few days. But it was but for a few, for the people were no more to be deceived thus; they searched the houses, and found that the plague was really spread every way, and that many died of it every day, so that now all our extenuations abated, and it was no more to be concealed, nay, it quickly appeared that the infection had spread itself beyond all hopes of abatement; that in the parish of St. Giles's it was gotten into several streets, and several families lay all sick together; and, accordingly, in the weekly bill for the next week, the thing began to show itself; there was, indeed, but fourteen set down of the plague, but this was all knavery and collusion; for in St. Giles's parish they buried forty in all, whereof it was certain most of them died of the plague, though they were set down of other distempers; and though the number of all the burials were not increased above thirty-two, and the whole bill being but 385, yet there was fourteen of the spotted fever, as well as fourteen of the plague; and we took it for granted, upon the whole, that there were fifty died that week of the plague.

The next bill was from the 23d of May to the 30th, when the number of the plague was seventeen; but the burials in St. Giles's were fifty-three, a frightful number! of whom they set down but nine of the plague: but on an examination more strictly by the justices of the peace, and at the lord mayor's request, it was found there were twenty more who were really dead of the plague in that parish, but had been set down of the spotted fever, or other distempers, besides others concealed.

But those were trifling things to what followed immediately after; for now the weather set in hot, and from the first week in June the infection spread in a dreadful manner, and the bills rise high, the articles of the fever, spotted fever, and teeth, began to swell: for all that could conceal their distempers did it to prevent their neighbors shunning and refusing to converse with them; and also to prevent authority shutting up their houses, which though it was not yet practised, yet was threatened, and people were extremely terrified at the thoughts of it.

The second week in June, the parish of St. Giles's, where still the weight of the infection lay, buried one hundred and twenty, whereof, though the bills said but sixty-eight of the plague, everybody said there had been a hundred at least, calculating it from the usual number of funerals in that parish as above.

Till this week the city continued free, there having never any died except that one Frenchman, who I mentioned before, within the whole ninety-seven parishes. Now there died four within the city, one in Wood Street, one in Fenchurch Street, and two in Crooked Lane: Southwark was entirely free, having not one yet died on that side of the water.

I lived without Aldgate, about midway between Aldgate Church and Whitechapel Bars, on the left hand or north side of the street; and as the distemper had not reached to that side of the city, our neighborhood continued very easy: but at the other end of the town their consternation was very great, and the richer sort of people, especially the nobility and gentry from the west part of the city, thronged out of town, with their families and servants, in an unusual manner; and this was more particularly seen in Whitechapel; that is to say, the Broad Street where I lived: indeed, nothing was to be seen but wagons and carts, with goods, women, servants, children, etc.; coaches filled with people of the better sort, and horsemen attending them, and all hurrying away; then empty wagons and carts appeared, and

spare horses with servants, who, it was apparent, were returning, or sent from the country to fetch more people: besides innumerable numbers of men on horseback, some alone, others with servants, and, generally speaking, all loaded with baggage and fitted out for travelling, as any one might perceive by their appearance.

This was a very terrible and melancholy thing to see, and as it was a sight which I could not but look on from morning to night (for indeed there was nothing else of moment to be seen) it filled me with very serious thoughts of the misery that was coming upon the city, and the unhappy condition of those that would be left in it.

This hurry of the people was such for some weeks that there was no getting at the lord mayor's door without exceeding difficulty, there was such pressing and crowding there to get passes and certificates of health for such as travelled abroad; for, without these, there was no being admitted to pass through the towns upon the road, or to lodge in any inn. Now as there had none died in the city for all this time, my lord mayor gave certificates of health without any difficulty to all those who lived in the ninety-seven parishes, and to those within the liberties too, for a while.

This hurry, I say, continued some weeks, that is to say, all the months of May and June, and the more because it was rumored that an order of the government was to be issued out, to place turnpikes and barriers on the road, to prevent people's travelling; and that the towns on the road would not suffer people from London to pass, for fear of bringing the infection along with them, though neither of these rumors had any foundation but in the imagination, especially at first.

I now began to consider seriously with myself concerning my own case, and how I should dispose of myself; that is to say, whether I should resolve to stay in London, or shut up my house and flee, as many of my neighbors did. I have set this particular down so fully, because I know not but it may be of moment to those who come after me, if they come to be brought to the same distress, and to the same manner of making their choice, and therefore I desire this account may pass with them rather for a direction to themselves to act by, than a history of my actings, seeing it may not be of one farthing value to them to note what became of me.

I had two important things before me; the one was the carrying on my business and shop; which was considerable, and in which was embarked all my effects in the world; and the other was the preservation of my life in so dismal a calamity as I saw apparently was coming upon the whole city; and which, however great it was, my fears perhaps, as well as other people's, represented to be much greater than it could be.

The first consideration was of great moment to me; my trade was a saddler, and as my dealings were chiefly not by a shop or chance trade, but among the merchants trading to the English colonies in America, so my effects lay very much in the hands of such. I was a single man, it is true, but I had a family of servants, who I kept at my business; had a house, shop, and warehouses filled with goods; and, in short, to leave them all as things in such a case must be left, that is to say, without any overseer or person fit to be trusted with them, had been to hazard the loss not only of my trade, but of my goods, and, indeed, of all I had in the world.

I had an elder brother at the same time in London, and not many years before come over from Portugal; and, advising with him, his answer was in the three words, the same that was given in another case quite different, viz., "Master, save thyself." In a word, he was for my retiring into the country, as he resolved to do himself, with his family; telling me, what he had, it seems, heard abroad, that the best preparation for the plague was to run away from it. As to my argument of losing my trade, my goods, or debts, he quite confuted me: he told me the same thing which I argued for my staying, viz., That I would trust God with my safety and health was the strongest repulse to my pretensions of losing my trade and my goods. "For," says he, "is it not as reasonable that you should trust God with the chance or risk of losing your trade, as that you should stay in so eminent a point of danger, and trust him with your life?"

I could not argue that I was in any strait as to a place where to go, having several friends and relations in Northamptonshire, whence our family first came from; and, particularly, I had an only sister in Lincolnshire, very willing to receive and entertain me.

My brother, who had already sent his wife and two children into Bedfordshire, and resolved to follow them, pressed my going very earnestly; and I had once resolved to comply with his de-

sires, but at that time could get no horse: for, though it is true all the people did not go out of the city of London, yet I may venture to say that, in a manner, all the horses did; for there was hardly a horse to be bought or hired in the whole city, for some weeks. Once I resolved to travel on foot with one servant; and, as many did, lie at no inn, but carry a soldier's tent with us, and so lie in the fields, the weather being very warm, and no danger from taking cold. I say, as many did, because several did so at last, especially those who had been in the armies, in the war which had not been many years past: and I must needs say that, speaking of second causes, had most of the people that travelled done so, the plague had not been carried into so many country towns and houses as it was, to the great damage, and indeed to the ruin of abundance of people.

But then my servant, who I had intended to take down with me, deceived me, and, being frighted at the increase of the distemper, and not knowing when I should go, he took other measures, and left me, so I was put off for that time; and, one way or other, I always found that to appoint to go away was always crossed by some accident or other, so as to disappoint and put it off again; and this brings in a story which otherwise might be thought a needless digression, viz., about these disappointments being from heaven.

It came very warmly into my mind, one morning, as I was musing on this particular thing, that, as nothing attended us without the direction or permission of Divine Power, so these disappointments must have something in them extraordinary; and I ought to consider whether it did not evidently point out, or intimate to me, that it was the will of Heaven I should not go. It immediately followed in my thoughts, that, if it really was from God that I should stay, he was able effectually to preserve me in the midst of all the death and danger that would surround me; and that if I attempted to secure myself by fleeing from my habitation, and acted contrary to these intimations, which I believed to be divine, it was a kind of flying from God, and that he could cause his justice to overtake me when and where he thought fit.

These thoughts quite turned my resolutions again, and when I came to discourse with my brother again, I told him that I inclined to stay and take my lot in that station in which God had placed me; and that it seemed to be made more especially my duty, on the account of what I have said.

My brother, though a very religious man himself, laughed at all I had suggested about it, being an intimation from heaven, and told me several stories of such fool-hardy people, as he called them, as I was; that I ought, indeed, to submit to it as a work from heaven, if I had been anyway disabled by distempers or diseases, and that then not being able to go, I ought to acquiesce in the direction of Him, who, having been my Maker, had an undisputed right of sovereignty in disposing of me; and that then there had been no difficulty to determine which was the call of his providence, and which was not: but that I should take it as an intimation from heaven that I should not go out of town, only because I could not hire a horse to go, or my fellow was run away that was to attend me, was ridiculous, since at the same time I had my health and limbs, and other servants, and might with ease travel a day or two on foot, and, having a good certificate of being in perfect health, might either hire a horse, or take post on the road, as I thought fit.

Then he proceeded to tell me of the mischievous consequences which attend the presumption of the Turks and Mahometans in Asia, and in other places where he had been (for my brother, being a merchant, was a few years before, as I have already observed, returned from abroad, coming last from Lisbon) and how, presuming upon their professed predestinating notions, and of every man's end being predetermined, and unalterably beforehand decreed, they would go unconcerned into infected places, and converse with infected persons, by which means they died at the rate of ten or fifteen thousand a week, whereas the Europeans, or Christian merchants, who kept themselves retired and reserved, generally escaped the contagion.

Upon these arguments my brother changed my resolutions again, and I began to resolve to go, and accordingly made all things ready; for, in short, the infection increased round me, and the bills were risen to almost seven hundred a week, and my brother told me he would venture to stay no longer. I desired him to let me consider of it but till the next day, and I would resolve; and as I had already prepared everything as well as I could, as to my business, and who to intrust my affairs with, I had little to do but to resolve.

I went home that evening greatly oppressed in my mind, irresolute, and not knowing what to do. I had set the evening wholly apart to consider seriously about it, and was all alone; for already people had, as it were by a general consent, taken up

the custom of not going out of doors after sunset; the reasons I shall have occasion to say more of by and by.

In the retirement of this evening I endeavored to resolve first what was my duty to do, and I stated the arguments with which my brother had pressed me to go into the country, and I set against them the strong impressions which I had on my mind for staying; the visible call I seemed to have from the particular circumstance of my calling, and the care due from me for the preservation of my effects, which were, as I might say, my estate: also the intimations which I thought I had from heaven, that to me signified a kind of direction to venture, and it occurred to me that if I had what I call a direction to stay, I ought to suppose it contained a promise of being preserved, if I obeyed.

This lay close to me, and my mind seemed more and more encouraged to stay than ever, and supported with a secret satisfaction that I should be kept. Add to this, that, turning over the Bible, which lay before me, and while my thoughts were more than ordinary serious upon the question, I cried out, "Well, I know not what to do; Lord, direct me!" and the like; and at that juncture I happened to stop turning over the book, at the 91st Psalm, and casting my eye on the second verse, I read to the seventh verse exclusive; and after that, included the 10th, as follows: "I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge, and my fortress, my God, in him will I trust. Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day: nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked. Because thou hast made the Lord which is my refuge, even the most high, thy habitation: there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling," etc.

I scarce need tell the reader that from that moment I resolved that I would stay in the town, and, casting myself entirely upon the goodness and protection of the Almighty, would not seek any other shelter whatever; and that, as my times were in his hands, he was as able to keep me in a time of the infection as in a time of health; and if he did not think fit to deliver me,

still I was in his hands, and it was meet he should do with me as should seem good to him.

With this resolution I went to bed; and I was farther confirmed in it the next day, by the woman being taken ill with whom I had intended to intrust my house and all my affairs. But I had a farther obligation laid on me on the same side, for the next day I found myself very much out of order also; so that if I would have gone away I could not, and I continued ill three or four days, and this entirely determined my stay; so I took my leave of my brother, who went away to Dorking, in Surrey, and afterwards fetched around farther into Buckinghamshire, or Bedfordshire, to a retreat he had found out there for his family.

It was a very ill time to be sick in, for if any one complained, it was immediately said he had the plague; and though I had indeed no symptoms of that distemper, yet being very ill, both in my head and in my stomach, I was not without apprehension that I really was infected, but in about three days I grew better, the third night I rested well, sweated a little, and was much refreshed; the apprehensions of its being the infection went also quite away with my illness, and I went about my business as usual.

These things, however, put off all my thoughts of going into the country; and my brother also being gone, I had no more debate either with him, or with myself, on that subject.

It was now mid July, and the plague, which had chiefly raged at the other end of the town, and, as I said before, in the parishes of St. Giles's, St. Andrew's, Holborn, and towards Westminster, began now to come eastward, towards the part where I lived. It was to be observed, indeed, that it did not come straight on towards us; for the city, that is to say, within the walls, was indifferent healthy still; nor was it got then very much over the water into Southwark: for though there died that week 1268 of all distempers, whereof it might be supposed above nine hundred died of the plague, yet there was but twenty-eight in the whole city, within the walls, and but nineteen in Southwark, Lambeth parish included; whereas in the parishes of St. Giles's, and St. Martin's in the Fields alone, there died four hundred and twenty-one.

But we perceived the infection kept chiefly in the out parishes, which being very populous, and fuller also of poor, the distemper found more to prey upon than in the city, as I shall observe

afterward; we perceived, I say, the distemper to draw our way, viz., by the parishes of Clerkenwell, Cripplegate, Shoreditch, and Bishopsgate; which last two parishes joining to Aldgate, Whitechapel, and Stepney, the infection came at length to spread its utmost rage and violence in those parts, even when it abated at the western parishes where it began.

It was very strange to observe that in this particular week, from the 4th to the 11th of July, when, as I have observed, there died near four hundred of the plague in the two parishes of St. Giles's and St. Martin's in the Fields only, there died in the parish of Aldgate but four, in the parish of Whitechapel three, in the parish of Stepney but one.

Likewise in the next week, from the 11th of July to the 18th, when the week's bill was 1761, yet there died no more of the plague, on the whole Southwark side of the water, than sixteen.

But this face of things soon changed, and it began to thicken, in Cripplegate parish especially, and in Clerkenwell; so that by the second week in August Cripplegate parish alone buried eight hundred and eighty-six, and Clerkenwell one hundred and fifty-five; of the first, eight hundred and fifty might well be reckoned to die of the plague; and of the last, the bill itself said, one hundred and forty-five were of the plague.

During the month of July, and while, as I have observed, our part of the town seemed to be spared in comparison of the west part, I went ordinarily about the streets, as my business required, and particularly went generally once in a day, or in two days, into the city, to my brother's house, which he had given me charge of, and to see it was safe; and having the key in my pocket, I used to go into the house, and over most of the rooms, to see that all was well; for though it be something wonderful to tell, that any should have hearts so hardened, in the midst of such a calamity, as to rob and steal; yet certain it is that all sorts of villanies, and even levities and debaucheries, were then practised in the town, as openly as ever, I will not say quite as frequently, because the number of people were many ways lessened.

But the city itself began now to be visited too, I mean within the walls; but the number of people there were, indeed, extremely lessened, by so great a multitude having been gone into the country; and even all this month of July they continued to flee, though not in such multitudes as formerly. In August, indeed, they fled in such a manner that I began to think there

would be really none but magistrates and servants left in the city.

As they fled now out of the city, so I should observe that the court removed early, viz., in the month of June, and went to Oxford, where it pleased God to preserve them; and the distemper did not, as I heard of, so much as touch them; for which I cannot say that I ever saw they showed any great token of thankfulness, and hardly anything of reformation, though they did not want being told that their crying vices might, without breach of charity, be said to have gone far in bringing that terrible judgment upon the whole nation.

The face of London was now indeed strangely altered; I mean the whole mass of buildings, city, liberties, suburbs, Westminster, Southwark, and altogether; for, as to the particular part called the city, or within the walls, that was not yet much infected; but, in the whole, the face of things, I say, was much altered; sorrow and sadness sat upon every face, and though some part were not yet overwhelmed yet all looked deeply concerned; and as we saw it apparently coming on, so every one looked on himself, and his family, as in the utmost danger: were it possible to represent those times exactly, to those that did not see them, and give the reader due ideas of the horror that everywhere presented itself, it must make just impressions upon their minds, and fill them with surprise. London might well be said to be all in tears; the mourners did not go about the streets, indeed, for nobody put on black, or made a formal dress of mourning for their nearest friends; but the voice of mourning was truly heard in the streets; the shrieks of women and children at the windows and doors of their houses, where their nearest relations were, perhaps, dying or just dead, were so frequent to be heard, as we passed the streets, that it was enough to pierce the stoutest heart in the world to hear them. Tears and lamentations were seen almost in every house, especially in the first part of the visitation; for towards the latter end men's hearts were hardened, and death was so always before their eyes that they did not so much concern themselves for the loss of their friends, expecting that themselves should be summoned the next hour.

Business led me out sometimes to the other end of the town, even when the sickness was chiefly there; and as the thing was new to me, as well as to everybody else, it was a most surprising thing to see those streets, which were usually so thronged, now grown desolate, and so few people to be seen in them that if I

had been a stranger, and at a loss for my way, I might sometimes have gone the length of a whole street, I mean of the by-streets, and seen nobody to direct me, except watchmen set at the doors of such houses as were shut up; of which I shall speak presently.

One day, being at that part of the town, on some special business, curiosity led me to observe things more than usually; and indeed I walked a great way where I had no business; I went up Holborn, and there the street was full of people; but they walked in the middle of the great street, neither on one side or other, because, as I suppose, they would not mingle with anybody that came out of houses, or meet with smells and scents from houses that might be infected.

The inns of court were all shut up, nor were very many of the lawyers in the Temple, or Lincoln's Inn, or Gray's Inn, to be seen there. Everybody was at peace, there was no occasion for lawyers; besides, it being in the time of the vacation too, they were generally gone into the country. Whole rows of houses in some places were shut close up, the inhabitants all fled, and only a watchman or two left.

When I speak of rows of houses being shut up, I do not mean shut up by the magistrates; but that great numbers of persons followed the court, by the necessity of their employments, and other dependencies; and as others retired, really frighted with the distemper, it was a mere desolating of some of the streets: but the fright was not yet near so great in the city, abstractedly so called; and particularly because, though they were at first in a most inexpressible consternation, yet, as I have observed that the distemper intermitted often at first, so they were as it were alarmed, and unalarmed again, and this several times, till it began to be familiar to them; and that even when it appeared violent, yet seeing it did not presently spread into the city, or the east or south parts, the people began to take courage, and to be, as I may say, a little hardened. It is true, a vast many people fled, as I have observed; yet they were chiefly from the west end of the town, and from that we call the heart of the city, that is to say, among the wealthiest of the people and such persons as were unincumbered with trades and business. But of the rest, the generality stayed, and seemed to abide the worst; so that in the place we call the liberties, and in the suburbs, in Southwark, and in the east part, such as Wapping, Ratcliff, Stepney, Rotherhithe, and the like,

the people generally stayed, except here and there a few wealthy families, who, as above, did not depend upon their business.

It must not be forgot here that the city and suburbs were prodigiously full of people at the time of this visitation, I mean at the time that it began; for though I have lived to see a farther increase, and mighty throngs of people settling in London, more than ever, yet we had always a notion that numbers of people, which, the wars being over, the armies disbanded, and the royal family and the monarchy being restored, had flocked to London to settle in business, or to depend upon and attend the court for rewards of services, preferments, and the like, was such that the town was computed to have in it above a hundred thousand people more than ever it held before; nay, some took upon them to say it had twice as many, because all the ruined families of the royal party flocked hither; all the soldiers set up trades here, and abundance of families settled here; again, the court brought with it a great flux of pride and new fashions; all people were gay and luxurious, and the joy of the restoration had brought a vast many families to London.

But I must go back again to the beginning of this surprising time; while the fears of the people were young, they were increased strangely by several odd accidents, which put altogether, it was really a wonder the whole body of the people did not rise as one man and abandon their dwellings, leaving the place as a space of ground designed by heaven for an Akeldama, doomed to be destroyed from the face of the earth, and that all that would be found in it would perish with it. I shall name but a few of these things; but sure they were so many, and so many wizards and cunning people propagating them, that I have often wondered there was any (women especially) left behind.

In the first place, a blazing star or comet appeared for several months before the plague, as there did, the year after, another, a little before the fire; the old women, and the phlegmatic hypochondriac part of the other sex, whom I could almost call old women too, remarked, especially afterward, though not till both those judgments were over, that those two comets passed directly over the city, and that so very near the houses that it was plain they imported something peculiar to the city alone. That the comet before the pestilence was of a faint, dull, languid color, and its motion very heavy, solemn, and slow; but that the comet before the fire was bright and spark-

ling, or, as others said, flaming, and its motion swift and furious, and that, accordingly, one foretold a heavy judgment, slow but severe, terrible and frightful, as was the plague. But the other foretold a stroke, sudden, swift, and fiery, as was the conflagration; nay, so particular some people were that as they looked upon that comet preceding the fire, they fancied that they not only saw it pass swiftly and fiercely, and could perceive the motion with their eye, but even they heard it, that it made a rushing mighty noise, fierce and terrible, though at a distance, and but just perceivable.

I saw both these stars, and, I must confess, had had so much of the common notion of such things in my head that I was apt to look upon them as the forerunners and warnings of God's judgments, and especially when the plague had followed the first, I yet saw another of the like kind, I could not but say God not yet sufficiently scourged the city.

The apprehensions of the people were likewise strangely increased by the error of the times, in which, I think, the people, from what principle I cannot imagine, were more addicted to prophecies and astrological conjurations, dreams and old wives' tales, than ever they were before or since: whether this unhappy temper was originally raised by the follies of some people who got money by it, that is to say, by printing predictions and prognostications, I know not, but certain it is, books frighted them terribly; such as Lily's "Almanack," Gadbury's "Astrological Predictions," "Poor Robin's Almanack," and the like; also several pretended religious books, one entitled, "Come out of Her, my People, lest ye be Partaker of her Plagues;" another called, "Fair Warning;" another, "Britain's Remembrancer," and many such; all or most part of which foretold, directly or covertly, the ruin of the city; nay, some were so enthusiastically bold as to run about the streets with their oral predictions, pretending they were sent to preach to the city; and one in particular, who, like Jonah to Nineveh, cried in the streets, "Yet forty days, and London shall be destroyed." I will not be positive whether he said "yet forty days," or "yet a few days." Another ran about naked, except a pair of drawers about his waist, crying day and night, like a man that Josephus mentions, who cried, "Woe to Jerusalem!" a little before the destruction of that city: so this poor naked creature cried, "O! the great, and the dreadful God!" and said no more, but repeated those words continually, with

a voice and countenance full of horror, a swift pace, and nobody could ever find him to stop, or rest, or take any sustenance, at least that ever I could hear of. I met this poor creature several times in the streets, and would have spoke to him, but he would not enter into speech with me, or any one else; but kept on his dismal cries continually.

These things terrified the people to the last degree; and especially when two or three times, as I have mentioned already, they found one or two in the bills dead of the plague at St. Giles's.

Next to these public things were the dreams of old women; or, I should say, the interpretation of old women upon other people's dreams; and these put abundance of people even out of their wits. Some heard voices warning them to be gone, for that there would be such a plague in London so that the living would not be able to bury the dead; others saw apparitions in the air, and I must be allowed to say of both, I hope without breach of charity, that they heard voices that never spake, and saw sights that never appeared; but the imagination of the people was really turned wayward and possessed; and no wonder if they who were poring continually at the clouds saw shapes and figures, representations and appearances, which had nothing in them but air and vapor. Here they told us they saw a flaming sword held in a hand, coming out of a cloud, with a point hanging directly over the city. There they saw hearses and coffins in the air carrying to be buried. And there again, heaps of dead bodies lying unburied and the like; just as the imagination of the poor terrified people furnished them with matter to work upon.

> So hypochondriac fancies represent
> Ships, armies, battles in the firmament;
> Till steady eyes the exhalations solve,
> And all to its first matter, cloud, resolve.

I could fill this account with the strange relations such people give every day of what they have seen; and every one was so positive of their having seen what they pretended to see, that there was no contradicting them, without breach of friendship, or being accounted rude and unmannerly on the one hand, and profane and impenetrable on the other. One time before the plague was begun, otherwise than as I have said, in St. Giles's, I think it was in March, seeing a crowd of people in the

street, I joined with them to satisfy my curiosity, and found them all staring up into the air to see what a woman told them appeared plain to her, which was an angel clothed in white, with a fiery sword in his hand, waving it or brandishing it over his head. She described every part of the figure to the life, showed them the motion and the form, and the poor people came into it so eagerly and with so much readiness. "Yes! I see it all plainly," says one; "there's the sword as plain as can be;" another saw the angel; one saw his very face, and cried out, "What a glorious creature he was!" One saw one thing, and one another. I looked as earnestly as the rest, but, perhaps, not with so much willingness to be imposed upon; and I said, indeed, that I could see nothing but a white cloud, bright on one side, by the shining of the sun upon the other part. The woman endeavored to show it me, but could not make me confess that I saw it, which, indeed, if I had, I must have lied: but the woman, turning to me, looked me in the face, and fancied I laughed, in which her imagination deceived her too, for I really did not laugh, but was seriously reflecting how the poor people were terrified by the force of their own imagination. However, she turned to me, called me profane fellow, and a scoffer, told me that it was a time of God's anger, and dreadful judgments were approaching, and that despisers, such as I, should wander and perish.

The people about her seemed disgusted as well as she, and I found there was no persuading them that I did not laugh at them, and that I should be rather mobbed by them than be able to undeceive them. So I left them, and this appearance passed for as real as the blazing star itself.

The Devil does not Concern Himself with Petty Matters.

(From "The Modern History of the Devil.")

Nor will I undertake to tell you, till I have talked farther with him about it, how far the Devil is concerned to discover frauds, detect murders, reveal secrets, and especially to tell where any money is hid, and show folks where to find it; it is an odd thing that Satan should think it of consequence to come and tell us where such a miser hid a strong box, or where such an old woman buried her chamberpot full of money, the value of all which is perhaps but a trifle, when, at the same

time he lets so many veins of gold, so many unexhausted mines, nay, mountains of silver (as we may depend on it are hid in the bowels of the earth, and which it would be so much to the good of whole nations to discover), lie still there, and never say one word of them to anybody. Besides, how does the Devil's doing things so foreign to himself, and so out of his way, agree with the rest of his character; namely, showing a friendly disposition to mankind, or doing beneficent things? This is so beneath Satan's quality, and looks so little, that I scarce know what to say to it; but that which is still more pungent in the case is, these things are so out of his road, and so foreign to his calling, that it shocks our faith in them, and seems to clash with all the just notions we have of him and of his business in the world. The like is to be said of those merry little turns we bring him in acting with us and upon us upon trifling and simple occasions, such as tumbling chairs and stools about house, setting pots and kettles bottom upward, tossing the glass and crockery-ware about without breaking, and such-like mean foolish things, beneath the dignity of the Devil, who in my opinion is rather employed in setting the world with the bottom upward, tumbling kings and crowns about, and dashing the nations one against another; raising tempests and storms, whether at sea or on shore; and in a word, doing capital mischiefs, suitable to his nature and agreeable to his name Devil, and suited to that circumstance of his condition which I have fully represented in the primitive part of his exiled state.

But to bring in the Devil playing at push-pin with the world, or like Domitian, catching flies, — that is to say, doing nothing to the purpose, — this is not only deluding ourselves, but putting a slur upon the Devil himself; and I say, I shall not dishonor Satan so much as to suppose anything in it; however, as I must have a care too how I take away the proper materials of winter-evening frippery, and leave the goodwives nothing of the Devil to frighten the children with, I shall carry the weighty point no further. No doubt the Devil and Dr. Faustus were very intimate; I should rob you of a very significant proverb if I should so much as doubt it. No doubt the Devil showed himself in the glass to that fair lady who looked in to see where to place her patches; but then it should follow too that the Devil is an enemy to the ladies wearing patches, and that has some difficulties in it which we cannot easily reconcile; but we must tell the story, and leave out the consequences.

Defoe Addresses His Public.

(From "An Appeal to Honor and Justice.")

I HOPE the time has come at last when the voice of moderate principles may be heard. Hitherto the noise has been so great, and the prejudices and passions of men so strong, that it had been but in vain to offer at any argument, or for any man to talk of giving a reason for his actions; and this alone has been the cause why, when other men, who I think have less to say in their own defence, are appealing to the public and struggling to defend themselves, I alone have been silent under the infinite clamors and reproaches, causeless curses, unusual threatenings, and the most unjust and injurious treatment in the world.

I hear much of people's calling out to punish the guilty, but very few are concerned to clear the innocent. I hope some will be inclined to judge impartially, and have just reserved so much of the Christian as to believe, and at least to hope, that a rational creature cannot abandon himself so as to act without some reason, and are willing not only to have me defend myself, but to be able to answer for me where they hear me causelessly insulted by others, and therefore are willing to have such just arguments put into their mouths as the cause will bear.

As for those who are prepossessed, and according to the modern justice of parties are resolved to be so, let them go; I am not arguing with them, but against them; they act so contrary to justice, to reason, to religion, so contrary to the rules of Christians and of good manners, that they are not to be argued with, but to be exposed or entirely neglected. I have a receipt against all the uneasiness which it may be supposed to give me, and that is, to contemn slander, and think it not worth the least concern; neither should I think it worth while to give any answer to it, if it were not on some other accounts, of which I shall speak as I go on. If any young man ask me why I am in such haste to publish this matter at this time, among many other good reasons which I could give, these are some: —

1. I think I have long enough been made Fabula Vulgi, and borne the weight of general slander; and I should be wanting to truth, to my family, and to myself, if I did not give a fair and true state of my conduct, for impartial men to judge of when I am no more in being to answer for myself.

2. By the hints of mortality, and by the infirmities of a life

of sorrow and fatigue, I have reason to think I am not a great way off from, if not very near to, the great ocean of eternity, and the time may not be long ere I embark on the last voyage. Wherefore I think I should even accounts with this world before I go, that no actions [slanders] may lie against my heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, to disturb them in the peaceable possession of their father's [character] inheritance.

3. I fear — God grant I have not a second sight in it — that this lucid interval of temper and moderation which shines, though dimly too, upon us at this time, will be of but short continuance; and that some men, who know not how to use the advantage God has put into their hands with moderation, will push in spite of the best Prince in the world, at such extravagant things, and act with such an intemperate forwardness, as will revive the heats and animosities which wise and good men were in hopes should be allayed by the happy accession of the King to the throne.

It is and ever was my opinion, that moderation is the only virtue by which the peace and tranquillity of this nation can be preserved. Even the King himself — I believe his Majesty will allow me that freedom — can only be happy in the enjoyment of the crown by a moderative administration. If his Majesty should be obliged, contrary to his known disposition, to join with intemperate councils, if it does not lessen his security I am persuaded it will lessen his satisfaction. It cannot be pleasant or agreeable, and I think it cannot be safe, to any just prince to rule over a divided people, split into incensed and exasperated parties. Though a skilful mariner may have courage to master a tempest, and goes fearless through a storm, yet he can never be said to delight in the danger; a fresh fair gale and a quiet sea is the pleasure of his voyage, and we have a saying worth notice to them that are otherwise minded, — "Qui amat periculum, periebit in illo."

Engaging A Maid-servant.

(From "Everybody's Business is Nobody's Business.")

Besides, the fear of spoiling their clothes makes them afraid of household work, so that in a little time we shall have none but chambermaids and nurserymaids; and of this let me give you one instance. My family is composed of myself and sister, a man and maid: and being without the last, a young

wench came to hire herself. The man was gone out, and my sister above-stairs, so I opened the door myself, and this person presented herself to my view, dressed completely, more like a visitor than a servant-maid; she, not knowing me, asked for my sister. "Pray, madam," said I, "be pleased to walk into the parlor; she shall wait on you presently." Accordingly I handed madam in, who took it very cordially. After some apology I left her alone for a minute or two, while I, stupid wretch! ran up to my sister and told her there was a gentlewoman below come to visit her. "Dear brother," said she, "don't leave her alone; go down and entertain her while I dress myself." Accordingly down I went, and talked of indifferent affairs; meanwhile my sister dressed herself all over again, not being willing to be seen in an undress. At last she came down dressed as clean as her visitor; but how great was my surprise when I found my fine lady a common servant wench.

My sister, understanding what she was, began to inquire what wages she expected. She modestly asked but eight pounds a year. The next question was, "What work she could do to deserve such wages?" to which she answered she could clean a house, or dress a common family dinner. "But cannot you wash," replied my sister, "or get up linen?" She answered in the negative, and said she would undertake neither, nor would she go into a family that did not put out their linen to wash and hire a charwoman to scour. She desired to see the house, and having carefully surveyed it, said the work was too hard for her, nor could she undertake it. This put my sister beyond all patience, and me into the greatest admiration. "Young woman," she said, "you have made a mistake; I want a housemaid, and you are a chambermaid." — "No, madam," replied she, "I am not needlewoman enough for that." — "And yet you ask eight pounds a year," replied my sister. "Yes, madam," said she, "nor shall I bate a farthing." — "Then get you gone for a lazy impudent baggage," said I; "you want to be a boarder, not a servant; have you a fortune or estate, that you dress at that rate?" — "No, sir," said she, "but I hope I may wear what I work for without offence." — "What! you work?" interrupted my sister; "why, you do not seem willing to undertake any work; you will not wash nor scour; you cannot dress a dinner for company; you are no needlewoman; and our little house of two rooms on a floor is too much for you. For God's sake, what can you do?" — "Madam," replied she pertly, "I know my business, and do not fear service;

there are more places than parish churches: if you wash at home, you should have a laundrymaid; if you give entertainments, you must have a cookmaid; if you have any needlework, you should have a chambermaid; and such a house as this is enough for a housemaid, in all conscience."

I was so pleased at the wit, and astonished at the impudence of the girl, so dismissed her with thanks for her instructions, assuring her that when I kept four maids she should be housemaid if she pleased.

The Devil.

(From "The True-Born Englishman.")

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there;
And 't will be found upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.
For ever since he first debauched the mind,
He made a perfect conquest of mankind.
With uniformity of service, he
Reigns with general aristocracy.
No non-conforming sects disturb his reign,
For of his yoke there 's very few complain.
He knows the genius and the inclination,
And matches proper sins for every nation.
He needs no standing army government;
He always rules us by our own consent;
His laws are easy, and his gentle sway
Makes it exceeding pleasant to obey.
The list of his vicegerents and commanders
Outdoes your Cæsars or your Alexanders.
They never fail of his infernal aid,
And he 's as certain ne'er to be betrayed.
Through all the world they spread his vast command,
And death's eternal empire is maintained.
They rule so politicly and so well,
As if they were Lords Justices of hell;
Duly divided to debauch mankind,
And plant infernal dictates in his mind.

EDUARD DOUWES DEKKER.

Dekker, Eduard Douwes, a Dutch miscellaneous writer, who wrote under the pseudonym "Multatuli," was born at Amsterdam, March 2, 1820; died at Nieder-Ingelheim, Germany, February 19, 1887. In 1860 he published a novel entitled "Max Havelaar," in which he described many of the abuses which have crept into the coffee trade of the Dutch commercial companies in Java. His writings include other works on the Dutch East Indies, and several dramas and essays on social, political, and philosophical questions. He has been characterized as a remarkably original thinker, and a serious and vigorous writer. These were written in Germany, to which country, disappointed and discouraged at his failure to effect the reforms he sought among his own countrymen, he removed in 1866; and where, during the last years of his life, he lived retired at Nieder-Ingelheim on the Rhine. The most noted of these later writings were "La Sainte Vierge," a novel; "Vorstenschool," a very popular play; and "Wontertje Pieterse," an incomplete story which, with his letters, was published after his death.

Multatuli's Last Words to the Reader.

(From "Max Havelaar.")

Yes, I, Multatuli, "who have suffered much," — I take the pen. I do not make any excuses for the form of my book, — that form was thought proper to obtain my object. . . . *I will be read!* Yes, I will be read. I will be read by statesmen who are obliged to pay attention to the signs of the times; by men of letters, who must also look into the book of which so many bad things are said; by merchants, who have an interest in the coffee auctions; by ladies'-maids, who read me for a few farthings; by governors-general in retirement; by ministers who have something to do; by the lackeys of these Excellencies; by mutes, who, *more majorum*, will say that I attack God Almighty, when I attack only the god which they made according to their own image; by the members of the representative chambers,

who must know what happens in the extensive possessions over the sea which belong to Holland. . . .

Ay, I *shall* be read!

When I obtain this I shall be content, for I did not intend to write well. . . . I wished to write so as to be heard; and as one who cries "Stop thief!" does not care about the style of his *impromptu* address to the public, I too am indifferent to criticism of the manner in which I cried *my* "Stop thief!"

"The book is a medley; there is no order, nothing but a desire to make a sensation. The style is bad; the author is inexperienced; no talent, no method." . . .

Good! good! . . . all very well! . . . *but the Javanese are ill-treated.* For the merit of my book is this: that *refutation* of its main features is *impossible.* And the greater the disapprobation of my book the better I shall be pleased, for the chance of being *heard* will be so much the greater; — and that is what I desire.

But you whom I dare to interrupt in your business or in your retirement, — ye ministers and governors-general, — do not calculate too much upon the inexperience of my pen. I could exercise it, and perhaps, by dint of some exertion, attain to that skill which would make the truth heard by the people. Then I should ask of that people a place in the representative chambers, were it only to protest against the certificates which are given *vice versa* by Indian functionaries.

To protest against the endless expeditions sent, and heroic deeds performed against poor miserable creatures, whose ill treatment has driven them to revolt.

To protest against the cowardice of general orders, that brand the honor of the nation by invoking public charity on behalf of the victims of inveterate piracy.

It is true those rebels were reduced by starvation to skeletons, while those pirates could defend themselves.

And if that place were refused me, . . . if I were still disbelieved, . . . then I should translate my book into the few languages that I know, and the many that I yet can learn, to put that question to Europe which I have in vain put to Holland.

And in every capital such a refrain as this would be heard: "There is a band of robbers between Germany and the Scheldt!"

And if this were of no avail, . . . then I should translate my book into *Malay*, *Javanese*, *Soudanese*, *Alfoer*, *Boegi*, and *Battah.*

And I should sharpen *Klewangs*, the scimitars and the sabres, by rousing with warlike songs the minds of those martyrs whom I have promised to help — I, *Multatuli*, would do this!

Yes! delivery and help, *lawfully if possible; — lawfully with violence* if need be.

And that would be very pernicious to the COFFEE AUCTIONS OF THE DUTCH TRADING COMPANY!

For I am no fly-rescuing poet, no rapt dreamer like the down-trodden Havelaar, who did his duty with the courage of a lion and endured starvation with the patience of a marmot in winter.

This book is an introduction. . . .

I shall increase in strength and sharpness of weapons, according as it may be necessary.

Heaven grant that it may not be necessary! . . .

No, it *will* not be necessary! For it is to thee I dedicate my book: WILLIAM THE THIRD, King, Grand Duke, Prince, . . . more than Prince, Grand Duke, and King, . . . EMPEROR of the magnificent empire of INSULIND, which winds about the equator like a garland of emeralds! . . .

I ask THEE if it be thine IMPERIAL will that the Havelaars should be bespattered with the mud of Slymerings and Drystubbles; and that thy *more* than *thirty millions* of SUBJECTS far away should be *ill treated and should suffer extortion* in THY name!

IDYLL OF SAÏDJAH AND ADINDA.

(From "Max Havelaar.")

SAÏDJAH'S father had a buffalo, with which he plowed his field. When this buffalo was taken away from him by the district chief at Parang-Koodjang he was very dejected, and did not speak a word for many a day. For the time for plowing was come, and he had to fear that if the rice field was not worked in time, the opportunity to sow would be lost, and lastly, that there would be no paddy to cut, none to keep in the storeroom of the house. He feared that his wife would have no rice, nor Saïdjah himself, who was still a child, nor his little brothers and sisters. And the district chief too would accuse him to the Assistant Resident if he was behindhand in the payment of his land taxes, for this is punished by the law. Saïdjah's father then took a poniard which was an heirloom from his father.

The poniard was not very handsome, but there were silver bands round the sheath, and at the end there was a silver plate. He sold this poniard to a Chinaman who dwelt in the capital, and came home with twenty-four guilders, for which money he bought another buffalo.

Saïdjah, who was then about seven years old, soon made friends with the new buffalo. It is not without meaning that I say "made friends," for it is indeed touching to see how the buffalo is attached to the little boy who watches over and feeds him. The large strong animal bends its heavy head to the right, to the left, or downward, just as the pressure of the child's finger, which he knows and understands, directs.

Such a friendship little Saïdjah had soon been able to make with the new-comer. The buffalo turned willingly on reaching the end of the field, and did not lose an inch of ground when plowing backwards the new furrow. Quite near were the rice fields of the father of Adinda (the child that was to marry Saïdjah); and when the little brothers of Adinda came to the limit of their fields just at the same time that the father of Saïdjah was there with his plow, then the children called out merrily to each other, and each praised the strength and the docility of his buffalo. Saïdjah was nine and Adinda six, when this buffalo was taken by the chief of the district of Parang-Koodjang. Saïdjah's father, who was very poor, thereupon sold to a Chinaman two silver curtain-hooks — heirlooms from the parents of his wife — for eighteen guilders, and bought a new buffalo.

When this buffalo had also been taken away and slaughtered —

(I told you, reader, that my story is monotonous.)

. . . Saïdjah's father fled out of the country, for he was much afraid of being punished for not paying his land taxes, and he had not another heirloom to sell, that he might buy a new buffalo. However, he went on for some years after the loss of his last buffalo, by working with hired animals for plowing; but that is a very ungrateful labor, and moreover sad for a person who has had buffaloes of his own.

Saïdjah's mother died of grief; and then it was that his father, in a moment of dejection, fled from Bantam in order to endeavor to get labor in the Buitenzorg districts.

But he was punished with stripes because he had left Lebak without a passport, and was brought back by the police to Badoer. But he was not long in prison, for he died soon afterwards. Saïdjah was already fifteen years of age when his father

set out for Buitenzorg; and he did not accompany him hither, because he had other plans in view. He had been told that there were at Batavia many gentlmen who drove in two-wheeled carriages, and that it would be easy for him to get a post as driver. He would gain much in that way if he behaved well, — perhaps be able to save in three years enough money to buy two buffaloes. This was a smiling prospect for him. He entered Adinda's house, and communicated to her his plans.

"Think of it! when I come back, we shall be old enough to marry and shall possess two buffaloes: . . . but if I find you married?"

"Saïdjah, you know very well that I shall marry nobody but you; my father promised me to your father."

"And you yourself?"

"I shall marry you, you may be sure of that."

"When I come back, I will call from afar off."

"Who shall hear it, if we are stamping rice in the village?"

"That is true, . . . but Adinda — . . . oh yes, this is better; wait for me under the oak wood, under the Retapan."

"But, Saïdjah, how can I know when I am to go to the Retapan?"

"Count the moons; I shall stay away three times twelve moons. . . . See, Adinda, at every new moon cut a notch in your rice block. When you have cut three times twelve lines, I will be under the Retapan the next day: . . . do you promise to be there?"

"Yes, Saïdjah, I will be there under the Retapan, near the oak wood, when you come back."

. . . . . .

[Saïdjah returns with money and trinkets at the appointed time, but does not find Adinda under the Retapan.]

. . . But if she were ill or . . . dead?

Like a wounded stag Saïdjah flew along the path leading from the Retapan to the village where Adinda lived. But . . . was it hurry, his eagerness, that prevented him from finding Adinda's house? He had already rushed to the end of the road, through the village, and like one mad he returned and beat his head because he must have passed her house without seeing it. But again he was at the entrance to the village, and . . . O God, was it a dream? . . .

Again he had not found the house of Adinda. Again he flew back and suddenly stood still. . . . And the women of Badoer

came out of their houses, and saw with sorrow poor Saïdjah standing there, for they knew him and understood that he was looking for the house of Adinda, and they knew that there was no house of Adinda in the village of Badoer.

For when the district chief of Parang-Koodjang had taken away Adinda's father's buffaloes . . .

(I told you, reader! that my narrative was monotonous.)

. . . Adinda's mother died of grief, and her baby sister died because she had no mother, and had no one to suckle her. And Adinda's father, who feared to be punished for not paying his land taxes . . .

(I know, I know that my tale is monotonous.)

. . . had fled out of the country; he had taken Adinda and her brother with him. He had gone to Tjilang-Rahan, bordering on the sea. There he had concealed himself in the woods and waited for some others that had been robbed of their buffaloes by the district chief of Parang-Koodjang, and all of whom feared punishment for not paying their land taxes. Then they had at night taken possession of a fishing-boat, and steered northward to the Lampoons.

[Saïdjah, following their route] arrived in the Lampoons, where the inhabitants were in insurrection against the Dutch rule. He joined a troop of Badoer men, not so much to fight as to seek Adinda; for he had a tender heart, and was more disposed to sorrow than to bitterness.

One day that the insurgents had been beaten, he wandered through a village that had just been taken by the Dutch, and was therefore in flames. Saïdjah knew that the troop that had been destroyed there consisted for the most part of Badoer men. He wandered like a ghost among the houses which were not yet burned down, and found the corpse of Adinda's father with a bayonet wound in the breast. Near him Saïdjah saw the three murdered brothers of Adinda, still only children, and a little further lay the corpse of Adinda, naked and horribly mutilated.

. . . . . .

Then Saïdjah went to meet some soldiers who were driving, at the point of the bayonet, the surviving insurgents into the fire of the burning houses; he embraced the broad bayonets, pressed forward with all his might, and still repulsed the soldiers with a last exertion, until their weapons were buried to the sockets in his breast.

THOMAS DEKKER.

Dekker, or Decker, Thomas, an English dramatist and humorist; born about 1575; died about 1640. Of his personal life little is known, except that much of it was passed in extreme poverty; that he was for a time connected with Ben Jonson in writing for the stage; that they afterward quarrelled, and lampooned each other. Dekker was also connected with Ford, Massinger, and Webster in the composition of several dramas. He was sole author of nearly thirty plays, the best of which are "Fortunatus" and "The Honest Whore," the latter of which is highly praised by Hazlitt, who says that it "unites the simplicity of prose with the graces of poetry." He wrote many pamphlets ridiculing the follies of the times. His pamphlet "The Wonderful Year" describes graphically the horors of the plague. In the work of collaboration he was assigned to writing the scenes laid in shops, inns, and suburban pleasure-houses, which he described with luxuriant fancy. Some of his characteristic works are "The Shoemaker's Holiday, or the Gentle Craft" (1600); "The Seven Deadly Sins of London" (1606); "News from Hell" (1606); "Westward Ho!" (previous to 1605); "The Bellman" (1608); "The Gull's Hornbook" (1609); "Match Me in London" (1631); and "English Villainies" (1637).

Sleep.

Do but consider what an excellent thing sleep is; it is so inestimable a jewel that if a tyrant would give his crown for an hour's slumber, it cannot be bought; yea, so greatly are we indebted to this kinsman of death, that we owe the better tributary half of our life to him; and there is good cause why we should do so; for sleep is that golden chain that ties health and our bodies together. Who complains of want, of wounds, of cares, of great men's oppressions, of captivity, whilst he sleepeth? Beggars in their beds take as much pleasure as kings. Can we therefore surfeit on this delicate ambrosia? Can we drink too much of that, whereof to taste too little tumbles us into a churchyard; and to use it but indifferently

throws us into Bedlam? No, no. Look upon Endymion, the moon's minion, who slept threescore and fifteen years, and was not a hair the worse for it. Can lying abed till noon, then, being not the threescore and fifteenth thousandth part of his nap, be hurtful?

The Praise of Fortune.

(From "Old Fortunatus.")

Fortune smiles, cry holiday!
Dimples on her cheek do dwell.
Fortune frowns, cry well-a-day!
Her love is heaven, her hate is hell.
Since heaven and hell obey her power, —
Tremble when her eyes do lower.
Since heaven and hell her power obey,
When she smiles, cry holiday!
Holiday with joy we cry,
And bend and bend, and merrily
Sing hymns to Fortune's deity,
Sing hymns to Fortune's deity.

Chorus.

Let us sing merrily, merrily, merrily,
With our songs let heaven resound.
Fortune's hands our heads have crowned.
Let us sing merrily, merrily, merrily.

Content.

(From "Patient Grissil.")

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet Content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers golden numbers?
O sweet Content, O sweet, O sweet Content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace,
Honest labor bears a lovely face.
Then hey nonny, nonny; hey nonny, nonny.

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring ?
O sweet Content !
Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears ?
O Punishment !
Then he that patiently Want's burden bears
No burden bears, but is a king, a king.
O sweet Content, O sweet, O sweet Content !

Rustic Song.

(From "The Sun's Darling.")

Haymakers, rakers, reapers, and mowers,
Wait on your Summer Queen !
Dress up with musk-rose her eglantine bowers,
Daffodils strew the green !
Sing, dance, and play,
'T is holiday !
The sun does bravely shine
On our ears of corn.
Rich as a pearl
Comes every girl.
This is mine, this is mine, this is mine.
Let us die ere away they be borne.

Bow to our Sun, to our Queen, and that fair one
Come to behold our sports :
Each bonny lass here is counted a rare one
As those in princes' courts.
These and we
With country glee,
Will teach the woods to resound,
And the hills with echoes hollow.
Skipping lambs
Their bleating dams
'Mongst kids shall trip it round ;
For joy thus our wenches we follow.

Wind, jolly huntsmen, your neat bugles shrilly,
Hounds, make a lusty cry ;
Spring up, you falconers, partridges freely,
Then let your brave hawks fly !
Horses amain,
Over ridge, over plain,
The dogs have the stag in chase :
'Tis a sport to content a king.

"Hay makers, rakers, reapers, and mowers"

So ho! ho! through the skies
How the proud bird flies,
And sousing, kills with a grace!
Now the deer falls; hark! how they ring.

Lullaby.

(From "Patient Grissil.")

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you.
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Life at Court.

For still in all the regions I have seen,
I scorned to crowd among the muddy throng
Of the rank multitude, whose thickened breath —
Like to condensed fogs — to choke that beauty,
Which else would dwell in every kingdom's cheek.
No; I still boldly stept into their courts:
For there to live 't is rare, oh 't is divine!
There shall you see faces angelical;
There shall you see troops of chaste goddesses,
Whose starlike eyes have power — might they still shine —
To make night day, and day more crystalline.
Near these you shall behold great heroes,
White-headed councillors, and jovial spirits,
Standing like fiery cherubim to guard
The monarch, who in godlike glory sits
In midst of these, as if this deity
Had with a look created a new world,
The standers-by being the fair workmanship.

MARGARETTA WADE DELAND.

DELAND, MARGARETTA WADE (CAMPBELL), "Margaret Deland," poet and novelist; born at Alleghany, Pa., February 23, 1857. She was educated at Pelham Priory, New Rochelle, N. Y. After studying at Cooper Union, New York, she was a teacher of industrial design in the Normal College for girls, New York, 1878–79. She was married, 1880, to Lorin F. Deland of Boston. In poetry she has published "The Old Garden, and other Verses" (1886). Her novels are "John Ward, Preacher" (1888); "Florida Days" (1889); "Sidney" (1890); and "Philip and His Wife" (1894). "John Ward, Preacher," instantly commanded public attention by its vigor and keenness in tracing the abnormal influence of certain doctrinal beliefs formerly current in the Church and supposed to be a part of Christianity.

AT WHOSE DOOR?[1]

(From "Mr. Tommy Dove, and Other Stories.")

I.

THE garden in front of Friend Townsend's great gray house had been touched by frost, though the days were languid with slumberous September heat; the more delicate plants stood with limp, pallid leaves and hanging heads, but salvias blazed inside the box borders, and zinnias were in coarse and riotous bloom. There was a scent of decay and dampness in the still air, in spite of the flooding sunshine, and now and then a leaf floated slowly down from the thinning branches of the tulip-trees, through which came the distant flash and ripple of the river.

Rachel Dudley stood leaning against the old sun-dial at the foot of the garden, her chin resting on her hand, and her straight black brows gathered in a sullen frown.

She could not be seen from the house, for the laburnum hedge hid that part of the garden, but any one passing the stone gateway might have caught a glimpse of her slender figure through the osage-orange trees which bordered the dusty turn-

[1] By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

pike. And Roger Livingstone was watching for her, as he made his horse walk past the line of Friend Townsend's estate; so he was quick to dismount and throw the bay's bridle over the stone ball on one of the ivy-covered gate-posts, and then open the tall iron gate, and hurry down the steps into the damp stillness of the garden.

Roger and Rachel had known each other for many years, but in spite of perpetual quarrelling it had never occurred to Roger to fall in love with her, — at least until very lately, and then only because his father had looked at him one day with shrewd good-nature and said: "Remember, boy, the pretty Quakeress has a fortune of her own."

That had made Roger think; but, after all, could a fortune give a man happiness, if the girl was first jealous and then indifferent, and always quick to take offence? Roger thought not; but he liked Rachel, and while he was making up his mind he was involuntarily and unconsciously more friendly. A young man cannot contemplate marrying a girl, even as a remote possibility, and avoid, in his most ordinary conversation with her, a betrayal of the attitude of his mind.

After these careless words about the pretty Quakeress and the fortune, Roger found a new pleasure in meeting Rachel; but he felt, vaguely, that Friend Townsend did not like him, and so he fell into the habit of seeing her oftener in the old garden than in her uncle's house. In these meetings, he did not speak to her of the happy interests of more worldly youth. He could not talk of this harmless diversion or of that pretty folly, a ball, or a dance, or the hundred gayeties that belonged to their years, because Rachel knew nothing about them. The only thing that he could give or that she could receive was sympathy for what she chose to consider the loneliness of her life.

Roger knew that this sympathy gave her pleasure, so, being a good-natured fellow, he was willing enough to condole with her. Furthermore, the half secrecy of their meetings here in the garden, or along some shadowy path beside the river, had a charm for him, to which his father's hint had added a pleasing excitement of uncertainty as to his future sentiments towards her. He was eager now to know if his plan of taking her to the theatre on Saturday afternoon could be carried out.

"Well?" he said, as he reached her side. She glanced up for a moment from under her frowning brows at his handsome,

boyish face, as he stood striking at his riding-boots with his switch and waiting for her reply.

"It is no use, they won't let me go," she said, gloomily, not even lifting her chin from her slim brown hand.

He turned sharply on his heel, his spur grinding down into the damp moss of the path. For an instant he was too much disappointed to speak.

"It's outrageous!" he cried, "upon my word, it's outrageous! They're cruel, I tell you, Rachel, they're absolutely cruel!"

"They don't care," Rachel said briefly.

"I'd go, anyhow," Roger continued angrily; "why on earth should you give up everything to please people who don't care anything about you anyway?"

Rachel winced. "I know they don't," she said.

"Well, then, make up your mind to go," Roger ended; "it is n't as though they had any reason for saying you should n't. Of course, in any reasonable thing, I would n't advise you to — to disobey them. But this is folly, Rachel. Honestly, I believe I'd go!"

"Of course it is not *reasonable*," Rachel cried passionately. "Why, if they would give me a good reason, I would n't say another word. They just tell me, 'It is n't best,' and if I say 'Why?' Aunt Sarah says, 'Thee must trust thy uncle and me.' Trust them!" and she laughed, "they won't let me go because they want to disappoint me. I will trust them to do that!"

"Why, they make a business of being disagreeable to you, don't they?" Roger condoled, his flash of boyish anger gone.

"They think it makes people good to be disappointed," Rachel said, with that contempt which seems to youth so withering. "And they want to make me good, they think I am so wicked. Oh, I am — I am! but if they thought anything good of me I could be good, it seems to me; or if they loved me the least bit, I would not mind giving up everything in the world for them, everything! But they don't care whether I am alive or dead!" She laid her cheek down on the hot face of the dial and sobbed.

"Don't cry," Roger said sympathetically; "what good does it do to cry? Why don't you just go, anyhow? I believe they'd respect you more if you had a will of your own. And it is n't as if they were your own father and mother, you know."

She shook her head. "Oh, I can't! Thee knows I can't. And it is n't that I want to go to the theatre so very much, Roger.

If they had only said I should n't, differently. It 's the way they said it. As though I was wicked to want such a thing; a kind of despair about me; and yet as if, after all, it was only to be expected of me. I might as well live up to it. I might as well be as bad as they think I am!"

Her quick transition from grief to anger dried her tears. Roger did not know what to say; his somewhat slow mind could not keep pace with her sudden changes, and her gusts of feeling wearied him.

He glanced at his horse, cropping the grass about the gate-post, and rubbing his velvety nose against the reddening ivy leaves.

Rachel noticed his look and feared he was going to leave her. "I believe thee 's right, Roger," she said. "I believe I ought to live my life in my own way, to make them respect me. I *will* go!"

Roger looked at her with admiration, yet there was a little doubt in his voice as he said: "It's the only thing to do, Rachel; only — of course — you don't want to make them *very* angry?"

"I don't care how angry they are!" she cried; "it is n't as if they loved me."

"Or as if you loved them," Roger said. "Only — think it over, Rachel. I don't know; somehow I don't feel quite sure."

"*I* feel sure," she answered, striking her hands sharply together; "but, oh, I do love them — I do! I do! And they don't want my love!"

Roger tried awkwardly to comfort her, but he felt as though he would rather give up the theatre than have any more tears, and he began to think he had been rash to urge her to go.

But Rachel had decided. There was a bitter joy in making herself as bad as her uncle and aunt thought her.

"They expect me to be disobedient; they are always watching for it; so I 'll go, Roger!"

II.

It was not, however, quite easy to go into town on Saturday.

"Why does thee start so early, Rachel?" Sarah Townsend said, as her niece put on her little drab bonnet immediately after the noon dinner; "thee will have a long afternoon in town. I wish thee was not such a gad-about. I wish thee loved thy home."

"Thee will not miss me," Rachel answered, with the bitterness of premeditated disobedience. She was already beginning

to feel remorse, and was blaming her aunt for her suffering. "If thee thinks I am a gad-about, Aunt Sarah, I don't see how thee can expect me to love my home. I don't see how I can."

Rachel's fingers trembled as she smoothed the gray ribbons under her chin. But Sarah's quiet sigh, as she said, "Thee need not try to show me how little thee cares for thy home, — I know it too well," was like wind upon the fire.

Rachel flung back some sharp untruth as she opened the white front door and let herself out into the sunshine. But there was a sob in her throat, and her eyes were stung with unshed tears which blurred the spray of salvia she stuck in her dress. "I won't look any more like a Friend than I can help!" she said hotly, as she picked the flaming blossom, knowing how such a thought would wound her aunt. But she did not need the salvia. Her vivid face was not in harmony with her quiet bonnet and gown; she looked like one of the world's people masquerading as a Quakeress.

Roger watched, with a growing fascination, her kindling eyes and her childlike tears and laughter as the play progressed. He even wondered, as they left the glare of the theatre and came out into the soft dusk of the autumn afternoon, whether he was not very much in love with this strange, wild, pitiful creature, whose restless, throbbing life beat against the calm of her home.

In his uncertainty, and his pleasure in her pleasure, and the charm of stolen excitement, he was almost tender to her, — very kind to her, Rachel thought. He could not help telling her, too, how lovely he thought her face was, "and those little soft rings of hair, Rachel, round your temples, are so pretty!"

Rachel grew scarlet. No one had ever said such a thing to her. She trembled a little, and looked at him with such beautiful, appealing eyes, that Roger said more of the same nature. He spoke of the happiness it was to be near her, and how much he hoped that in the future she would not forget him — ("Forget thee? Why, Roger, I have known thee all my life. How could I forget thee?" she said, simply) — and he observed that life for him had not much to offer now. He *had* loved, but that was in his youth. There had been a girl once — But he would tell her about that some other time. He would only say now that he had suffered as few men ever had suffered — (though "she" was entirely unworthy, as he afterwards discovered when

she married some one else). But that was all in the past, he told Rachel, and he felt that the ashes of memory might kindle again if she would but be his friend.

Upon reflection, afterwards, Roger felt that all this had been very unwise. Not that he had committed himself in any way: on the contrary, he had given Rachel to understand that although his heart, buried in those ashes of memory, was capable of being kindled, it was with no warmer flame than friendship. "But girls are so silly; they 're always misunderstanding things," he thought guiltily. And so there were times during the next week, while the remembrance of this indiscretion was fresh, that he tried to undo his words by being a little less than friendly; such an attempt, however, was always followed by a burst of pity for her, and then admiration, and then something strangely like tenderness. As for her, every word he so rashly said that afternoon went deep into her heart, and no temporary coldness in him could make her forget them.

In the excitement and pleasure of the play Rachel lost sight of everything else. Her gladness made the whole world seem loving and lovable.

"Oh, Roger," she said, "it was beautiful! Let 's come again."

"We can come every Saturday afternoon, if you only will," he answered eagerly, "and it will be better each time, and Friend Townsend and your aunt will see that it does n't do any harm."

Rachel's face fell. "I had forgotten them," she said. And when Roger left her at the sun-dial, and she hurried through the garden to the big, silent house, there was no defiance in her heart; nothing but frightened dismay and penitence.

The lamps were not lighted in the hall, only the faint September twilight struggled in through the fanlike window over the front door, but Rachel could see the disapproval on her aunt's face. Sarah Townsend was standing on the lowest step of the staircase, waiting to speak to her niece, before going into the dining-room to see that the candles were lighted for tea. She was fresh from her simple toilet-table; in the clear, fine folds of her kerchief were some rose-geranium leaves, and the spotless muslin of her cap rested upon the shining smoothness of her gray hair. Her exquisite, fragrant neatness was in sharp contrast to Rachel's flushed face; rebellious curls were blown across the girl's eyes and above the brim of her bonnet; her

shawl, too, was awry, and she had torn one glove as she tried to pull it off.

"I hoped," said Sarah gravely, "thee would come out by an earlier train."

"I told thee I was coming at five," Rachel answered, with the quick thought that perhaps her aunt had missed her. "If thee had told me that thee wanted me, I" — Then she stopped abruptly, realizing that she could not have come before. "Why did n't thee tell me? Thee knows, Aunt Sarah, the only thing in the world I want to do is just to please thee!" Confession was trembling upon Rachel's lips.

"I want thee to want to come, Rachel," Sarah said simply, and then with her gentle footfall she went into the dining-room, and standing at the narrow sideboard, with its slender carved legs and inlaid doors and drawers, she began to light the candles in four tall candlesticks. Rachel followed her, with that feeling of aggravation which comes when trying to talk to a person who is walking away from one, and with an instant resolution to be heard. Sarah had lighted a spill at the blue flames of the apple-wood fire, and was slowly touching the candle wicks with it. Its delicate glow shone on her serious face. She looked up at Rachel.

"At least thee knows it does not please me to see thee so untidy," she said.

"Of course thee thinks I would n't have come if thee had said thee wanted me," Rachel cried; "and I could n't help the wind blowing."

"If thee cannot speak respectfully thee can at least be silent," Sarah answered calmly. Then with her quiet step she again passed the girl and went into the parlor, grieved in her kind, just heart at the antagonism in Rachel's voice. And Rachel, in her small, orderly room, gave no thought to repentance, but lived over again the excitement of the afternoon, and Roger's kindness in taking her, and the sound of his voice in those new words he spoke. "I *will* go again!" she said to herself. And she did.

III.

The miserable consciousness of deceit cannot be entirely escaped even in the height of enjoyment, and the theatre never seemed so pleasant to Rachel again. Indeed, except that it gave her Roger's companionship, upon which she was more and more

dependent, she would not have cared to go; and even his companionship did not persuade her more than two or three times, after which her efforts to escape the stings of conscience were very apparent.

Remorse began to stain all her interests, and even her few pleasures. Remorse is a very dreadful pain to the young. They have not the experience of years of wrong-doing to teach them that there will come times of ease from that weight and ache below the breast-bone, that sick feeling of remembrance intruding upon their happy and forgetful moments; still less can they grasp the relief of hoping that remorse may end altogether. Rachel, for mere pain of her sin, sinned again to forget the pain. She was only happy with Roger, but the last expedition to the theatre left her more unhappy than before. She was strangely restless; she took long walks alone, simply for occupation, or hurried into the city and out again for no other purpose than to divert her thoughts from her disobedience. She went over and over in her mind terms in which she might confess what she had done — for it would be such a relief to confess! But the thought of her aunt's dismay, which would have in it no surprise, made the child shrink back into herself.

Sarah Townsend saw the restlessness with concern, but she could have no conception of its redeeming cause. Yet it was not until one November afternoon that she spoke of it to her husband.

"I have not wanted thee to think less well of the child than thee does, Joseph," she ended anxiously, "and so I have not told thee that I was troubled about her; sometimes I think thy judgments are almost harsh, because thy ideal is so high. But it shows such unrest, this running about so much. She ought to wish to be at home. Home is the Lord's place for a modest young woman; it is an unregenerate and shallow mind which demands constant recreation."

"Yes, yes, that is true," Friend Townsend answered. He rose, and began to walk nervously about the room. "It must be stopped," he said. "We must remember her heritage from her grandfather, and insist upon a quieter life and a contented mind. I am glad young Roger Livingstone has gone in town. Sarah! thee does not think she sees him there?"

He paused beside her chair in sudden anxiety.

"Oh, Joseph, no!" she cried, "how can thee think of such a thing! It is only the restlessness of youth which seeks any

occupation but duty. A woman of thy family could not so forget herself." With all its gentleness, there was a calm pride in Sarah's face as she said this. "But we must stop her going into the city so much; that impulsive, inconsequent nature of hers must be trained to self-control. Will thee speak to her, or shall I?"

"Oh, thee, thee," Joseph said. "But, Sarah, why did thee not put a stop to it long ago?"

"Because," she answered, sadly, "there are so many commands to give. I have to reprove her so often. She does not know how much I dread to find fault; and she is so ready to be angry! It seems to alienate her, too, and make her more unloving, when I do admonish her. She cannot see that it is only because I love her that I do it, — but thee knows I love her, Joseph?"

The wistful tremor in her even voice gave her husband a shock of pain.

"She has an evil nature," he said angrily, "if she can bear to make thee grieve."

Yet, as they sat waiting for Rachel to come home from a long walk in the cold, gray afternoon, his heart melted toward the child; and when at last she entered the quiet room, he rose and left it, though in a silence she thought stern. By himself in the hall, he struck his hands together with a gesture strangely unlike his usual calm. "Poor Rachel," he said, "poor child!" His head sank upon his breast as he walked restlessly about. Joseph Townsend was remembering many things.

Rachel was in a softened mood when she came into the parlor. In her walk along the river path she had been thinking that, after all, life might be very beautiful if there were love in it; — and Roger loved her! She was sure of that. Yes, a girl might be very glad to be alive, if there were love in life, and one tried to be good, — and she meant to be good hereafter. Of late she had been living in a dream of Roger, into which the real man had not entered. She had not noticed his efforts at commonplace friendliness, for they were so genuine there could be no sting in them, and beside they alternated with that talk about "friendship" which is such subtile love-making. It needed something sharp to pierce the mist in which her own construction of his looks and words had wrapped her. That afternoon, in the glow of content about her heart, she forgot

for a little while her remorse; and when she remembered it all, her contrition was subtly pervaded by her joy.

"Rachel," Sarah said, in her low, even voice, glancing at the girl, who stood resting her forehead on the edge of the mantel-piece and idly unfastening her bonnet, "thy uncle and I feel that thy taking such long walks, and going so often into town for no purpose, is but idling away thy time, and we think it best for thee to put a stop to it. We need not discuss it, but just remember what I say."

Rachel did not speak, and her aunt, thinking it was sullen acquiescence, added, "It is for thy own good; we are sorry to cross thee."

The pleading in Sarah's tone touched the child; an impulse of love and repentance and happiness sent the tears brimming into her eyes. "Oh, Aunt Sarah," she said, "I won't do anything thee does n't want me to, but — but — I have; and I am so sorry!"

Sarah Townsend looked up at her with sudden tenderness and hope. "If thee is really sorry it will be easy for thee to please us, my dear."

At that unusual, almost unknown word, Rachel's reserve gave way. She flung her bonnet on the floor and sank upon her knees beside her aunt, hiding her face in Sarah's lap. It seemed to her that she had begun her confession; and she was already comforted, and restored in her own eyes; she did not realize that confession is relief, not remission.

"It is n't just the going in town," she said, her voice shaken with tears. "I have done wrong, Aunt Sarah. Oh, I have been so wicked — so wicked! Thee can never, never, *never* forgive me!"

Scenes like this seemed to Sarah Townsend to lack genuineness. It was not necessary to be dramatic. "Thee must not throw thy bonnet on the floor, Rachel," she replied calmly, "and thee must be more composed. Instead of crying, just make up thy mind to be a good girl."

But Rachel could not check her impetuous remorse. "I did not think it was really wrong when I did it. I do not believe I stopped to think at all. Oh, Aunt Sarah, Aunt Sarah, I am so wicked! I have been going into town and — and — meeting Roger, and — "

Sarah put her hands on the girl's shoulders and lifted her with a sharp push.

"What does thee mean, Rachel?" she said.

At the change in her voice, Rachel knelt upright, brushing her hair back from her startled eyes, and looking wonderingly at her aunt.

"What does thee mean about Roger Livingstone?" Sarah repeated, with something which was almost terror in her tone.

"Oh, Aunt Sarah," the girl faltered, trying to hide her face on her aunt's knees, but held back by the relentless hands, "I have been to the theatre with Roger, that's all."

"All!" Sarah exclaimed, half with relief and half with indignant protest.

"Yes," Rachel said, covering her face with her hands and sobbing; "yes, that's what I went in town for, three afternoons last month."

Sarah could not speak; she felt almost faint. She did not see that Rachel had put her heart into her hands for good or ill; only the deceit, the disobedience, the dismay at Roger's influence, pressed upon her. She bent her sweet, stern face upon her breast and groaned.

Rachel shivered. "Oh, I am so sorry, — I am so sorry. I will be good after this, *always*. I will be good!"

"Perhaps thee cannot be good, Rachel," Sarah said in a broken voice, speaking involuntarily her thought that it might be that the child was not altogether responsible for this warped moral nature; and that perhaps, too, her own severity, which had seemed a duty, had but made things worse. "Thee has deceived us as well as disobeyed us," she said sadly, and paused, but Rachel did not speak; "and thee can find pleasure in the companionship of such a man as Roger Livingstone, — thee, Joseph's niece!"

Rachel rose, the softness frozen, the tenderness bitter. "I have deceived thee, but I am sorry. I have asked thee to forgive me. I am sorry. I don't see what more I can say." She had that feeling, — which often comes with confession, — that by confession the sin is atoned for; and with it a sense of injury, almost anger, that her listener should feel surprise or grief. She resented Sarah's dismay as unjust and cruel. "I've told thee about it; I don't see what else I can do," she said sullenly, tying the fringe of her gray shawl into knots, and never lifting her eyes to her aunt's face. "There is nothing wrong in being glad to see Roger. If he'd been welcome

here, I need n't have seen him anywhere else, and — and — I like to be with Roger."

Sarah looked at her for a moment without speaking; then she said abruptly, "Rachel, has Roger asked thee to marry him? I ask thee, though I am not sure that thee will tell me the truth." Sarah was quite calm now, but her mind was confused between distress at this foolish defiance, and the far deeper grief of the girl's deceit. Rachel's lips parted and then closed again. She hung her head in silence.

"Answer me, Rachel."

But Rachel could not speak.

"Does thee mean," Sarah said incisively, "that thee cares for a man who does not care for thee? And that, to be with him, thee has been willing to deceive and disobey thy uncle and aunt? — thee has taken a lie upon thy soul? Rachel, I have known that thee did not love us, and did not cheerfully obey us, but I never knew that thy heart was filled with deceit, and that thee had not the modesty of the young women of thy family. Does thee think we can ever trust thee again?"

Rachel stood without any words, trembling and panting like some wounded animal. She had no thought of self-defence; it was only pain.

"Thee may go to thy room," Sarah said after a long silence; "thy uncle and I will try and decide what had best be done."

Without a word Rachel turned and fled out into the hall and up the stairs. She caught a glimpse of her uncle walking calmly up and down between the tall white lilies in Sarah's conservatory. He would have to be told! She scarcely seemed to breathe until she reached her own room, and shut and locked the door, and then leaned against it for support. Her heart was pounding in her throat; her eyes were blurred and stinging, but without tears. She heard the parlor door open and close, and knew that Joseph was listening to the story of her guilt.

"I cannot bear it!" she said aloud; "no; no; I cannot bear it."

A gleam of joy came to her in the thought that it could not be borne; it meant escape from intolerable pain, though she could not yet see by what means. Her mind even darted forward to contemplate a time of peace, and she vaguely thought of a day when she should look back upon this misery — But no, it was too terrible ever to be looked back upon! Pity for

herself made her sob aloud, and without knowing that she was only choosing the lesser anguish she began to say, "It is all because they are angry about Roger." She could not face the truth, that her pain and theirs was because of her deceit. It was a little easier to say, "They are angry that Roger should care for me." By and by a means of escaping from pain by action began to grow clear to her. She would go and tell Roger. In her proud, innocent heart, Sarah's assertion that she cared for a man who did not care for her left no sting, save the bitterness that her aunt should have said it.

"I 'll tell Roger," she said over and over again to herself, for his very name comforted her.

IV.

The warm, fragrant air of the conservatory, and the silent beauty of Sarah's stately lilies, had made Joseph Townsend less restless. He almost forgot his anxiety about Rachel, and when he came into the parlor he was greatly startled and alarmed to find his wife hiding her face in her arms upon the table, her quick breath showing that she was in tears.

"Tell me, Sarah!" he said. But it was some moments before she could speak, and then she said brokenly: "Joseph, Rachel has been deceiving us. She has confessed it, though she is not really repentant. Think how we have failed in our duty to her, if such sin is possible in the poor child!" Then she told him, faltering with grief and shame, of the deception; but, with a tender instinct to spare Rachel, she said nothing of what she felt to be the girl's infatuation for Roger Livingstone. After all, that was the least important. "But, Joseph," she ended, "think how far we have let her drift from us, that she *could* deceive us! Oh, I have sinned in this; it is my fault — not Rachel's. She does not love us, after all these years, but it is because I have been unworthy of the charge of one of His little ones!"

He tried to comfort her and tell her she was wrong, but for once the brave, silent woman was broken; she would not listen, and by and by went to her own bedroom, pacing up and down the floor in despairing condemnation of herself. Her heart ached for Rachel, yet it did not occur to her to go and comfort the child; indeed, she would have felt it wrong to have seemed to excuse the sin too readily; but, even had it occurred to her, it was too late.

Rachel's vague purpose of telling Roger had assumed a definite form. There was a train into town that she could take which would make it possible for her to see the young man before he went out for the evening. And she would tell him all about it, and he — he would tell her how to act! She had a confused thought of finding a place to board and some work to do, but underneath this purpose was the wordless conviction that Roger would take care of her. She did not think, "He will ask me to marry him;" she only felt it.

At last she rose from crouching against the door, and with trembling little hands put on her dove-colored bonnet, and folded a soft shawl about her shoulders. Then she opened the door and stood for a moment listening, her eyes dilating and her breath coming quickly. There was no sound except the faint snapping of the fire in one of the lower rooms. The hall was quite dark in the early twilight, and the shadows hid her as she crept downstairs; her fingers shook when she turned the big brass knob and opened the front door. In another moment she had closed it stealthily behind her, and stood alone in the gray chill of the November evening.

She looked back once, when she reached the foot of the steps, not hesitating in her purpose, nor with any relenting tenderness, but with the habit of a love which has been repressed and misunderstood. The blinds had not been drawn, and she could see Joseph sitting with his gray head bowed upon his hand; his spectacles were folded across the pages of a book which was upon a little round table at his side; Sarah Townsend's white knitting-work lay just as she had put it down when she began to reprove Rachel; the room looked so warm and peaceful, her uncle sat so quietly watching the fire, his face hidden by his hand, that a wave of bitterness swept over the child. "What does he care if I am unhappy?" she thought; "as soon as the lamps are lighted he 'll read again." Oh, if they only had loved her — she already thought of her life with them as in the past — she could have been so good! but they would never trust her or love her again! For an instant she forgot that her anger was for Roger's sake.

She turned and ran swiftly through the garden; her dress caught on the broken branch of a rosebush, and she stopped to loosen it, pricking her slender fingers till they bled. She found herself suddenly crying; it was snowing softly, and she was cold, and everything hated her.

The rush and tumult of the flying train drowned her thoughts. She was half dazed when she reached the city, but in the short ride to Roger's rooms she began to think how she should tell him her story. Again and again she reached a certain point in it, and then seemed to wait for his answer: "What ought I to do, Roger? I 'll do whatever thee tells me."

She was so sure of his sympathy, and so ignorant of human nature, that it was impossible for her to imagine the dismay and almost repulsion with which Roger, entering his small library from his bedroom, saw her standing in his doorway, flushed and panting and almost happy.

After his first two terrible words of astonishment there was absolute silence for a moment. Rachel's color wavered and ebbed, the terror stole back into her eyes. Without a word of explanation the enormity of her mistake fell upon her.

"Has any one seen you?" Roger said; and then he drew her inside and closed the door. "For Heaven's sake, why are you here? Has anybody seen you?" His fright at his own responsibility made him angry. Rachel's beautiful dumb eyes entreated him to understand her. "Something has happened, I suppose. Tell me. Oh, Rachel! you should not have come *here*. Did you go to my office first?"

"They have found out about my going to the theatre," she answered at last, slowly. She had forgotten that it had been her own confession. It seemed to her that she had been trapped into telling her aunt. "They are very angry, and they will never trust me again. Aunt Sarah said she would never trust me again. So I am going to earn my own living; and I — I thought thee could advise me — but never mind."

The pitiful quiver in her voice touched Roger, but it was chivalry, not love, that it aroused.

"Rachel, dear," he said simply, "I will take care of you always. You must marry me, Rachel."

But it was too late. With the first look of horrified surprise on Roger's face the woman had been born in her. She scarcely seemed to hear him, and went on speaking as though he had not interrupted her. She was conscious only of a desire to hide from him that she had depended upon him. "I mean to do some kind of work. I don't know what, yet. But I can't live at Uncle Joseph's any more. So I thought — if thee could tell me some place where I could board — I have a little money — But thee need n't trouble, Roger."

Roger drew a long breath. After all, it would never do. It was folly to have asked her to marry him; and Rachel had had too much sense to notice his words.

"Why, of course I'll help you, Rachel," he said, in a troubled way; "only, honestly, I don't see how I can. Why, Rachel, don't you understand? It would n't do."

"Thee need n't trouble," she said again, vaguely.

"But it is n't that it is any trouble," he explained. "You know I would n't care how much trouble it was, only, what would be the use? You could n't support yourself. Why, my dear girl, what can you do? And, don't you see, Friend Townsend would simply find you, and take you home again. He has the legal right." Roger was still young enough in his profession to feel its awe. "Indeed, Rachel," he continued, for she did not answer, "it was foolish to come to me — to come in town, I mean; and it was a mistake to think you could take care of yourself. I know the world, my child, and you don't. Do go home, Rachel, right away!"

The old simple friendliness made him very much in earnest.

"Very well," she said.

"Won't you start to the station at once?" Roger said eagerly. "Your carriage is at the door still, and you can be at home again in an hour. I must n't go downstairs with you; it would n't do, don't you know. But if you 'll just slip out quietly, nobody will see you, and they need never know at Friend Townsend's that you came here."

"I shall know," Rachel said, hoarsely.

"What?" cried Roger, impatiently, but without waiting for her answer; "you can say you came in town on an errand and missed your train, or — or anything! But go — go!"

In the sudden fear that some one might come in and find her there, he was again growing angry with her folly.

"Yes; I 'll go," Rachel answered.

"You see, I don't want any one to know that you came here to see me, Rachel dear," he explained, relenting with honest sympathy for her mistake, "because, you see, it is n't — well, it is n't usual for a girl to go to a man's rooms, don't you know. So you won't mind my not going downstairs with you?"

"No, I won't mind," she said, looking absently about the warm, bright little room; "I won't mind; oh, no. And I 'm sorry, Roger; and it is n't thy fault. Only — I ought not to

have been born, thee sees. I — I think it is n't anybody's fault, after all."

"What is n't? What do you mean?" he said, with sudden anxiety, for she seemed so indifferent to him and his explanations that Roger felt a thrill of tenderness.

But Rachel had gone. He followed her into the entry, where the one small jet of gas flared and burned bluely for a moment in the draught from his open door, but she did not look back. He leaned over the balustrade and saw her gray figure hurrying down the coil of the broad staircase, and he stood there, straining his eyes into the darkness and full of troubled pity, until, in the lower hall, the front door opened and then closed with a dull, distant jar.

V.

And Rachel? The idea of going home again never presented itself to her, yet, with a dim consciousness of a promise, she went blindly towards the station. She forgot the carriage, although it had begun to snow steadily, and in her hurried uncertain walk she stumbled once or twice. The second time a group of men, who had sought shelter in a doorway, laughed loudly, and one of them shouted a name into ears too innocent to know that they were insulted. She turned and looked at them with the wondering thought that any one was happy enough to laugh, and they were silenced.

Again the short, swift ride; again the glare of the lamp outside the little station, the panting engine, the clouds of steam, and, through all, the beating snow and the gusts of wind. The station-master did not recognize her, and when he looked again for the one passenger who had gotten out of the train, she had vanished.

She left the road, which ran between leafless hedges, and, climbing down a gravelly bank, hurried across a field towards the river. "If I can only just be quiet and think," she said again and again; "if I can only be quiet."

She walked aimlessly about the wide, white meadow, trying to silence the tumult in her brain which seemed actual noise. She even put her hands up to her ears once, and stood still, repeating, "I must think." After a while she tripped upon the twisted root of a locust-tree, and, through sheer exhaustion, did not rise, but sat leaning against its rough trunk. "I 'll

think now," she said to herself, and hid her face in her hands, for the darkness and the storm began to terrify her. One word, repeating and repeating itself, had made this clamor in her mind.

"Oh, yes, yes," she said, as though answering it; "yes, I will die; I must; but I don't know how. Oh, if God would only kill me; He might be as kind as that! I have always been so unhappy, and it would be such a little thing to let me die! But I have prayed and prayed, and yet I go on living. Why can't He let me die instead of some sick person — who has friends?"

As this thought worked itself out in her mind, she heard, above her own sobs, and above the soft, swift rush of the river, the far-off rumble of a train of cars.

Then, suddenly, it all came to her, how easy escape was, how simple! A great calm settled down upon her. She lifted her face with a bewildered smile. The snow had caught in the wet tangle of her dark hair, and blew against her small, pitiful lips with faint, cold touches. Here was the way out of all the pain; she need not pray for it to come to her; she could take it.

She rose, steadying herself upon her tired feet, and began to walk back across the field towards the railroad. She found herself wondering why anybody was alive when it was so easy not to be. She laughed, under her breath, to think how she had prayed for escape when all the while the river had been slipping by, and this other way invited her. And then her mind fastened upon the idea that she was dying for some one else, some unknown, dearly loved sick person. A curious pagan instinct of giving a life in exchange for a life sprang up in this moment of primal simplicity into which her soul slipped at the thought of death. She would die, and some one else should live. The passion of sacrifice entered into the thought of death and hid the pitiful selfishness of her purpose, — a purpose which was only childish impatience with present pain.

When she reached the steep embankment again, she took off her bonnet, and, with the hardly acquired habit of care for her clothing, folded her shawl about it, placing them beneath a tree. Then she climbed the gravelly slope and stood upon one of the tracks; the snow beat in her face, and the wind twisted her wet skirt about her ankles. Again, far back among

the hills, came the rumble of the approaching train; she felt the jar under her feet, and then, through the white blur of the storm, came the muffled glare of the headlight.

In an instant the desire for death was swept away. Her instinct to escape pain had been only love of life in disguise. She leaped back upon the other track. "Oh, I didn't mean it, I didn't mean it!" she cried hoarsely. The riotous wind swept her frightened voice like a feather into the darkness, and as the cars rushed past her down the track she stood white and trembling, saying again and again: "I don't want to die, I don't want to die; I didn't mean it!"

She had forgotten — or perhaps she did not know — that the other express was due. The two trains thundered by each other, and left only darkness and the beating snow.

. . . . . .

If only the great silence could have explained her to them!

"She took her own life," Sarah said briefly; "the child of our old age could not love us enough to live for us. And it was my fault."

"I drove her to it — it was my fault," Roger Livingstone said, under his breath, divided between grief, and fright, and passionate gratitude that no one but himself knew of the interview in his rooms that last night. But this terrible conviction faded and he came after a while to think, very honestly, that he had loved her, and she had refused him. "She would not listen to me when I asked her to marry me! Oh, if she had cared for me I could have saved her, and now she has broken my heart!"

"It was my fault, it was my fault!" Joseph Townsend said; "I ought to have understood her. We tried to make her good in our way, when she had a right to her own nature. But I ought to have understood!"

JEAN FRANÇOIS CASIMIR DELAVIGNE.

Delavigne, Jean François Casimir, a French lyric and dramatic poet; born at Havre, April 4, 1793, died at Lyons, December 11, 1843. He was the son of a merchant, and was educated at the Napoleon Lyceum at Paris. He early showed a marked taste for poetry. Andrieux, to whom some of his pieces were shown, at first endeavored to dissuade him from writing, but on seeing his dithyramb "On the Birth of the King of Rome," written in 1811, encouraged him to continue poetical effort. This poem also produced for Delavigne the patronage of the Count of Nantes. In 1814 the young poet competed for a prize offered by the French Academy. His poem "Charles XII. à Narva" received honorable mention, and a poem presented the next year, "Sur la Découverte de la Vaccine," obtained a secondary prize. The humiliation of France in 1815 gave Delavigne a stirring subject. He wrote two poems, "Waterloo" and "La Dévastation du Musée," to which he added a third poem, "Sur le Besoin de s'unir après le Départ des Étrangers," and published the three in 1818 under the title of "Trois Messéniennes." They had an immense success, and their author received an appointment as Librarian of the Chancery. He next wrote two "Élégies sur la Vie et la Morte de Jeanne d'Arc;" and in 1819 produced his tragedy "Les Vêpres Siciliennes," which was received with great favor. This was followed in 1820 by "Les Comédiens," and in 1821 by "La Paria." Several new "Messéniennes" appeared between 1821 and 1823, and in the latter year, "L'École des Vieillards." For this drama he was awarded a place in the French Academy (1825). He produced "La Princesse Aurélie" (1828); "Marino Faliero" (1829); during the Revolution of 1830 "La Parisienne," a lyric, was as enthusiastically received as the "Marseillaise" had been. Another tragedy, "Les Enfants d'Édouard," was produced in 1833; "Don Juan d'Autriche" in 1835; "Une Famille au Temps de Luther" in 1836; "La Popularité," a comedy, in 1838; "La Fille du Cid," a tragedy, in 1839; and, "Le Conseiller Rapporteur, a comedy in prose, in 1841. Delavigne was engaged upon a tragedy, "Melusine," when failing health obliged him to leave Paris.

Waterloo.

(From "Trois Messéniennes.")

They breathe no longer: let their ashes rest!
Clamor unjust and calumny
They stooped not to confute; but flung their breast
Against the legions of your enemy,
And thus avenged themselves: for you they die.

Woe to you, woe! if those inhuman eyes
Can spare no drops to mourn your country's weal;
Shrinking before your selfish miseries;
Against the common sorrow hard as steel;
Tremble! the hand of death upon you lies;
You may be forced yourselves to feel.

But no — what son of France has spared his tears
For her defenders, dying in their fame;
Though kings return, desired through lengthening years,
What old man's cheek is tinged not with her shame?
What veteran, who their fortune's treason hears,
Feel not the quickening spark of his old youthful flame?

Great Heaven! what lessons mark that one day's page!
What ghastly figures that might crowd an age!
How shall the historic Muse record the day,
Nor, starting, cast the trembling pen away?
Hide from me, hide those soldiers overborne,
Broken with toil, with death-bolts crushed and torn—

Those quivering limbs with dust defiled,
And bloody corses upon corses piled;
Veil from mine eyes that monument
Of nation against nation spent
In struggling rage that pants for breath,
Spare us the bands thou sparedst, Death!
O Varus! where the warriors thou hast led?
Restore our legions! give us back the dead!

I see the broken squadrons reel;
The steeds plunge wide with spurning heel;
Our eagles trod in miry gore;
The leopard standards swooping o'er;
The wounded on their slow cars dying,
The rout disordered, waving, flying;

WATERLOO

From a Painting by C. Steuben

Tortured with struggles vain, the throng
Sway, shock, and drag their shattered mass along,
And leave behind their long array
Wrecks, corses, blood — the foot-marks of their way.

Through whirlwind smoke and flashing flame —
O grief! — what sight appalls mine eye?
The sacred band, with generous shame,
Sole 'gainst an army, pause — to die!
Struck with the rare devotion, 't is in vain.
The foes at gaze their blades restrain,
And proud to conquer hem them round: the cry
Returns, "The guard surrender not! — they die!"
'T is said that, when in dust they saw them lie,
A reverend sorrow for their brave career
Smote on the foe: they fixed the pensive eye,
And first beheld them undisturbed with fear.

See, then, these heroes, long invincible,
Whose threatening features still their conquerors brave;
Frozen in death, those eyes are terrible;
Feats of the past their deep-scarred brows engrave:

For these are they who bore Italia's sun,
Who o'er Castilia's mountain-barrier passed;
The North beheld them o'er the rampart run,
Which frosts of ages round her Russia cast;
All sank subdued before them, and the date
Of combats owed this guerdon to their glory, —
Seldom to Franks denied, — to fall elate
On some proud day that should survive in story.

Let us no longer mourn them; for the palm
Unwithering shades their features stern and calm:
Franks! mourn we for ourselves — our land's disgrace —
The proud, mean passions that divide her race.
What age so rank in treasons! to our blood
The love is alien of the common good;
Friendship, no more unbosomed, hides her tears,
And man shuns man, and each his fellow fears,
Scared from her sanctuary, Faith shuddering flies
The din of oaths, the vaunt of perjuries.
O cursed delirium! jars deplored
That yield our home-hearths to the stranger's sword!
Our faithless hands but draw the gleaming blade
To wound the bosom which its point should aid.

The strangers raze our fenced wall;
The castle stoops, the city falls;
Insulting foes their truce forget;
The unsparing war-bolt thunders yet;
Flames glare our ravaged hamlets o'er,
And funerals darken every door;
Drained provinces their greedy prefects rue,
Beneath the lilied or the triple hue;
And Franks, disputing for the choice of power,
Dethrone a banner, or proscribe a flower.
France! to our fierce intolerance we owe
The ills that from these sad divisions flow;
'T is time the sacrifice were made to thee
Of our suspicious pride, our civic enmity:
Haste — quench the torches of intestine war;
Heaven points the lily as our army's star;
Hoist, then, the banner of the white — some tears
May bathe the thrice-dyed flag which Austerlitz endears.

France! France! awake, with one indignant mind!
With new-born hosts the throne's dread precinct bind!
Disarmed, divided, conquerors o'er us stand;
Present the olive, but the sword in hand.
And thou, O people, flushed with our defeat,
To whom the mourning of our land is sweet,
Thou witness of the death-blow of our brave!
Dream not that France is vanquished to a slave;
Gall not with pride the avengers yet to come:
Heaven may remit the chastening of our doom;
A new Germanicus may yet demand
Those eagles wrested from our Varus' hand.

DEMOSTHENES

Statue in Vatican, Rome

DEMOSTHENES.

Demosthenes, an Athenian statesman and orator, born about 384, died in 322 B.C. He was carefully educated for the profession of a "rhetorician," or advocate. He labored under some great disadvantages for the exercise of this profession. His constitution was delicate; his chest was weak; and he had a marked impediment in his speech. But gradually he overcame this disability; and before he had reached the age of thirty he had become one of the leading members of the Athenian "bar," with a large and lucrative practice. Up to his thirtieth year Demosthenes was busied simply as a lawyer. He now began to speak in the agora upon public matters, and more especially upon the foreign affairs of the commonwealth. The most ominous feature was the growing power of Philip of Macedon. Demosthenes took every occasion to warn his countrymen against the designs of Philip, and to urge a stricter union between the Grecian States in opposition to Philip. In 351 B. C. being then thirty-three years of age, he delivered the first of the great speeches known as the "Philippics;" from their being specially directed against Philip; the third Philippic was delivered ten years later, but between these dates he delivered several other speeches, such as the "Olynthiacs" — of hardly less importance. There are extant sixty orations attributed to Demosthenes, though the authenticity of several of them has been questioned from very early times. The greatest of these is that "Upon the Crown," delivered in his fiftieth year.

The First Olynthiac.

(From "The Orations of Demosthenes.")

I believe, men of Athens, you would give much to know what is the true policy to be adopted in the present matter of inquiry. This being the case, you should be willing to hear with attention those who offer you their counsel. Besides that you will have the benefit of all preconsidered advice, I esteem it part of your good fortune that many fit suggestions will occur to some speakers at the moment, so that from them all you may easily choose what is profitable.

The present juncture, Athenians, all but proclaims aloud that you must yourselves take these affairs in hand, if you care for their success. I know not how we seem disposed in the matter. My own opinion is, vote succor immediately, and make the speediest preparations for sending it off from Athens, that you may not incur the same mishap as before; send also ambassadors to announce this and watch the proceedings. For the danger is that this man, being unscrupulous and clever at turning events to account, making concessions when it suits him, threatening at other times (his threats may well be believed), slandering us and urging our absence against us, may convert and wrest to his use some of our main resources. Though, strange to say, Athenians, the very cause of Philip's strength is a circumstance favorable to you. His having it in his sole power to publish or conceal his designs, his being at the same time general, sovereign, paymaster, and everywhere accompanying his army, is a great advantage for quick and timely operations in war; but for a peace with the Olynthians, which he would gladly make, it has a contrary effect. For it is plain to the Olynthians that now they are fighting, not for glory or a slice of territory, but to save their country from destruction and servitude. They know how he treated those Amphipolitans who surrendered to him their city, and those Pydneans who gave him admittance. And generally, I believe, a despotic power is mistrusted by free States, especially if their dominions are adjoining. All this being known to you, Athenians, all else of importance considered, I say you must take heart and spirit, and apply yourselves more than ever to the war, contributing promptly, serving personally, leaving nothing undone. No plea or pretence is left to you for declining your duty. What you were all so clamorous about, that the Olynthians should be pressed into a war with Philip, has of itself come to pass, and in a way most advantageous to you. For, had they undertaken the war at your instance, they might have been slippery allies, with minds but half resolved, perhaps; but since they hate him on a quarrel of their own, their enmity is like to endure on account of their fears and their wrongs. You must not, then, Athenians, forego this lucky opportunity, nor commit the error which you have often done heretofore. For example, when we returned from succoring the Eubœans, and Hierax and Stratocles of Amphipolis came to this platform, urging us to sail and receive possession of their city, if we had shown the same zeal

for ourselves as for the safety of Eubœa, you would have held Amphipolis then and been rid of all the troubles that ensued. Again, when news came that Pydna, Potidæa, Methone, Pagasæ, and the other places (not to waste time in enumerating them) were besieged, had we to any one of these in the first instance carried prompt and reasonable succor, we should have found Philip far more tractable and humble now. But, by always neglecting the present, and imagining the future would shift for itself, we, O men of Athens, have exalted Philip, and made him greater than any king of Macedon ever was. Here, then, is come a crisis, this of Olynthus, self-offered to the State, inferior to none of the former. And methinks, men of Athens, any man fairly estimating what the gods have done for us, notwithstanding many untoward circumstances, might with reason be grateful to them. Our numerous losses in war may justly be charged to our own negligence; but that they happened not long ago, and that an alliance, to counterbalance them, is open to our acceptance, I must regard as manifestations of divine favor. It is much the same as in money matters. If a man keep what he gets, he is thankful to fortune; if he lose it by imprudence, he loses withal his memory of the obligation. So in political affairs, they who misuse their opportunities forget even the good which the gods send them; for every prior event is judged commonly by the last result. Wherefore, Athenians, we must be exceedingly careful of our future measures, that by amendment therein we may efface the shame of the past. Should we abandon these men too, and Philip reduce Olynthus, let any one tell me what is to prevent him marching where he pleases? Does any one of you Athenians compute or consider the means by which Philip, originally weak, has become great? Having first taken Amphipolis, then Pydna, Potidæa next, Methone afterward, he invaded Thessaly. Having ordered matters at Pheræ, Pagasæ, Magnesia, everywhere exactly as he pleased, he departed for Thrace; where, after displacing some kings and establishing others, he fell sick; again recovering, he lapsed not into indolence, but instantly attacked the Olynthians. I omit his expeditions to Illyria and Pæonia, that against Arymbas, and some others.

Why, it may be said, do you mention all this now? That you, Athenians, may feel and understand both the folly of continually abandoning one thing after another, and the activity which forms part of Philip's habit and existence, which makes it

impossible for him to rest content with his achievements. If it be his principle ever to do more than he has done, and yours to apply yourselves vigorously to nothing, see what the end promises to be. Heavens! which of you is so simple as not to know that the war yonder will soon be here if we are careless? And should this happen, I fear, O Athenians, that as men who thoughtlessly borrow on large interest, after a brief accommodation lose their estate, so will it be with us; found to have paid dear for our idleness and self-indulgence we shall be reduced to many hard and unpleasant shifts, and struggle for the salvation of our country.

To censure, I may be told, is easy for any man; to show what measures the case requires, is the part of a counsellor. I am not ignorant, Athenians, that frequently, when any disappointment happens, you are angry, not with the parties in fault, but with the last speakers on the subject; yet never, with a view to self-protection, would I suppress what I deem for your interest. I say, then, you must give a twofold assistance here: first, save the Olynthians their towns, and send out troops for that purpose; secondly, annoy the enemy's country with ships and other troops; omit either of these courses, and I doubt the expedition will be fruitless. For should he, suffering your incursion, reduce Olynthus, he will easily march to the defence of his kingdom; or should you only throw succor into Olynthus, and he, seeing things out of danger at home, keep up a close and vigilant blockade, he must in time prevail over the besieged. Your assistance, therefore, must be effective, and twofold.

Such are the operations I advise. As to a supply of money: you have money, Athenians; you have a larger military fund than any people; and you receive it just as you please. If ye will assign this to your troops, ye need no further supply; otherwise ye need a further, or rather ye have none at all. How then? some man may exclaim: do you move that this be a military fund? Verily, not I. My opinion indeed is that there should be soldiers raised, and a military fund, and one and the same regulation for receiving and performing what is due; only you just without trouble take your allowance for the festivals. It remains, then, I imagine, that all must contribute; if much be wanted, much, if little, little. Money must be had; without it nothing proper can be done. Other persons propose other ways and means. Choose which ye think expedient; and put hands to the work while it is yet time.

It may be well to consider and calculate how Philip's affairs now stand. They are not, as they appear, or as an inattentive observer might pronounce, in very good trim, or in the most favorable position. He would never have commenced this war had he imagined he must fight. He expected to carry everything on the first advance, and has been mistaken. This disappointment is one thing that troubles and dispirits him; another is the state of Thessaly. That people were always, you know, treacherous to all men; and just as they ever have been, they are to Philip. They have resolved to demand the restitution of Pegasæ, and have prevented his fortifying Magnesia; and I was told they would no longer allow him to take the revenue of their harbors and markets, which they say should be applied to the public business of Thessaly, not received by Philip. Now, if he be deprived of this fund, his means will be much straitened for paying his mercenaries. And surely we must suppose that Pæonians and Illyrians, and all such people, would rather be free and independent than under subjection; for they are unused to obedience, and the man is a tyrant. So report says, and I can well believe it; for undeserved success leads weak-minded men into folly; and thus it appears often that to maintain prosperity is harder than to acquire it. Therefore must you, Athenians, looking on his difficulty as your opportunity, assist cheerfully in the war, sending embassies where required, taking arms yourselves, exciting all other people; for if Philip got such an opportunity against us, and there was a war on our frontier, how eagerly think ye he would attack you! Then are you not ashamed that the very damage which you would suffer if he had the power, you dare not seize the moment to inflict on him?

And let not this escape you, Athenians, that you have now the choice whether you shall fight there or he in your country. If Olynthus hold out, you will fight there and distress his dominions, enjoying your own home in peace. If Philip take that city, who shall then prevent his marching here? Thebans? I wish it be not too harsh to say, they will be ready to join in the invasion. Phocians? who cannot defend their own country without your assistance. Or some other ally? But, good sir, he will not desire! Strange indeed if what he is thought foolhardy for prating now, this he would not accomplish if he might. As to the vast difference between a war here or there, I fancy there needs no argument. If you were obliged to be out

yourselves for thirty days only, and take the necessaries for camp-service from the land (I mean, without an enemy therein), your agricultural population would sustain, I believe, greater damage than what the whole expense of the late war amounted to. But if a war should come, what damage must be expected? There is the insult too, and the disgrace of the thing, worse than any damage to right-thinking men.

On all these accounts, then, we must unite to lend our succor, and drive off the war yonder; the rich, that, spending a little for the abundance which they happily possess, they may enjoy the residue in security; the young, that, gaining military experience in Philip's territory, they may become redoubtable champions to preserve their own; the orators, that they may pass a good account of their statesmanship; for on the result of measures will depend your judgment of their conduct. May it for every cause be prosperous.

The Second Olynthiac.

On many occasions, men of Athens, one may see the kindness of the gods to this country manifested, but most signally, I think, on the present. That here are men prepared for a war with Philip, possessed of a neighboring territory and some power, and (what is most important) so fixed in their hostility as to regard any accommodation with him as insecure, and even ruinous to their country; this really appears like an extraordinary act of divine beneficence. It must, then, be our care, Athenians, that we are not more unkind to ourselves than circumstances have been; as it would be a foul, a most foul reproach, to have abandoned not only cities and places that once belonged to us, but also the allies and advantages provided by fortune.

To dilate, Athenians, on Philip's power, and by such discourse to incite you to your duty, I think improper; and why? Because all that may be said on that score involves matter of glory for him, and misconduct on our part. The more he has transcended his repute, the more is he universally admired; you, as you have used your advantages unworthily, have incurred the greater disgrace. This topic, then, I shall pass over. Indeed, Athenians, a correct observer will find the source of his greatness here, and not in himself. But of measures for which Philip's partisans deserve his gratitude and your vengeance, I

see no occasion to speak now. Other things are open to me, which it concerns you all to know, and which must, on a due examination, Athenians, reflect great disgrace on Philip. To these will I address myself.

To call him perjured and treacherous, without showing what he has done, might justly be termed idle abuse. But to go through all his actions and convict him in detail will take, as it happens, but a short time, and is expedient, I think, for two reasons: first, that his baseness may appear in its true light; secondly, that they whose terror imagines Philip to be invincible may see he has run through all the artifices by which he rose to greatness, and his career is just come to an end. I myself, men of Athens, should most assuredly have regarded Philip as an object of fear and admiration, had I seen him exalted by honorable conduct; but observing and considering I find that in the beginning, when certain persons drove away the Olynthians who desired a conference with us, he gained over our simplicity by engaging to surrender Amphipolis, and to execute the secret article once so famous; afterward he got the friendship of the Olynthians by taking Potidæa from you, wronging you his former allies, and delivering it to them; and lastly now the Thessalians, by promising to surrender Magnesia, and undertake the Phocian war on their behalf. In short, none who have dealt with him has he not deceived. He has risen by conciliating and cajoling the weakness of every people in turn who knew him not. As, therefore, by such means he rose, when every people imagined he would advance their interest, so ought he by the same means to be pulled down again, when the selfish aim of his whole policy is exposed. To this crisis, O Athenians, are Philip's affairs come; or let any man stand forward and prove to me, or rather to you, that my assertions are false, or that men whom Philip has once overreached will trust him hereafter, or that the Thessalians who have been degraded into servitude would not gladly become free.

But if any among you, though agreeing in these statements, thinks that Philip will maintain his power by having occupied forts and havens and the like, this is a mistake. True, when a confederacy subsists by good-will, and all parties to the war have a common interest, men are willing to co-operate and bear hardships and persevere. But when one has grown strong, like Philip, by rapacity and artifice, on the first pretext, the slightest reverse, all is overturned and broken up. Impossible is it, —

impossible, Athenians, — to acquire a solid power by injustice and perjury and falsehood. Such things last for once, or for a short period; maybe they blossom fairly with hope; but in time they are discovered and drop away. As a house, a ship, or the like, ought to have the lower parts firmest, so in human conduct, I ween, the principle and foundation should be just and true. But this is not so in Philip's conduct.

I say, then, we should at once aid the Olynthians (the best and quickest way that can be suggested will please me most), and send an embassy to the Thessalians, to inform some of our measures, and to stir up the rest; for they have now resolved to demand Pagasæ, and remonstrate about Magnesia. But look to this, Athenians, that our envoys shall not only make speeches, but have some real proof that we have gone forth as becomes our country, and are engaged in action. All speech without action appears vain and idle, but especially that of our commonwealth; as the more we are thought to excel therein, the more is our speaking distrusted by all. You must show yourselves greatly reformed, greatly changed, contributing, serving personally, acting promptly, before any one will pay attention to you. And if ye will perform these duties properly and becomingly, Athenians, not only will it appear that Philip's alliances are weak and precarious, but the poor state of his native empire and power will be revealed.

To speak roundly, the Macedonian power and empire is very well as a help, as it was for you in Timotheus' time against the Olynthians; likewise for them against Potidæa the conjunction was important; and lately it aided the Thessalians in their broils and troubles against the regnant house; and the accession of any power, however small, is undoubtedly useful. But the Macedonian is feeble of itself, and full of defects. The very operations which seem to constitute Philip's greatness, his wars and his expeditions, have made it more insecure than it was originally. Think not, Athenians, that Philip and his subjects have the same likings. He desires glory, makes that his passion, is ready for any consequence of adventure and peril, preferring to a life of safety the honor of achieving what no Macedonian king ever did before. They have no share in the glorious result; ever harassed by these excursions up and down, they suffer and toil incessantly, allowed no leisure for their employments or private concerns, unable even to dispose of their hard earnings, the markets of the country being closed on ac-

count of the war. By this, then, may easily be seen how the Macedonians in general are disposed to Philip. His mercenaries and guards, indeed, have the reputation of admirable and well-trained soldiers, but, as I heard from one who had been in the country, a man incapable of falsehood, they are no better than others. For if there be any among them experienced in battles and campaigns, Philip is jealous of such men and drives them away, he says, wishing to keep the glory of all actions to himself; his jealousy (among other failings) being excessive. Or if any man be generally good and virtuous, unable to bear Philip's daily intemperances, drunkenness, and indecencies, he is pushed aside and accounted as nobody. The rest about him are brigands and parasites, and men of that character, who will get drunk and perform dances which I scruple to name before you. My information is undoubtedly true; for persons whom all scouted here as worse rascals than mountebanks, Callias the town-slave and the like of him, antic-jesters, and composers of ribald songs to lampoon their companions, such persons Philip caresses and keeps about him. Small matters these may be thought, Athenians, but to the wise they are strong indications of his character and wrong-headedness. Success perhaps throws a shade over them now; prosperity is a famous hider of such blemishes; but on any miscarriage they will be fully exposed. And this (trust me, Athenians) will appear in no long time, if the gods so will and you determine. For as in the human body, a man in health feels not partial ailments, but when illness occurs all are in motion, whether it be a rupture or a sprain or anything else unsound, so with states and monarchs, while they wage external war, their weaknesses are undiscerned by most men, but the tug of a frontier war betrays all.

If any of you think Philip a formidable opponent because they see he is fortunate, such reasoning is prudent, Athenians. Fortune has indeed a great preponderance — nay, is everything, in human affairs. Not but that, if I had the choice, I should prefer our fortune to Philip's, would you but moderately perform your duty. For I see you have many more claims to the divine favor than he has. But we sit doing nothing; and a man idle himself cannot require even his friends to act for him, much less the gods. No wonder, then, that he, marching and toiling in person, present on all occasions, neglecting no time or season, prevails over us delaying and voting and inquiring. I marvel not at that; the contrary would have been marvellous,

if we, doing none of the duties of war, had beaten one doing all. But this surprises me, that formerly, Athenians, you resisted the Lacedæmonians for the rights of Greece, and rejecting many opportunities of selfish gain, to secure the rights of others, expended your property in contributions, and bore the brunt of the battle; yet now you are loath to serve, slow to contribute, in defence of your own possessions, and, though you have often saved the other nations of Greece collectively and individually, under your own losses you sit still. This surprises me, and one thing more, Athenians; that not one of you can reckon how long your war with Philip has lasted, and what you have been doing while the time has passed. You surely know that while you have been delaying, expecting others to act, accusing, trying one another, expecting again, doing much the same as ye do now, all the time has passed away. Then are ye so senseless, Athenians, as to imagine that the same measures which have brought the country from a prosperous to a poor condition will bring it from a poor to a prosperous? Unreasonable were this and unnatural; for all things are easier kept than gotten. The war now has left us nothing to keep; we have all to get, and the work must be done by ourselves. I say, then, you must contribute money, serve in person with alacrity, accuse no one, till you have gained your objects; then, judging from facts, honor the deserving, punish offenders; let there be no pretences or defaults on your own part; for you cannot harshly scrutinize the conduct of others, unless you have done what is right yourselves. Why, think you, do all the generals whom you commission avoid this war, and seek wars of their own? — for of the generals too must a little truth be told. Because here the prizes of the war are yours; for example, if Amphipolis be taken, you will immediately recover it; the commanders have all the risk and no reward. But in the other case the risks are less, and the gains belong to the commanders and soldiers; Lampsacus, Sigeum, the vessels which they plunder. So they proceed to secure their several interests: you, when you look at the bad state of your affairs, bring the generals to trial; but when they get a hearing and plead these necessities, you dismiss them. The result is that, while you are quarrelling and divided, some holding one opinion, some another, the commonwealth goes wrong. Formerly, Athenians, you had boards for taxes; now you have boards for politics. There is an orator presiding on either side, a general under him, and three hundred men to

shout; the rest of you are attached to the one party or the other. This you must leave off; be yourselves again; establish a general liberty of speech, deliberation, and action. If some are appointed to command as with royal authority, some to be ship-captains, tax-payers, soldiers by compulsion, others only to vote against them, and help in nothing besides, no duty will be seasonably performed; the aggrieved parties will still fail you, and you will have to punish them instead of your enemies. I say, in short, you must all fairly contribute according to each man's ability; take your turns of service till you have all been afield; give every speaker a hearing, and adopt the best counsel, not what this or that person advises. If ye act thus, not only will ye praise the speaker at the moment, but yourselves afterward, when the condition of the country is improved.

The Third Olynthiac.

Not the same ideas, men of Athens, are presented to me when I look at our condition and when at the speeches which are delivered. The speeches, I find, are about punishing Philip; but our condition is come to this, that we must mind we are not first damaged ourselves. Therefore, it seems to me, these orators commit the simple error of not laying before you the true subject of debate. That once we might safely have held our own and punished Philip too, I know well enough; both have been possible in my own time, not very long ago. But now, I am persuaded, it is sufficient in the first instance to effect the preservation of our allies. When this has been secured, one may look out for revenge on Philip; but before we lay the foundation right, I deem it idle to talk about the end.

The present crisis, O Athenians, requires, if any ever did, much thought and counsel. Not that I am puzzled what advice to give in the matter; I am only doubtful in what way, Athenians, to address you thereupon. For I have been taught both by hearsay and experience that most of your advantages have escaped you from unwillingness to do your duty, not from ignorance. I request you, if I speak my mind, to be patient, and consider only whether I speak the truth, and with a view to future amendment. You see to what wretched plight we are reduced by some men haranguing for popularity.

I think it necessary, however, first to recall to your memory a few past events. You remember, Athenians, when news came

three or four years ago, that Philip was in Thrace besieging Heræum. It was then the fifth month, and after much discussion and tumult in the assembly you resolved to launch forty galleys, that every citizen under forty-five should embark, and a tax be raised of sixty talents. That year passed; the first, second, third month arrived; in that month, reluctantly, after the mysteries, you despatched Charidemus with ten empty ships and five talents in money; for as Philip was reported to be sick or dead (both rumors came), you thought there was no longer any occasion for succors, and discontinued the armament. But that was the very occasion; if we had then sent our succors quickly, as we resolved, Philip would not have been saved to trouble us now.

Those events cannot be altered. But here is the crisis of another war, the cause why I mentioned the past, that you may not repeat your error. How shall we deal with it, men of Athens? If you lend not the utmost possible aid, see how you will have manœuvred everything for Philip's benefit. There were the Olynthians, possessed of some power; and matters stood thus: Philip distrusted them, and they Philip. We negotiated for peace with them; this hampered (as it were) and annoyed Philip, that a great city, reconciled to us, should be watching opportunities against him. We thought it necessary by all means to make that people his enemies; and lo, what erewhile you clamored for, has somehow or other been accomplished. Then what remains, Athenians, but to assist them vigorously and promptly? I know not. For besides the disgrace that would fall upon us if we sacrificed any of our interests, I am alarmed for the consequences, seeing how the Thebans are affected toward us, the Phocian treasury exhausted, nothing to prevent Philip, when he has subdued what lies before him, from turning to matters here. Whoever postpones until then the performance of his duty wishes to see the peril at hand, when he may hear of it elsewhere, and to seek auxiliaries for himself, when he may be auxiliary to others; for that this will be the issue if we throw away our present advantage, we all know pretty well.

But it may be said, we have resolved that succors are necessary, and we will send them; tell us only how. Marvel not then, Athenians, if I say something to astonish the multitude. Appoint law-revisers: at their session enact no statutes, for you have enough, but repeal those which are at present inju-

rious; I mean, just plainly, the laws concerning our theatrical fund, and some concerning the troops, whereof the former divide the military fund among stayers-at-home for theatrical amusement, the latter indemnify deserters, and so dishearten men well inclined to the service. When you have repealed these, and made the road to good counsel safe, then find a man to propose what you all know to be desirable. But before doing so, look not for one who will advise good measures and be destroyed by you for his pains. Such a person you will not find, especially as the only result would be for the adviser and mover to suffer wrongfully, and, without forwarding matters, to render good counsel still more dangerous in future. Besides, Athenians, you should require the same men to repeal these laws who have introduced them. It is unjust that their authors should enjoy a popularity which has injured the commonwealth, while the adviser of salutary measures suffers by a displeasure that may lead to general improvement. Till this is set right, Athenians, look not that any one should be so powerful with you as to transgress these laws with impunity, or so senseless as to plunge into ruin right before him.

Another thing, too, you should observe, Athenians: that a decree is worth nothing without a readiness on your part to do what you determine. Could decrees of themselves compel you to perform your duty, or execute what they prescribe, neither would you with many decrees have accomplished little or nothing, nor would Philip have insulted you so long. Had it depended on decrees, he would have been chastised long ago. But the course of things is otherwise. Action, posterior in order of time to speaking and voting, is in efficacy prior and superior. This requisite you want; the others you possess. There are among you, Athenians, men competent to advise what is needful, and you are exceedingly quick at understanding it; ay, and you will be able now to perform it, if you act rightly. For what time or season would you have better than the present? When will you do your duty, if not now? Has not the man got possession of all our strongholds? And if he become master of this country, shall we not incur foul disgrace? Are not they to whom we promised sure protection in case of war at this moment in hostilities? Is he not an enemy, holding our possessions — a barbarian — anything you like to call him? But, O heavens! after permitting, almost helping him to accomplish these things, shall we inquire who

were to blame for them? I know we shall not take the blame to ourselves. For so in battles, no runaway accuses himself, but his general, his neighbor, any one rather; though, sure enough, the defeat is owing to all the runaways; for each one who accuses the rest might have stood his ground, and had each done so they would have conquered. Now, then, does any man not give the best advice? Let another rise and give it, but not censure the last speaker. Does a second give better advice? Follow it, and success attend you. Perhaps it is not pleasant; but that is not the speaker's fault, unless he omits some needful prayer. To pray is simple enough, Athenians, collecting all that one desires in a short petition; but to decide, when measures are the subject of consideration, is not quite so easy; for we must choose the profitable rather than the pleasant, where both are not compatible.

But if any one can let alone our theatrical fund, and suggest other supplies for the military, is he not cleverer? it may be asked. I grant it, if this were possible; but I wonder if any man ever was or will be able, after wasting his means in useless expenses, to find means for useful. The wishes of men are indeed a great help to such arguments, and therefore the easiest thing in the world is self-deceit; for every man believes what he wishes, though the reality is often different. See then, Athenians, what the realities allow, and you will be able to serve and have pay. It becomes not a wise or magnanimous people to neglect military operations for want of money, and bear disgraces like these; or, while you snatch up arms to march against Corinthians and Megarians, to let Philip enslave Greek cities for lack of provisions for your troops.

I have not spoken for the idle purpose of giving offence: I am not so foolish or perverse, as to provoke your displeasure without intending your good: but I think an upright citizen should prefer the advancement of the commonweal to the gratification of his audience. And I hear, as perhaps you do, that the speakers in our ancestors' time, whom all that address you praise, but not exactly imitate, were politicians after this form and fashion, — Aristides, Nicias, my namesake, Pericles. But since these orators have appeared, who ask, What is your pleasure? what shall I move? how can I oblige you? the public welfare is complimented away for a moment's popularity, and these are the results; the orators thrive, you are disgraced. Mark, O Athenians, what a summary contrast

may be drawn between the doings in our olden time and in yours. It is a tale brief and familiar to all; for the examples by which you may still be happy are found, not abroad, men of Athens, but at home. Our forefathers, whom the speakers humored not nor caressed, as these men caress you, for five-and-forty years took the leadership of the Greeks by general consent, and brought above ten thousand talents into the citadel; and the king of this country was submissive to them, as a barbarian should be to Greeks; and many glorious trophies they erected for victories won by their own fighting on land and sea, and they are the sole people in the world who have bequeathed a renown superior to envy. Such were their merits in the affairs of Greece; see what they were at home, both as citizens and as men. Their public works are edifices and ornaments of such beauty and grandeur, in temples and consecrated furniture, that posterity have no power to surpass them. In private they were so modest and attached to the principle of our constitution that whoever knows the style of house which Aristides had, or Miltiades, and the illustrious of that day, perceives it to be no grander than those of the neighbors. Their politics were not for money-making; each felt it his duty to exalt the commonwealth. By a conduct honorable toward the Greeks, pious to the gods, brotherlike among themselves, they justly attained a high prosperity.

So fared matters with them under the statesmen I have mentioned. How fare they with you under the worthies of our time? Is there any likeness or resemblance? I pass over other topics, on which I could expatiate; but observe: in this utter absence of competitors (Lacedæmonians depressed, Thebans employed, none of the rest capable of disputing the supremacy with us), when we might hold our own securely and arbitrate the claims of others, we have been deprived of our rightful territory, and spent above fifteen hundred talents to no purpose; the allies, whom we gained in war, these persons have lost in peace, and we have trained up against ourselves an enemy thus formidable. Or let any one come forward and tell me by whose contrivance but ours Philip has grown strong. Well, sir, this looks bad, but things at home are better. What proof can be adduced? The parapets that are whitewashed? The roads that are repaired? fountains, and fooleries? Look at the men of whose statesmanship these are the fruits. They have risen from beggary to opulence, or from obscurity to

honor; some have made their private houses more splendid than the public buildings; and in proportion as the State has declined, their fortunes have been exalted.

What has produced these results? How is it that all went prosperously then, and now goes wrong? Because anciently the people, having the courage to be soldiers, controlled the statesmen, and disposed of all emoluments; any of the rest was happy to receive from the people his share of honor, office, or advantage. Now, contrariwise, the statesmen dispose of emoluments; through them everything is done; you the people, enervated, stripped of treasure and allies, are become as underlings and hangers-on, happy if these persons dole you out show-money or send you paltry beeves; and, the unmanliest part of all, you are grateful for receiving your own. They, cooping you in the city, lead you to your pleasures, and make you tame and submissive to their hands. It is impossible, I say, to have a high and noble spirit while you are engaged in petty and mean employments; whatever be the pursuits of men, their characters must be similar. By Ceres! I should not wonder if I, for mentioning these things, suffered more from your resentment than the men who have brought them to pass. For even liberty of speech you allow not on all subjects; I marvel indeed you have allowed it here.

Would you but even now, renouncing these practices, perform military service and act worthily of yourselves; would you employ these domestic superfluities as a means to gain advantage abroad; perhaps, Athenians, perhaps you might gain some solid and important advantage, and be rid of these perquisites, which are like the diet ordered by physicians for the sick. As that neither imparts strength nor suffers the patient to die, so your allowances are not enough to be of substantial benefit, nor yet permit you to reject them and turn to something else. Thus do they increase the general apathy. What? I shall be asked; mean you stipendiary service? Yes, and forthwith the same arrangement for all, Athenians, that each, taking his dividend from the public, may be what the State requires. Is peace to be had? You are better at home, under no compulsion to act dishonorably from indigence. Is there such an emergency as the present? Better to be a soldier, as you ought, in your country's cause, maintained by those very allowances. Is any one of you beyond the military age? What he now irregularly takes without doing service, let him take by just regulation, superintending and transacting needful business. Thus, without derogating from

or adding to our political system, only removing some irregularity, I bring it into order, establishing a uniform rule for receiving money, for serving in war, for sitting on juries, for doing what each according to his age can do, and what occasion requires. I never advise we should give to idlers the wages of the diligent, or sit at leisure, passive and helpless, to hear that such a one's mercenaries are victorious; as we do now. Not that I blame any one who does you a service; I only call upon you, Athenians, to perform on your own account those duties for which you honor strangers, and not to surrender that post of dignity which, won through many glorious dangers, your ancestors have bequeathed.

I have said nearly all that I think necessary. I trust you will adopt that course which is best for the country and yourselves.

The First Philippic.

Had the question for debate been anything new, Athenians, I should have waited till most of the usual speakers had been heard; if any of their counsels had been to my liking, I had remained silent, else proceeded to impart my own. But as the subject of discussion is one upon which they have spoken oft before, I imagine, though I rise the first, I am entitled to indulgence. For if these men had advised properly in time past, there would be no necessity for deliberating now.

First, I say you must not despond, Athenians, under your present circumstances, wretched as they are; for that which is worst in them as regards the past is best for the future. What do I mean? That your affairs are amiss, men of Athens, because you do nothing which is needful; if, notwithstanding you performed your duties, it were the same, there would be no hope of amendment.

Consider next what you know by report and men of experience remember; how vast a power the Lacedæmonians had not long ago, yet how nobly and becomingly you consulted the dignity of Athens, and undertook the war against them for the rights of Greece. Why do I mention this? To show and convince you, Athenians, that nothing, if you take precaution, is to be feared; nothing if you are negligent, goes as you desire. Take for examples the strength of the Lacedæmonians then, which you overcame by attention to your duties, and the insolence of this man now, by which through neglect of our interests we are confounded. But if any among you, Athenians, deem

Philip hard to be conquered, looking at the magnitude of his existing power, and the loss by us of all our strongholds, they reason rightly, but should reflect that once we held Pydna and Potidæa and Methone and all the region round about as our own, and many of the nations now leagued with him were independent and free, and preferred our friendship to his. Had Philip then taken it into his head that it was difficult to contend with Athens, when she had so many fortresses to infest his country, and he was destitute of allies, nothing that he has accomplished would he have undertaken, and never would he have acquired so large a dominion. But he saw well, Athenians, that all these places are the open prizes of war, that the possessions of the absent naturally belong to the present, those of the remiss to them that will venture and toil. Acting on such principle, he has won every thing and keeps it, either by way of conquest or by friendly attachment and alliance; for all men will side with and respect those whom they see prepared and willing to make proper exertion. If you, Athenians, will adopt this principle now, though you did not before, and every man, where he can and ought to give his service to the State, be ready to give it without excuse, the wealthy to contribute, the able-bodied to enlist, — in a word, plainly, if you will become your own masters, and cease each expecting to do nothing himself, while his neighbor does every thing for him, you shall then with heaven's permission recover your own, and get back what has been frittered away, and chastise Philip. Do not imagine that his empire is everlastingly secured to him as a god. There are who hate and fear and envy him, Athenians, even among those that seem most friendly; and all feelings that are in other men belong, we may assume, to his confederates. But now they are all cowed, having no refuge through your tardiness and indolence, which I say you must abandon forthwith. For you see, Athenians, the case, to what pitch of arrogance the man has advanced, who leaves you not even the choice of action or inaction, but threatens, and uses (they say) outrageous language, and, unable to rest in possession of his conquests, continually widens their circle, and, while we dally and delay, throws his net all around us. When, then, Athenians, when will ye act as becomes you? In what event? In that of necessity, I suppose. And how should we regard the events happening now? Methinks, to freemen the strongest necessity is the disgrace of their condition. Or tell me, do ye like walking about and asking one another, Is there

any news? Why, could there be greater news than a man of Macedonia subduing Athenians, and directing the affairs of Greece? Is Philip dead? No, but he is sick. And what matters it to you? Should anything befall this man, you will soon create another Philip, if you attend to business thus. For even he has been exalted not so much by his own strength as by our negligence. And again; should anything happen to him; should fortune, which still takes better care of us than we of ourselves, be good enough to accomplish this; observe that, being on the spot, you would step in while things were in confusion, and manage them as you pleased; but as you now are, though occasion offered Amphipolis, you would not be in a position to accept it, with neither forces nor counsels at hand.

However, as to the importance of a general zeal in the discharge of duty, believing you are convinced and satisfied, I say no more.

As to the kind of force which I think may extricate you from your difficulties, the amount, the supplies of money, the best and speediest method (in my judgment) of providing all the necessaries, I shall endeavor to inform you forthwith, making only one request, men of Athens. When you have heard all, determine; prejudge not before. And let none think I delay our operations, because I recommend an entirely new force. Not those that cry, quickly! to-day! speak most to the purpose (for what has already happened we shall not be able to prevent by our present armament), but he that shows what and how great and whence procured must be the force capable of enduring till either we have advisedly terminated the war, or overcome our enemies: for so shall we escape annoyance in future. This I think I am able to show, without offence to any other man who has a plan to offer. My promise indeed is large; it shall be tested by the performance; and you shall be my judges.

First, then, Athenians, I say we must provide fifty warships, and hold ourselves prepared, in case of emergency, to embark and sail. I require also an equipment of transports for half the cavalry and sufficient boats. This we must have ready against his sudden marches from his own country to Thermopylæ, the Chersonese, Olynthus, and anywhere he likes. For he should entertain the belief that possibly you may rouse from this over-carelessness, and start off, as you did to Eubœa, and formerly (they say) to Haliartus, and very lately to Thermopylæ. And although you should not pursue just the course

I would advise, it is no slight matter that Philip, knowing you to be in readiness, — know it he will for certain; there are too many among our own people who report everything to him, — may either keep quiet from apprehension or, not heeding your arrangements, be taken off his guard, there being nothing to prevent your sailing, if he give you a chance, to attack his territories. Such an armament, I say, ought instantly to be agreed upon and provided. But besides, men of Athens, you should keep in hand some force that will incessantly make war and annoy him; none of your ten or twenty thousand mercenaries, not your forces on paper, but one that shall belong to the State, and whether you appoint one or more generals, or this or that man or any other, shall obey and follow him. Subsistence too I require for it. What the force shall be, how large, from what source maintained, how rendered efficient, I will show you, stating every particular. Mercenaries I recommend; and beware of doing what has often been injurious, — thinking all measures below the occasion, adopting the strongest in your decrees, you fail to accomplish the least; rather, I say, perform and procure a little, add to it afterward if it prove insufficient. I advise, then, two thousand soldiers in all, five hundred to be Athenians, of whatever age you think right, serving a limited time, not long, but such time as you think right, so as to relieve one another; the rest should be mercenaries. And with them two hundred horse, fifty at least Athenians, like the foot, on the same terms of service; and transports for them. Well; what besides? Ten swift galleys; for, as Philip has a navy, we must have swift galleys to convoy our power. How shall subsistence for these troops be provided? I will state and explain; but first let me tell you why I consider a force of this amount sufficient, and why I wish the men to be citizens.

Of that amount, Athenians, because it is impossible for us now to raise an army capable of meeting him in the field; we must plunder and adopt such kind of warfare at first; our force, therefore, must not be over-large (for there is not pay or subsistence), nor altogether mean. Citizens I wish to attend and go on board, because I hear that formerly the State maintained mercenary troops at Corinth, commanded by Polystratus and Iphicrates and Chabrias and some others, and that you served with them yourselves; and I am told that these mercenaries fighting by your side and you by theirs defeated the Lacedæmonians. But ever since your hirelings have served by themselves,

they have been vanquishing your friends and allies, while your enemies have become unduly great. Just glancing at the war of our State, they go off to Artabazus or anywhere rather, and the general follows, naturally; for it is impossible to command without giving pay. What therefore ask I? To remove the excuses both of general and soldiers, by supplying pay, and attaching native soldiers, as inspectors of the general's conduct. The way we manage things now is a mockery. For if you were asked: Are you at peace, Athenians? No, indeed, you would say; we are at war with Philip. Did you not choose from yourselves ten captains and generals, and also captains and two generals of horse? How are they employed? Except one man, whom you commission on service abroad, the rest conduct your processions with the sacrificers. Like puppet-makers, you elect your infantry and calvary officers for the market-place, not for war. Consider, Athenians; should there not be native captains, a native general of horse, your own commanders, that the force might really be the State's? Or should your general of horse sail to Lemnos, while Menelaus commands the cavalry fighting for your possessions? I speak not as objecting to the man, but he ought to be elected by you, whoever the person be.

Perhaps you admit the justice of these statements, but wish principally to hear about the supplies, what they must be and whence procured. I will satisfy you. Supplies, then, for maintenance, mere rations for these troops, come to ninety talents and a little more; for ten swift galleys forty talents, twenty minas a month to every ship; for two thousand soldiers forty more, that each soldier may receive for rations ten drachms a month; and for two hundred horsemen, each receiving thirty drachms a month, twelve talents. Should any one think rations for the men a small provision, he judges erroneously. Furnish that, and I am sure the army itself will, without injuring any Greek or ally, procure everything else from the war, so as to make out their full pay. I am ready to join the fleet as a volunteer, and submit to any thing, if this be not so. Now for the ways and means of the supply which I demand from you.

[*Statement of ways and means.*]

This, Athenians, is what we have been able to devise. When you vote upon the resolutions, pass what you approve, that you may oppose Philip, not only by decrees and letters. but by action also.

I think it will assist your deliberations about the war and the whole arrangements, to regard the position, Athenians, of the hostile country, and consider that Philip by the winds and seasons of the year gets the start in most of his operations, watching for the trade-winds or the winter to commence them, when we are unable (he thinks) to reach the spot. On this account, we must carry on the war not with hasty levies (or we shall be too late for everything), but with a permanent force and power. You may use as winter quarters for your troops Lemnos, and Thasus, and Sciathus, and the islands in that neighborhood, which have harbors and corn and all necessaries for an army. In the season of the year, when it is easy to put ashore and there is no danger from the winds, they will easily take their station off the coast itself and at the entrances of the seaports.

How and when to employ the troops, the commander appointed by you will determine as occasion requires. What you must find, is stated in my bill. If, men of Athens, you will furnish the supplies which I mention, and then, after completing your preparations of soldiers, ships, cavalry, will oblige the entire force by law to remain in the service, and, while you become your own paymasters and commissaries, demand from your general an account of his conduct, you will cease to be always discussing the same questions without forwarding them in the least, and besides, Athenians, not only will you cut off his greatest revenue — What is this? He maintains war against you through the resources of your allies, by his piracies on their navigation — But what next? You will be out of the reach of injury yourselves: he will not do as in time past, when, falling upon Lemnos and Imbrus he carried off your citizens captive, seizing the vessels at Geræstus he levied an incalculable sum, and lastly, made a descent at Marathon and carried off the sacred galley from our coast, and you could neither prevent these things nor send succors by the appointed time. But how is it, think you, Athenians, that the Panathenaic and Dionysian festivals take place always at the appointed time, whether expert or unqualified persons to be chosen to conduct either of them, whereon you expend larger sums than upon any armament, and which are more numerously attended and magnificent than almost anything in the world; while all your armaments are after the time, as that to Methone, to Pagasæ, to Potidæa? Because in the former case everything is ordered by law, and each of you knows long beforehand, who is the choir-master of his tribe,

who the gymnastic master, when, from whom, and what he is to receive and what to do. Nothing there is left unascertained or undefined: whereas in the business of war and its preparations all is irregular, unsettled, indefinite. Therefore no sooner have we heard anything than we appoint ship-captains, dispute with them on the exchanges, and consider about ways and means; then it is resolved that resident aliens and householders shall embark, then to put yourselves on board instead: but during these days the objects of our expedition are lost; for the time of action we waste in preparation, and favorable moments wait not our evasions and delays. The forces that we imagine we possess in the mean time are found, when the crisis comes, utterly insufficient. And Philip has arrived at such a pitch of arrogance, as to send the following letter to the Eubœans:

[*The letter is read.*]

Of that which has been read, Athenians, most is true, unhappily true; perhaps not agreeable to hear. And if what one passes over in speaking, to avoid offence, one could pass over in reality, it is right to humor the audience: but if graciousness of speech, where it is out of place, does harm in action, shameful is it, Athenians, to delude ourselves, and by putting off everything unpleasant to miss the time for all operations, and be unable even to understand, that skilful makers of war should not follow circumstances, but be in advance of them; that just as a general may be expected to lead his armies, so are men of prudent counsel to guide circumstances, in order that their resolutions may be accomplished, not their motions determined by the event. Yet you, Athenians, with larger means than any people — ships, infantry, cavalry, and revenue — have never up to this day made proper use of any of them; and your war with Philip differs in no respect from the boxing of barbarians. For among them the party struck feels always for the blow; strike him somewhere else, there go his hands again; ward or look in the face he cannot nor will. So you, if you hear of Philip in the Chersonese, vote to send relief there; if at Thermopylæ, the same; if anywhere else, you run after his heels up and down, and are commanded by him; no plan have you devised for the war; no circumstance do you see beforehand, only when you learn that something is done, or about to be done. Formerly perhaps this was allowable: now it is come to a crisis, to be tolerable no longer. And it seems, men of

Athens, as if some god, ashamed for us at our proceedings, has put this activity into Philip. For had he been willing to remain quiet in possession of his conquests and prizes, and attempted nothing further, some of you, I think, would be satisfied with a state of things, which brands our nation with the shame of cowardice and the foulest disgrace. But by continually encroaching and grasping after more, he may possibly rouse you, if you have not altogether despaired. I marvel, indeed, that none of you, Athenians, notices with concern and anger, that the beginning of this war was to chastise Philip, the end is to protect ourselves against his attacks. One thing is clear: he will not stop, unless some one oppose him. And shall we wait for this? And if you despatch empty galleys and hopes from this or that person, think ye all is well? Shall we not embark? Shall we not sail with at least a part of our national forces, now though not before? Shall we not make a descent upon his coast? Where, then, shall we land? some one asks. The war itself, men of Athens, will discover the rotten parts of his empire, if we make a trial; but if we sit at home, hearing the orators accuse and malign one another, no good can ever be achieved. Methinks, where a portion of our citizens, though not all, are commissioned with the rest, Heaven blesses, and Fortune aids the struggle: but where you send out a general and an empty decree and hopes from the hustings, nothing that you desire is done; your enemies scoff, and your allies die for fear of such an armament. For it is impossible — ay, impossible, for one man to execute all your wishes: to promise, and assert, and accuse this or that person, is possible; but so your affairs are ruined. The general commands wretched, unpaid hirelings; here are persons easily found, who tell you lies of his conduct; you vote at random from what you hear: what then can be expected?

How is this to cease, Athenians? When you make the same persons soldiers, and witnesses of the general's conduct, and judges when they return home at his audit; so that you may not only hear of your own affairs, but be present to see them. So disgraceful is our condition now, that every general is twice or thrice tried before you for his life, though none dares even once to hazard his life against the enemy: they prefer the death of kidnappers and thieves to that which becomes them; for it is a malefactor's part to die by sentence of the law, a general's to die in battle. Among ourselves, some go about and say that Philip is concerting with the Lacedæmonians the destruction of

Thebes and the dissolution of republics; some, that he has sent envoys to the king; others, that he is fortifying cities in Illyria: so we wander about, each inventing stories. For my part, Athenians, by the gods I believe that Philip is intoxicated with the magnitude of his exploits, and has many such dreams in his imagination, seeing the absence of opponents, and elated by success; but most certainly he has no such plan of action, as to let the silliest people among us know what his intentions are; for the silliest are these newsmongers. Let us dismiss such talk, and remember only that Philip is an enemy, who robs us of our own and has long insulted us; that wherever we have expected aid from any quarter, it has been found hostile, and that the future depends on ourselves, and unless we are willing to fight him there, we shall perhaps be compelled to fight here. This let us remember, and then we shall have determined wisely, and have done with idle conjectures. You need not pry into the future, but assure yourselves it will be disastrous, unless you attend to your duty, and are willing to act as becomes you.

As for me, never before have I courted favor, by speaking what I am not convinced is for your good, and now I have spoken my whole mind frankly and unreservedly. I could have wished, knowing the advantage of good counsel to you, I were equally certain of its advantage to the counsellor: so should I have spoken with more satisfaction. Now, with an uncertainty of the consequence to myself, but with a conviction that you will benefit by adopting it, I proffer my advice. I trust only, that what is most for the common benefit will prevail.

The Second Philippic.

In all the speeches, men of Athens, about Philip's measures and infringements of the peace, I observe that statements made on our behalf are thought just and generous, and all who accuse Philip are heard with approbation; yet nothing (I may say) that is proper, or for the sake of which the speeches are worth hearing, is done. To this point are the affairs of Athens brought, that the more fully and clearly one convicts Philip of violating the peace with you, and plotting against the whole of Greece, the more difficult it becomes to advise you how to act. The cause lies in all of us, Athenians, that, when we ought to oppose an ambitious power by deeds and actions, not by words, we men of the hustings shrink from our duty of mov-

ing and advising, for fear of your displeasure, and only declaim on the heinousness and atrocity of Philip's conduct; you of the assembly, though better instructed than Philip to argue justly, or comprehend the argument of another, to check him in the execution of his designs are totally unprepared. The result is inevitable, I imagine, and perhaps just. You each succeed better in what you are busy and earnest about; Philip in actions, you in words. If you are still satisfied with using the better arguments, it is an easy matter, and there is no trouble; but if we are to take measures for the correction of these evils, to prevent their insensible progress, and the rising up of a mighty power, against which we could have no defence, then our course of deliberation is not the same as formerly; the orators, and you that hear them, must prefer good and salutary counsels to those which are easy and agreeable.

First, men of Athens, if anyone regards without uneasiness the might and dominion of Philip, and imagines that it threatens no danger to the state, or that all his preparations are not against you, I marvel, and would entreat you every one to hear briefly from me the reasons, why I am led to form a contrary expectation, and wherefore I deem Philip an enemy; that, if I appear to have the clearer foresight, you may hearken to me; if they, who have such confidence and trust in Philip, you may give your adherence to them.

Thus then I reason, Athenians. What did Philip first make himself master of after the peace? Thermopylæ and the Phocian state. Well, and how used he his power? He chose to act for the benefit of Thebes, not of Athens. Why so? Because, I conceive, measuring his calculations by ambition, by his desire of universal empire, without regard to peace, quiet, or justice, he saw plainly, that to a people of our character and principles nothing could he offer or give, that would induce you for self-interest to sacrifice any of the Greeks to him. He sees that you, having respect for justice, dreading the infamy of the thing, and exercising proper forethought, would oppose him in any such attempt as much as if you were at war: but the Thebans he expected (and events prove him right) would, in return for the services done them, allow him in everything else to have his way, and, so far from thwarting or impeding him, would fight on his side if he required it. From the same persuasion he befriended lately the Messenians and Argives, which is the highest panegyric upon you, Athenians; for you are adjudged by these

proceedings to be the only people incapable of betraying for lucre the national rights of Greece, or bartering your attachment to her for any obligation or benefit. And this opinion of you, that (so different) of the Argives and Thebans, he has naturally formed, not only from a view of present times, but by reflection on the past. For assuredly he finds and hears that your ancestors, who might have governed the rest of Greece on terms of submitting to Persia, not only spurned the proposal, when Alexander, this man's ancestor, came as herald to negotiate, but preferred to abandon their country and endure any suffering, and thereafter achieved such exploits as all the world loves to mention, though none could ever speak them worthily, and therefore I must be silent; for their deeds are too mighty to be uttered in words. But the forefathers of the Argives and Thebans, they either joined the barbarian's army, or did not oppose it; and therefore he knows that both will selfishly embrace their advantage, without considering the common interest of the Greeks. He thought then, if he chose your friendship, it must be on just principles; if he attached himself to them, he should find auxiliaries of his ambition. This is the reason of his preferring them to you both then and now. For certainly he does not see them with a larger navy than you, nor has he acquired an inland empire and renounced that of the sea and the ports, nor does he forget the professions and promises on which he obtained the peace.

Well, it may be said, he knew all this, yet he so acted, not from ambition or the motives which I charge, but because the demands of the Thebans were more equitable than yours. Of all pleas, this now is the least open to him. He that bids the Lacedæmonians resign Messene, how can he pretend, when he delivered Orchomenos and Coronea to the Thebans, to have acted on a conviction of justice?

But, forsooth, he was compelled — this plea remains — he made concessions against his will, being surrounded by Thessalian horse and Theban infantry. Excellent! So of his intentions they talk; he will mistrust the Thebans; and some carry news about, that he will fortify Elatea. All this he intends and will intend I dare say; but to attack the Lacedæmonians on behalf of Messene and Argos he does not intend; he actually sends mercenaries and money into the country, and is expected himself with a great force. The Lacedæmonians, who are enemies of Thebes, he overthrows; the Phocians, whom he himself before destroyed, will he now preserve?

And who can believe this? I cannot think that Philip, either if he was forced into his former measures, or if he were now giving up the Thebans, would pertinaciously oppose their enemies; his present conduct rather shows that he adopted those measures by choice. All things prove to a correct observer, that his whole plan of action is against our state. And this has now become to him a sort of necessity. Consider. He desires empire: he conceives you to be his only opponents. He has been for some time wronging you, as his own conscience best informs him, since, by retaining what belongs to you, he secures the rest of his dominion: had he given up Amphipolis and Potidæa, he deemed himself unsafe at home. He knows, therefore, both that he is plotting against you, and that you are aware of it; and, supposing you to have intelligence, he thinks you must hate him; he is alarmed, expecting some disaster, if you get the chance, unless he hastes to prevent you. Therefore he is awake, and on the watch against us; he courts certain people, Thebans, and people in Peloponnesus of the like views, who from cupidity, he thinks, will be satisfied with the present, and from dulness of understanding will foresee none of the consequences. And yet men of even moderate sense might notice striking facts, which I had occasion to quote to the Messenians and Argives, and perhaps it is better they should be repeated to you.

Ye men of Messene, said I, how do ye think the Olynthians would have brooked to hear anything against Philip at those times, when he surrendered to them Anthemus, which all former kings of Macedonia claimed, when he cast out the Athenian colonists and gave them Potidæa, taking on himself your enmity, and giving them the land to enjoy? Think ye they expected such treatment as they got, or would have believed it if they had been told? Nevertheless, said I, they, after enjoying for a short time the land of others, are for a long time deprived by him of their own, shamefully expelled, not only vanquished, but betrayed by one another and sold. In truth, these too close connections with despots are not safe for republics. The Thessalians again, think ye, said I, when he ejected their tyrants, and gave back Nicæa and Magnesia, they expected to have the decemvirate which is now established? or that he who restored the meeting at Pylæ would take away their revenues? Surely not. And yet these things have occurred, as all mankind may know. You behold Philip, I said, a dispenser of gifts and

promises: pray, if you are wise, that you may never know him for a cheat and a deceiver. By Jupiter, I said, there are manifold contrivances for the guarding and defending of cities, as ramparts, walls, trenches, and the like: these are all made with hands, and require expense; but there is one common safeguard in the nature of prudent men, which is a good security for all, but especially for democracies against despots. What do I mean? Mistrust. Keep this, hold to this; preserve this only, and you can never be injured. What do ye desire? Freedom. Then see ye not that Philip's very titles are at variance therewith? Every king and despot is a foe to freedom, an antagonist to laws. Will ye not beware, I said, lest, seeking deliverance from war, you find a master?

They heard me with a tumult of approbation; and many other speeches they heard from the ambassadors, both in my presence and afterward; yet none the more, as it appears, will they keep aloof from Philip's friendship and promises. And no wonder that Messenians and certain Peloponnesians should act contrary to what their reason approves; but you, who understand yourselves, and by us orators are told, how you are plotted against, how you are inclosed! you, I fear, to escape present exertion, will come to ruin ere you are aware. So doth the moment's ease and indulgence prevail over distant advantage.

As to your measures, you will in prudence, I presume, consult hereafter by yourselves. I will furnish you with such an answer as it becomes the assembly to decide upon.

[*Here the proposed answer was read.*]

It were just, men of Athens, to call the persons who brought those promises, on the faith whereof you concluded peace. For I should never have submitted to go as ambassador, and you would certainly not have discontinued the war, had you supposed that Philip, on obtaining peace, would act thus; but the statements then made were very different. Ay, and others you should call. Whom? The men who declared — after the peace, when I had returned from my second mission, that for the oaths, when, perceiving your delusion, I gave warning, and protested, and opposed the abandonment of Thermopylæ and the Phocians — that I, being a water-drinker, was naturally a churlish and morose fellow; that Philip, if he passed the straits, would do just as you desired, fortify Thespiæ and Platæa, humble the Thebans, cut through the Chersonese at his own expense, and give you

Oropus and Eubœa in exchange for Amphipolis. All these declarations on the hustings I am sure you remember, though you are not famous for remembering injuries. And, the most disgraceful thing of all, you voted in your confidence, that this same peace should descend to your posterity; so completely were you misled. Why mention I this now, and desire these men to be called? By the gods, I will tell you the truth frankly and without reserve. Not that I may fall a-wrangling, to provoke recrimination before you, and afford my old adversaries a fresh pretext for getting more from Philip, nor for the purpose of idle garrulity. But I imagine that what Philip is doing will grieve you hereafter more than it does now. I see the thing progressing, and would that my surmises were false; but I doubt it is too near already. So when you are able no longer to disregard events, when, instead of hearing from me or others that these measures are against Athens, you all see it yourselves, and know it for certain, I expect you will be wrathful and exasperated. I fear then, as your ambassadors have concealed the purpose for which they know they were corrupted, those who endeavor to repair what the others have lost may chance to encounter your resentment; for I see it is a practice with many to vent their anger, not upon the guilty, but on persons most in their power. While therefore the mischief is only coming and preparing, while we hear one another speak, I wish every man, though he knows it well, to be reminded, who it was persuaded you to abandon Phocis and Thermopylæ, by the command of which Philip commands the road to Attica and Peloponnesus, and has brought it to this, that your deliberation must be, not about claims and interests abroad, but concerning the defence of your home and a war in Attica, which will grieve every citizen when it comes, and indeed it has commenced from that day. Had you not been then deceived, there would be nothing to distress the state. Philip would certainly never have prevailed at sea and come to Attica with a fleet, nor would he have marched with a land-force by Phocis and Thermopylæ: he must either have acted honorably, observing the peace and keeping quiet, or been immediately in a war similar to that which made him desire the peace. Enough has been said to awaken recollection. Grant, O ye gods, it be not all fully confirmed! I would have no man punished, though death he may deserve, to the damage and danger of the country.

Very truly yours,
Thomas De Quincey.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

De Quincey, Thomas. A celebrated English author; born in Manchester, Aug. 15, 1785; died at Edinburgh, Dec. 8, 1859. He was a very prolific writer; but his works are mostly occasional essays and papers on historical, literary, and miscellaneous topics. Besides collections of these, his published works include: "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater" (1821); "Letters to a Young Man Whose Education has been Neglected" (1823); "Logic of Political Economy" (1844); etc.

Though De Quincey's career was distinctively that of a man of letters, he entered upon it at a later period of his life than did any great English author, with the single exception of Cowper. The "Confessions of an Opium-Eater," his first, and perhaps his most notable work, was written at the age of thirty-six. That and all the rest of the twenty volumes of his collected Works, were written as magazine articles and for the mere sake of earning his daily bread — and his daily opium. Except from necessity he would most likely never have written a page for publication. Yet from the reading of his works no one would imagine that any of them were written except because he had something which he must say to the world. For amplitude of learning, subtlety of thought, and magnificence of diction, he has few equals in all our literature.

From "Confessions of an Opium-Eater."

THE PLEASURES OF OPIUM.

It is so long since I first took opium, that if it had been a trifling incident in my life, I might have forgotten its date; but cardinal events are not to be forgotten; and, from circumstances connected with it, I remember that it must be referred to the autumn of 1804. During that season I was in London, having come thither for the first time since my entrance at college. And my introduction to opium arose in the following way: From an early age I had been accustomed to wash my head in cold water at least once a day; being suddenly seized with toothache,

I attributed it to some relaxation caused by an accidental intermission of that practice; jumped out of bed, plunged my head into a basin of cold water, and, with hair thus wetted, went to sleep. The next morning, as I need hardly say, I awoke with excruciating rheumatic pains of the head and face, from which I had hardly any respite for about twenty days. On the twenty-first day, I think it was, and on a Sunday, that I went out into the streets; rather to run away, if possible, from my torments, than with any distinct purpose. By accident, I met a college acquaintance, who recommended opium. Opium! dread agent of unimaginable pleasure and pain! I had heard of it as I had heard of manna, or of ambrosia, but no further; how unmeaning a sound was it at that time! what solemn chords does it now strike upon my heart! what heart-quaking vibrations of sad and happy remembrances! Reverting for a moment to these, I feel a mystic importance attached to the minutest circumstances connected with the place, and the time, and the man (if man he was), that first laid open to me the paradise of opium-eaters. It was a Sunday afternoon, wet and cheerless; and a duller spectacle this earth of ours has not to show than a rainy Sunday in London; my road homeward lay through Oxford Street; and near "the *stately* Pantheon" (as Mr. Wordsworth has obligingly called it) I saw a druggist's shop. The druggist (unconscious minister of celestial pleasures!), as if in sympathy with the rainy Sunday, looked dull and stupid, just as any mortal druggist might be expected to look on a Sunday; and when I asked for the tincture of opium, he gave it to me as any other man might do; and, furthermore, out of my shilling returned to me what seemed to be a real copper half-penny, taken out of a real wooden drawer. Nevertheless, in spite of such indications of humanity, he has ever since existed in my mind as a beatific vision of an immortal druggist, sent down to earth on a special mission to myself. And it confirms me in this way of considering him, that when I next came up to London, I sought him near the stately Pantheon, and found him not, and thus to me, who knew not his name (if, indeed, he had one), he seemed rather to have vanished from Oxford Street than to have removed in any bodily fashion. The reader may choose to think of him as possibly no more than a sublunary druggist: it may be so, but my faith is better: I believe him to have evanesced, or evaporated. So unwillingly would I connect any mortal remembrances with that hour, and place, and creature, that first brought me acquainted with the celestial drug.

Arrived at my lodgings, it may be supposed that I lost not a moment in taking the quantity prescribed. I was necessarily ignorant of the whole art and mystery of opium-taking; and what I took, I took under every disadvantage. But I took it; and in an hour — oh heavens! what a revulsion! what an upheaving, from its lowest depths, of the inner spirit! what an apocalypse of the world within me! That my pains had vanished was now a trifle in my eyes; this negative effect was swallowed up in the immensity of those positive effects which had opened before me, in the abyss of divine enjoyment thus suddenly revealed. Here was a panacea, a *φάρμακον νηπενθές*, for all human woes; here was the secret of happiness, about which philosophers had disputed for so many ages, at once discovered; happiness might now be bought for a penny, and carried in the waistcoat-pocket; portable ecstasies might be had corked up in a pint-bottle; and peace of mind could be sent down in gallons by the mail-coach. But, if I talk in this way, the reader will think I am laughing; and I can assure him that nobody will laugh long who deals much with opium: its pleasures even are of a grave and solemn complexion; and, in his happiest state, the opium-eater cannot present himself in the character of *L' Allegro;* even then, he speaks and thinks as becomes *Il Penseroso.* Nevertheless, I have a very reprehensible way of jesting, at times, in the midst of my own misery; and, unless when I am checked by some more powerful feelings, I am afraid I shall be guilty of this indecent practice, even in these annals of suffering or enjoyment. The reader must allow a little to my infirm nature in this respect; and, with a few indulgences of that sort, I shall endeavor to be as grave, if not drowsy, as fits a theme like opium, so anti-mercurial as it really is, and so drowsy as it is falsely reputed.

And, first, one word with respect to its bodily effects; for upon all that has been hitherto written on the subject of opium, whether by travellers in Turkey (who may plead their privilege of lying as an old immemorial right) or by professors of medicine, writing *ex cathedra*, I have but one emphatic criticism to pronounce: Lies! lies! lies! I remember once, in passing a bookstall, to have caught these words from a page of some satiric author: "By this time I became convinced that the London newpapers spoke truth at least twice a week, namely, on Tuesday and Saturday, and might safely be depended upon for — the list of bankrupts." In like manner, I do by no means deny that

some truths have been delivered to the world in regard to opium; thus, it has been repeatedly affirmed, by the learned, that opium is a dusky brown in color — and this, take notice, I grant; secondly, that it is rather dear, which also I grant — for, in my time, East India opium has been three guineas a pound, and Turkey, eight; and, thirdly, that if you eat a good deal of it, most probably you must do what is particularly disagreeable to any man of regular habits, namely — die. These weighty propositions are, all and singular, true; I cannot gainsay them; and truth ever was, and will be, commendable. But in these three theorems I believe we have exhausted the stock of knowledge as yet accumulated by man on the subject of opium. And, therefore, worthy doctors, as there seems to be room for further discoveries, stand aside, and allow me to come forward and lecture on this matter.

First, then, it is not so much affirmed as taken for granted, by all who ever mention opium, formally or incidentally, that it does or can produce intoxication. Now, reader, assure yourself, *meo periculo*, that no quantity of opium ever did, or could, intoxicate. As to the tincture of opium (commonly called laudanum), *that* might certainly intoxicate, if a man could bear to take enough of it; but why? because it contains so much proof spirit, and not because it contains so much opium. But crude opium, I affirm peremptorily, is incapable of producing any state of body at all resembling that which is produced by alcohol; and not in *degree* only incapable, but even in *kind;* it is not in the quantity of its effects merely, but in the quality, that it differs altogether. The pleasure given by wine is always mounting, and tending to a crisis, after which it declines; that from opium, when once generated, is stationary for eight or ten hours: the first, to borrow a technical distinction from medicine, is a case of acute, the second of chronic, pleasure; the one is a flame, the other a steady and equable glow. But the main distinction lies in this, that whereas wine disorders the mental faculties, opium, on the contrary (if taken in a proper manner), introduces among them the most exquisite order, legislation, and harmony. Wine robs a man of his self-possession; opium greatly invigorates it. Wine unsettles and clouds the judgment, and gives a preternatural brightness, and a vivid exaltation, to the contempts and the admirations, to the loves and the hatreds, of the drinker; opium, on the contrary, communicates serenity and equipose to all the faculties, active or passive; and, with

respect to the temper and moral feelings in general, it gives simply that sort of vital warmth which is approved by the judgment, and which would probably always accompany a bodily constitution of primeval or antediluvian health. Thus, for instance, opium, like wine, gives an expansion to the heart and the benevolent affections; but, then, with this remarkable difference, that in the sudden development of kind-heartedness which accompanies inebriation, there is always more or less of a maudlin character, which exposes it to the contempt of the bystander. Men shake hands, swear eternal friendship, and shed tears — no mortal knows why; and the sensual creature is clearly uppermost. But the expansion of the benigner feelings, incident to opium, is no febrile access, but a healthy restoration to that state which the mind would naturally recover upon the removal of any deep-seated irritation of pain that had disturbed and quarrelled with the impulses of a heart originally just and good. True it is, that even wine, up to a certain point, and with certain men, rather tends to exalt and to steady the intellect; I myself, who had never been a great wine-drinker, used to find that half a dozen glasses of wine advantageously affected the faculties, brightened and intensified the consciousness, and gave to the mind a feeling of being "ponderibus librata suis;" and certainly it is most absurdly said, in popular language, of any man, that he is *disguised* in liquor; for, on the contrary, most men are disguised by sobriety; and it is when they are drinking (as some old gentleman says in Athenæus) that men display themselves in their true complexion of character; which surely is not disguising themselves. But still, wine constantly leads a man to the brink of absurdity and extravagance; and, beyond a certain point, it is sure to volatilize and to disperse the intellectual energies; whereas opium always seems to compose what had been agitated, and to concentrate what had been distracted. In short, to sum up all in one word, a man who is inebriated, or tending to inebriation, is, and feels that he is, in a condition which calls up into supremacy the merely human, too often brutal, part of his nature; but the opium-eater (I speak of him who is not suffering from any disease, or other remote effects of opium) feels that the diviner part of his nature is paramount; that is, the moral affections are in a state of cloudless serenity; and over all is the great light of the majestic intellect.

This is the doctrine of the true church on the subject of

opium: of which church I acknowledge myself to be the only member — the alpha and omega; but then it is to be recollected that I speak from the ground of a large and profound personal experience, whereas most of the unscientific authors who have at all treated of opium, and even of those who have written expressly on the *materia medica*, make it evident, from the horror they express of it, that their experimental knowledge of its action is none at all. I will, however, candidly acknowledge that I have met with one person who bore evidence to its intoxicating power, such as staggered my own incredulity; for he was a surgeon, and had himself taken opium largely. I happened to say to him, that his enemies (as I had heard) charged him with talking nonsense on politics, and that his friends apologized for him by suggesting that he was constantly in a state of intoxication from opium. Now, the accusation, said I, is not *prima facie*, and, of necessity, an absurd one; but the defence *is*. To my surprise, however, he insisted that both his enemies and his friends were in the right. "I will maintain," said he, "that I *do* talk nonsense; and secondly, I will maintain that I do not talk nonsense upon principle, or with any view to profit, but solely and simply," said he, "solely and simply — solely and simply [repeating it three times over] because I am drunk with opium, and that daily." I replied, that as to the allegation of his enemies, as it seemed to be established upon such respectable testimony, seeing that the three parties concerned all agreed in it, it did not become me to question it; but the defence set up I must demur to. He proceeded to discuss the matter, and to lay down his reasons; but it seemed to me so impolite to pursue an argument which must have presumed a man mistaken on a point belonging to his own profession, that I did not press him even when his course of argument seemed open to objection; not to mention that a man who talks nonsense, even though "with no view to profit," is not altogether the most agreeable partner in a dispute, whether as opponent or respondent. I confess, however, that the authority of a surgeon, and one who was reputed a good one, may seem a weighty one to my prejudice; but still I must plead my experience, which was greater than his greatest by seven thousand drops a day; and though it was not possible to suppose a medical man unacquainted with the characteristic symptoms of vinous intoxication, yet it struck me that he might proceed on a logical error of using the word intoxication with too great latitude, and extending it generically to all modes of

nervous excitement, instead of restricting it as the expression of a specific sort of excitement, connected with certain diagnostics. Some people have maintained, in my hearing, that they had been drunk upon green tea; and a medical student in London, for whose knowledge in his profession I have reason to feel great respect, assured me, the other day, that a patient, in recovering from an illness, had got drunk on a beefsteak.

Having dwelt so much on this first and leading error in respect to opium, I shall notice very briefly a second and a third; which are, that the elevation of spirits produced by opium is necessarily followed by a proportionate depression, and that the natural and even immediate consequence of opium is torpor and stagnation, animal and mental. The first of these errors I shall content myself with simply denying; assuring my reader, that for ten years, during which I took opium at intervals, the day succeeding to that on which I allowed myself this luxury was always a day of unusually good spirits.

With respect to the torpor supposed to follow, or rather (if we were to credit the numerous pictures of Turkish opium-eaters) to accompany, the practice of opium-eating, I deny that also. Certainly, opium is classed under the head of narcotics, and some such effect it may produce in the end; but the primary effects of opium are always, and in the highest degree, to excite and stimulate the system: this first stage of its action always lasted with me, during my novitiate, for upward of eight hours; so that it must be the fault of the opium-eater himself if he does not so time his exhibition of the dose (to speak medically) as that the whole weight of its narcotic influence may descend upon his sleep. Turkish opium-eaters, it seems, are absurd enough to sit, like so many equestrian statues, on logs of wood as stupid as themselves. But, that the reader may judge of the degree in which opium is likely to stupefy the faculties of an Englishman, I shall (by way of treating the question illustratively rather than argumentatively) describe the way in which I myself often passed an opium evening in London, during the period between 1804 and 1812. It will be seen that at least opium did not move me to seek solitude, and much less to seek inactivity, or the torpid state of self-involution ascribed to the Turks. I give this account at the risk of being pronounced a crazy enthusiast or visionary; but I regard that little. I must desire my reader to bear in mind that I was a hard student, and at severe studies for all the rest of my time; and

certainly I had a right occasionally to relaxations as well as other people: these, however, I allowed myself but seldom.

The late Duke of —— used to say, "Next Friday, by the blessing of Heaven, I purpose to be drunk;" and in like manner I used to fix beforehand how often, within a given time, and when, I would commit a debauch of opium. This was seldom more than once in three weeks; for at that time I could not have ventured to call every day (as I did afterward) for "*a glass of laudanum negus, warm, and without sugar.*" No; as I have said, I seldom drank laudanum, at that time, more than once in three weeks: this was usually on a Tuesday or a Saturday night; my reason for which was this. In those days Grassini sung at the opera, and her voice was delightful to me beyond all that I had ever heard. I know not what may be the state of the opera-house now, having never been within its walls for seven or eight years; but at that time it was by much the most pleasant place of resort in London for passing an evening. Five shillings admitted one to the gallery, which was subject to far less annoyance than the pit of the theatres; the orchestra was distinguished, by its sweet and melodious grandeur, from all English orchestras, the composition of which, I confess, is not acceptable to my ear, from the predominance of the clangorous instruments, and the almost absolute tyranny of the violin. The choruses were divine to hear; and when Grassini appeared in some interlude, as she often did, and poured forth her passionate soul as Andromache at the tomb of Hector, etc., I question whether any Turk, of all that ever entered the paradise of opium-eaters, can have had half the pleasure I had. But, indeed, I honor the barbarians too much by supposing them capable of any pleasures approaching to the intellectual ones of an Englishman. For music is an intellectual or a sensual pleasure, according to the temperament of him who hears it. And, by the bye, with the exception of the fine extravaganza on that subject in "Twelfth Night," I do not recollect more than one thing said adequately on the subject of music in all literature; it is a passage in the "Religio Medici" of Sir T. Brown, and, though chiefly remarkable for its sublimity, has also a philosophic value, inasmuch as it points to the true theory of musical effects. The mistake of most people is, to suppose that it is by the ear they communicate with music, and therefore that they are purely passive to its effects. But this is not so; it is by the reaction of the mind upon the

notices of the ear (the *matter* coming by the senses, the *form* from the mind) that the pleasure is constructed; and therefore it is that people of equally good ear differ so much in this point from one another. Now, opium by greatly increasing the activity of the mind, generally increases, of necessity, that particular mode of its activity by which we are able to construct out of the raw material of organic sound an elaborate intellectual pleasure. But, says a friend, a succession of musical sounds is to me like a collection of Arabic characters: I can attach no ideas to them. Ideas! my good sir? there is no occasion for them; all that class of ideas which can be available in such a case has a language of representative feelings. But this is a subject foreign to my present purposes; it is sufficient to say that a chorus, etc., of elaborate harmony, displayed before me, as in a piece of arras-work, the whole of my past life — not as if recalled by an act of memory, but as if present and incarnated in the music; no longer painful to dwell upon, but the detail of its incidents removed, or blended in some hazy abstraction, and its passions exalted, spiritualized, and sublimed. All this was to be had for five shillings. And over and above the music of the stage and the orchestra, I had all around me, in the intervals of the performance, the music of the Italian language talked by Italian women — for the gallery was usually crowded with Italians — and I listened with a pleasure such as that with which Weld, the traveller, lay and listened, in Canada, to the sweet laughter of Indian women; for the less you understand of a language, the more sensible you are to the melody or harshness of its sounds. For such a purpose, therefore, it was an advantage to me that I was a poor Italian scholar, reading it but little, and not speaking it at all, nor understanding a tenth part of what I heard spoken.

These were my opera pleasures; but another pleasure I had, which, as it could be had only on a Saturday night, occasionally struggled with my love of the opera; for, at that time, Tuesday and Saturday were the regular opera nights. On this subject I am afraid I shall be rather obscure, but, I can assure the reader, not at all more so than Marinus in his life of Proclus, or many other biographers and autobiographers of fair reputation. This pleasure, I have said, was to be had only on a Saturday night. What, then, was Saturday night to me more than any other night? I had no labors that I rested from; no wages to receive; what needed I to care for Saturday night,

more than as it was a summons to hear Grassini? True, most logical reader; what you say is unanswerable. And yet so it was and is, that whereas different men throw their feelings into different channels, and most are apt to show their interest in the concerns of the poor chiefly by sympathy, expressed in some shape or other, with their distresses and sorrows, I, at that time, was disposed to express my interest by sympathizing with their pleasures. The pains of poverty I had lately seen too much of — more than I wished to remember; but the pleasures of the poor, their consolations of spirit, and their reposes from bodily toil, can never become oppressive to contemplate.

Now, Saturday night is the season for the chief regular and periodic return of rest to the poor; in this point the most hostile sects unite, and acknowledge a common link of brotherhood; almost all Christendom rests from its labors. It is a rest introductory to another rest; and divided by a whole day and two nights from the renewal of toil. On this account I feel always, on a Saturday night, as though I also were released from some yoke of labor, had some wages to receive, and some luxury of repose to enjoy. For the sake, therefore, of witnessing, upon as large a scale as possible, a spectacle with which my sympathy was so entire, I used often, on Saturday nights, after I had taken opium, to wander forth, without much regarding the direction or the distance, to all the markets, and other parts of London, to which the poor resort on a Saturday night for laying out their wages. Many a family party, consisting of a man, his wife, and sometimes one or two of his children, have I listened to, as they stood consulting on their ways and means, or the strength of their exchequer, or the price of household articles. Gradually I became familiar with their wishes, their difficulties, and their opinions. Sometimes there might be heard murmurs of discontent; but far oftener expressions on the countenance, or uttered in words, of patience, hope, and tranquillity. And, taken generally, I must say, that, in this point, at least, the poor are far more philosophic than the rich; that they show a more ready and cheerful submission to what they consider as irremediable evils, or irreparable losses. Whenever I saw occasion, or could do it without appearing to be intrusive, I joined their parties, and gave my opinion upon the matter in discussion, which, if not always judicious, was always received indulgently. If wages were a little higher, or expected to be so, or the quartern loaf a little

lower, or it was reported that onions and butter were expected to fall, I was glad; yet, if the contrary were true, I drew from opium some means of consoling myself. For opium (like the bee, that extracts its materials indiscriminately from roses and from the soot of chimneys) can overrule all feelings into a compliance with the master-key. Some of these rambles led me to great distances; for an opium-eater is too happy to observe the motion of time. And sometimes, in my attempts to steer homeward, upon nautical principles, by fixing my eye on the pole-star, and seeking ambitiously for a north-west passage, instead of circumnavigating all the capes and headlands I had doubled in my outward voyage, I came suddenly upon such knotty problems of alleys, such enigmatical entries, and such sphinx's riddles of streets without thoroughfares, as must, I conceive, baffle the audacity of porters, and confound the intellects of hackney-coachmen. I could almost have believed, at times, that I must be the first discoverer of some of these *terræ incognitæ*, and doubted whether they had yet been laid down in the modern charts of London. For all this, however, I paid a heavy price in distant years, when the human face tyrannized over my dreams, and the perplexities of my steps in London came back and haunted my sleep, with the feeling of perplexities moral or intellectual, that brought confusion to the reason, or anguish and remorse to the conscience.

Thus, I have shown that opium does not, of necessity, produce inactivity or torpor; but that, on the contrary, it often led me into markets and theatres. Yet, in candor, I will admit that markets and theatres are not the appropriate haunts of the opium-eater, when in the divinest state incident to his enjoyment. In that state, crowds become an oppression to him; music, even, too sensual and gross. He naturally seeks solitude and silence, as indispensable conditions of those trances, or profoundest reveries, which are the crown and consummation of what opium can do for human nature. I, whose disease it was to meditate too much and to observe too little, and who, upon my first entrance at college, was nearly falling into a deep melancholy, from brooding too much on the sufferings which I had witnessed in London, was sufficiently aware of the tendencies of my own thoughts to do all I could to counteract them. I was, indeed, like a person who, according to the old legend, had entered the cave of Trophonius; and the remedies I sought were to force myself into society, and to keep my

understanding in continual activity upon matters of science. But for these remedies, I should certainly have become hypochrondriacally melancholy. In after-years, however, when my cheerfulness was more fully re-established, I yielded to my natural inclination for a solitary life. And at that time I often fell into these reveries upon taking opium; and more than once it has happened to me, on a summer night, when I have been at an open window, in a room from which I could overlook the sea at a mile below me, and could command a view of the great town of L——, at about the same distance, that I have sat from sunset to sunrise, motionless, and without wishing to move.

I shall be charged with mysticism, Behmenism, quietism, etc.; but that shall not alarm me. Sir H. Vane, the younger, was one of our wisest men; and let my reader see if he, in his philosophical works, be half as unmystical as I am. I say, then, that it has often struck me that the scene itself was somewhat typical of what took place in such a reverie. The town of L—— represented the earth, with its sorrows and its graves left behind, yet not out of sight, nor wholly forgotten. The ocean, in everlasting but gentle agitation, and brooded over by dove-like calm, might not unfitly typify the mind, and the mood which then swayed it. For it seemed to me as if then first I stood at a distance, and aloof from the uproar of life; as if the tumult, the fever, and the strife were suspended; a respite granted from the secret burdens of the heart; a Sabbath of repose; a resting from human labors. Here were the hopes which blossom in the paths of life, reconciled with the peace which is in the grave; motions of the intellect as unwearied as the heavens, yet for all anxieties a halcyon calm; a tranquillity that seemed no product of inertia, but as if resulting from mighty and equal antagonisms; infinite activities, infinite repose.

Oh, just, subtle, and mighty opium! that to the hearts of poor and rich alike, for the wounds that will never heal, and for "the pangs that tempt the spirit to rebel," bringest an assuaging balm; eloquent opium! that with thy potent rhetoric stealest away the purposes of wrath, and to the guilty man, for one night givest back the hopes of his youth, and hands washed pure from blood; and, to the proud man, a brief oblivion for

Wrongs unredressed, and insults unavenged;

that summonest to the chancery of dreams, for the triumphs of suffering innocence, false witnesses, and confoundest perjury, and dost reverse the sentences of unrighteous judges; thou buildest upon the bosom of darkness, out of the fantastic imagery of the brain, cities and temples, beyond the art of Phidias and Praxiteles — beyond the splendor of Babylon and Hekatompylos; and, "from the anarchy of dreaming sleep," callest into sunny light the faces of long-buried beauties, and the blessed household countenances, cleansed from the "dishonors of the grave." Thou only givest these gifts to man; and thou hast the keys of Paradise, oh, just, subtle, and mighty opium!

INTRODUCTION TO THE PAINS OF OPIUM.

Courteous, and, I hope, indulgent reader (for all my readers must be indulgent ones, or else, I fear, I shall shock them too much to count on their courtesy), having accompanied me thus far, now let me request you to move onward, for about eight years; that is to say, from 1804 (when I said that my acquaintance with opium first began) to 1812. The years of academic life are now over and gone — almost forgotten; the student's cap no longer presses my temples; if my cap exists at all, it presses those of some youthful scholar, I trust, as happy as myself, and as passionate a lover of knowledge. My gown is, by this time, I dare to say, in the same condition with many thousands of excellent books in the Bodleian, namely, diligently perused by certain studious moths and worms; or departed, however (which is all that I know of its fate), to that great reservoir of *somewhere*, to which all the tea-cups, tea-caddies, tea-pots, tea-kettles, etc., have departed (not to speak of still frailer vessels, such as glasses, decanters, bed-makers, etc.), which occasional resemblances in the present generation of tea-cups, etc., remind me of having once possessed, but of whose departure and final fate I, in common with most gownsmen of either university, could give, I suspect, but an obscure and conjectural history. The persecutions of the chapel-bell, sounding its unwelcome summons to six-o'clock matins, interrupts my slumbers no longer.

. . . . . .

I will here lay down an analysis of happiness, and as the most interesting mode of communicating it, I will give

it, not didactically, but wrapped up and involved in a picture of one evening, as I spent every evening during the intercalary year when laudanum, though taken daily, was to me no more than the elixir of pleasure. This done, I shall quit the subject of happiness altogether, and pass to a very different one — the *pains of opium.*

Let there be a cottage, standing in a valley, eighteen miles from any town; no spacious valley, but about two miles long by three quarters of a mile in average width — the benefit of which provision is, that all the families resident within its circuit will compose, as it were, one large household, personally familiar to your eye, and more or less interesting to your affections. Let the mountains be real mountains, between three and four thousand feet high, and the cottage a real cottage, not (as a witty author has it) "a cottage with a double coach-house;" let it be, in fact (for I must abide by the actual scene), a white cottage, embowered with flowering shrubs, so chosen as to unfold a succession of flowers upon the walls, and clustering around the windows, through all the months of spring, summer, and autumn; beginning, in fact, with May roses, and ending with jasmine. Let it, however, *not* be spring, nor summer, nor autumn; but winter in its sternest shape. This is a most important point in the science of happiness. And I am surprised to see people overlook it and think it matter of congratulation that winter is going, or, if coming, is not likely to be a severe one. On the contrary, I put up a petition, annually, for as much snow, hail, frost, or storm of one kind or other, as the skies can possibly afford us. Surely everybody is aware of the divine pleasures which attend a winter fireside — candles at four o'clock, warm hearth-rugs, tea, a fair tea-maker, shutters closed, curtains flowing in ample draperies on the floor, while the wind and rain are raging audibly without,

> And at the doors and windows seem to call
> As heaven and earth they would together mell
> Yet the least entrance find they none at all;
> Whence sweeter grows our rest secure in massy hall.
>
> *Castle of Indolence.*

All these are items in the description of a winter evening which must surely be familiar to everybody born in a high latitude. And it is evident that most of these delicacies, like ice-cream, require a very low temperature of the atmosphere

to produce them; they are fruits which cannot be ripened without weather stormy or inclement, in some way or other. I am not "*particular*," as people say, whether it be snow, or black frost, or wind so strong that (as Mr. —— says) "you may lean your back against it like a post." I can put up even with rain, provided that it rains cats and dogs; but something of the sort I must have; and if I have not, I think myself in a manner ill-used, for why am I called on to pay so heavily for winter in coals and candles, and various privations that will occur even to gentlemen, if I am not to have the article good of its kind? No: a Canadian winter, for my money; or a Russian one, where every man is but a coproprietor with the north wind in the fee-simple of his own ears. Indeed, so great an epicure am I in this matter, that I cannot relish a winter night fully, if it be much past St. Thomas's day, and have degenerated into disgusting tendencies to vernal appearances; no, it must be divided by a thick wall of dark nights from all return of light and sunshine. From the latter weeks of October to Christmas-eve, therefore, is the period during which happiness is in season, which, in my judgment, enters the room with a tea-tray; for tea, though ridiculed by those who are naturally of coarse nerves, or are become so from wine-drinking, and are not susceptible of influence from so refined a stimulant, will always be the favorite beverage of the intellectual; and, for my part, I would have joined Dr. Johnson in a *bellum internecinum* against Jonas Hanway, or any other impious person who should presume to disparage it. But here, to save myself the trouble of too much verbal description, I will introduce a painter, and give him directions for the rest of the picture. Painters do not like white cottages, unless a good deal weather-stained; but, as the reader now understands that it is a winter night, his services will not be required except for the inside of the house.

Paint me, then, a room seventeen feet by twelve, and not more than seven and a half feet high. This, reader, is somewhat ambitiously styled, in my family, the drawing-room; but being contrived "a double debt to pay," it is also, and more justly, termed the library; for it happens that books are the only article of property in which I am richer than my neighbors. Of these I have about five thousand, collected gradually since my eighteenth year. Therefore, painter, put as many as you can into this room. Make it populous with books, and, furthermore, paint me a good fire; and furniture plain and modest,

befitting the unpretending cottage of a scholar. And near the fire paint me a tea-table; and (as it is clear that no creature can come to see one, such a stormy night) place only two cups and saucers on the tea-tray; and, if you know how to paint such a thing symbolically, or otherwise, paint me an eternal tea-pot — eternal *à parte ante*, and *à parte post;* for I usually drink tea from eight o'clock at night to four in the morning. And, as it is very unpleasant to make tea, or to pour it out for one's self, paint me a lovely young woman, sitting at the table. Paint her arms like Aurora's, and her smiles like Hebe's — but no, dear M., not even in jest let me insinuate that thy power to illuminate my cottage rests upon a tenure so perishable as mere personal beauty; or that the witchcraft of angelic smiles lies within the empire of any earthly pencil. Pass, then, my good painter, to something more within its power; and the next article brought forward should naturally be myself — a picture of the opium-eater, with his "little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug" lying beside him on the table. As to the opium, I have no objection to see a picture of *that,* though I would rather see the original; you may paint it, if you choose; but I apprise you that no "little" receptacle would, even in 1816, answer *my* purpose, who was at a distance from the "stately Pantheon," and all druggists (mortal or otherwise). No; you may as well paint the real receptacle, which was not of gold, but of glass, and as much like a wine-decanter as possible. Into this you may put a quart of ruby-colored laudanum; that, and a book of German metaphysics placed by its side, will sufficiently attest my being in the neighborhood: but as to myself, there I demur. I admit that, naturally, I ought to occupy the foreground of the picture; that, being the hero of the piece, or (if you choose) the criminal at the bar, my body should be had into court. This seems reasonable; but why should I confess, on this point, to a painter? or, why confess at all? If the public (into whose private ear I am confidentially whispering my confessions, and not into any painter's) should chance to have framed some agreeable picture for itself of the opium-eater's exterior — should have ascribed to him, romantically, an elegant person, or a handsome face, why should I barbarously tear from it so pleasing a delusion — pleasing both to the public and to me? No; paint me, if at all, according to your own fancy; and, as a painter's fancy should teem with beautiful creations, I cannot fail, in that way, to be a gainer. And now, reader, we have

run through all the ten categories of my condition, as it stood about 1816–17, up to the middle of which latter year I judge myself to have been a happy man; and the elements of that happiness I have endeavored to place before you, in the above sketch of the interior of a scholar's library — in the cottage among the mountains, on a stormy winter evening.

But now farewell, a long farewell, to happiness, winter or summer! farewell to smiles and laughter! farewell to peace of mind! farewell to hope and to tranquil dreams, and to the blessed consolations of sleep! For more than three years and a half I am summoned away from these; I am now arrived at an Iliad of woes; for I have now to record

THE PAINS OF OPIUM.

——— as when some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.

Shelley's Revolt of Islam.

Reader, who have thus far accompanied me, I must request your attention to a brief explanatory note on three points:

1. For several reasons I have not been able to compose the notes for this part of my narrative into any regular and connected shape. I give the notes disjointed as I find them, or have now drawn them up from memory. Some of them point to their own date; some I have dated; and some are undated. Whenever it could answer my purpose to transplant them from the natural or chronological order, I have not scrupled to do so. Sometimes I speak in the present, sometimes in the past, tense. Few of the notes, perhaps, were written exactly at the period of time to which they relate; but this can little affect their accuracy, as the impressions were such that they can never fade from my mind. Much has been omitted. I could not, without effort, constrain myself to the task of either recalling, or constructing into a regular narrative, the whole burden of horrors which lies upon my brain. This feeling, partly, I plead in excuse, and partly that I am now in London, and am a helpless sort of person who cannot even arrange his own papers without assistance; and I am separated from the hands which are wont to perform for me the offices of an amanuensis.

2. You will think, perhaps, that I am too confidential and communicative of my own private history. It may be so. But my way of writing is rather to think aloud, and follow my own

private humors, than much to consider who is listening to me; and, if I stop to consider what is proper to be said to this or that person, I shall soon come to doubt whether any part of all is proper. The fact is, I place myself at a distance of fifteen or twenty years ahead of this time, and suppose myself writing to those who will be interested about me hereafter; and wishing to have some record of a time, the entire history of which no one can know but myself, I do it as fully as I am able with the efforts I am now capable of making, because I know not whether I can ever find time to do it again.

3. It will occur to you often to ask, Why did I not release myself from the horrors of opium by leaving it off, or diminishing it? To this I must answer briefly; it might be supposed that I yielded to the fascinations of opium too easily; it cannot be supposed that any man can be charmed by its terrors. The reader may be sure, therefore, that I made attempts innumerable to reduce the quantity. I add, that those who witnessed the agonies of those attempts, and not myself, were the first to beg me to desist. But could not I have reduced it a drop a day, or, by adding water, have bisected or trisected a drop? A thousand drops bisected would thus have taken nearly six years to reduce; and that they would certainly not have answered. But this is a common mistake of those who know nothing of opium experimentally; I appeal to those who do, whether it is not always found that down to a certain point it can be reduced with ease, and even pleasure, but that, after that point, further reduction causes intense suffering. Yes, say many thoughtless persons, who know not what they are talking of, you will suffer a little low spirits and dejection, for a few days. I answer, no; there is nothing like low spirits; on the contrary, the mere animal spirits are uncommonly raised; the pulse is improved; the health is better. It is not there that the suffering lies. It has no resemblance to the sufferings caused by renouncing wine. It is a state of unutterable irritation of stomach (which surely is not much like dejection), accompanied by intense perspirations, and feelings such as I shall not attempt to describe without more space at my command.

I have thus described and illustrated my intellectual torpor, in terms that apply, more or less, to every part of the four years during which I was under the Circean spells of opium. But for misery and suffering, I might, indeed, be said to have existed in a dormant state. I seldom could prevail on myself to write a

letter; an answer of a few words, to any that I received, was the utmost that I could accomplish; and often *that* not until the letter had lain weeks, or even months, on my writing-table. Without the aid of M., all records of bills paid, or *to be* paid, must have perished; and my whole domestic economy, whatever became of Political Economy, must have gone into irretrievable confusion. I shall not afterward allude to this part of the case; it is one, however, which the opium-eater will find, in the end, as oppressive and tormenting as any other, from the sense of incapacity and feebleness, from the direct embarrassments incident to the neglect or procrastination of each day's appropriate duties, and from the remorse which must often exasperate the stings of these evils to a reflective and conscientious mind. The opium-eater loses none of his moral sensibilities or aspirations; he wishes and longs as earnestly as ever to realize what he believes possible, and feels to be exacted by duty; but his intellectual apprehension of what is possible infinitely outruns his power, not of execution only, but even of power to attempt. He lies under the weight of incubus and nightmare; he lies in sight of all that he would fain perform, just as a man forcibly confined to his bed by the mortal languor of a relaxing disease, who is compelled to witness injury or outrage offered to some object of his tenderest love: he curses the spells which chain him down from motion; he would lay down his life if he might but get up and walk; but he is powerless as an infant, and cannot even attempt to rise.

I now pass to what is the main subject of these latter confessions, to the history and journal of what took place in my dreams; for these were the immediate and proximate cause of my acutest suffering.

The first notice I had of any important change going on in this part of my physical economy, was from the reawaking of a state of eye generally incident to childhood, or exalted states of irritability. I know not whether my reader is aware that many children, perhaps most, have a power of painting, as it were, upon the darkness all sorts of phantoms: in some that power is simply a mechanic affection of the eye; others have a voluntary or semi-voluntary power to dismiss or summon them; or, as a child once said to me, when I questioned him on this matter, "I can tell them to go, and they go; but sometimes they come when I don't tell them to come." Whereupon I told him that he had almost as unlimited a command over appari-

tions as a Roman centurion over his soldiers. In the middle of 1817, I think it was, that this faculty became positively distressing to me: at night, when I lay awake in bed, vast processions passed along in mournful pomp; friezes of never-ending stories, that to my feelings were as sad and solemn as if they were stories drawn from times before Œdipus or Priam, before Tyre, before Memphis. And, at the same time, a corresponding change took place in my dreams; a theatre seemed suddenly opened and lighted up within my brain, which presented, nightly, spectacles of more than earthly splendor. And the four following facts may be mentioned, as noticeable at this time:

I. That, as the creative state of the eye increased, a sympathy seemed to arise between the waking and the dreaming states of the brain in one point — that whatsoever I happened to call up and to trace by a voluntary act upon the darkness was very apt to transfer itself to my dreams; so that I feared to exercise this faculty; for, as Midas turned all things to gold, that yet baffled his hopes and defrauded his human desires, so whatsoever things capable of being visually represented I did but think of in the darkness, immediately shaped themselves into phantoms of the eye; and, by a process apparently no less inevitable, when thus once traced in faint and visionary colors, like writings in sympathetic ink, they were drawn out, by the fierce chemistry of my dreams, into insufferable splendor that fretted my heart.

II. For this, and all other changes in my dreams, were accompanied by deep-seated anxiety and gloomy melancholy, such as are wholly incommunicable by words. I seemed every night to descend — not metaphorically, but literally to descend — into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that I could ever reascend. Nor did I, by waking, feel that I *had* reascended. This I do not dwell upon; because the state of gloom which attended these gorgeous spectacles, amounting at least to utter darkness, as of some suicidal despondency, cannot be approached by words.

III. The sense of space, and in the end the sense of time, were both powerfully affected. Buildings, landscapes, etc., were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not fitted to receive. Space swelled, and was amplified to an extent of unutterable infinity. This, however, did not disturb me so much as the vast expansion of time. I sometimes seemed to

have lived for seventy or one hundred years in one night; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a millennium, passed in that time, or, however, of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience.

IV. The minutest incidents of childhood, or forgotten scenes of later years, were often revived. I could not be said to recollect them; for if I had been told of them when waking, I should not have been able to acknowledge them as parts of my past experience. But placed as they were before me, in dreams like intuitions, and clothed in all their evanescent circumstances and accompanying feelings, I *recognized* them instantaneously. I was once told by a near relative of mine, that having in her childhood fallen into a river, and being on the very verge of death but for the critical assistance which reached her, she saw in a moment her whole life, in its minutest incidents, arrayed before her simultaneously as in a mirror; and she had a faculty developed as suddenly for comprehending the whole and every part. This, from some opium experiences of mine, I can believe; I have, indeed, seen the same thing asserted twice in modern books, and accompanied by a remark which I am convinced is true, namely, that the dread book of account, which the Scriptures speak of, is, in fact, the mind itself of each individual. Of this, at least, I feel assured, that there is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind. Accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forever; just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact, we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil; and that they are waiting to be revealed, when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn.

Having noticed these four facts as memorably distinguishing my dreams from those of health, I shall now cite a case illustrative of the first fact; and shall then cite any others that I remember, either in their chronological order, or any other that may give them more effect as pictures to the reader.

I had been in youth, and even since, for occasional amusement, a great reader of Livy, whom I confess that I prefer, both for style and matter, to any other of the Roman historians; and I had often felt as most solemn and appalling sounds, and most emphatically representative of the majesty of the Roman people,

the two words so often occurring in Livy — *Consul Romanus;* especially when the consul is introduced in his military character. I mean to say that the words king, sultan, regent, etc., or any other titles of those who embody in their own persons the collective majesty of a great people, had less power over my reverential feelings. I had, also, though no great reader of history, made myself minutely and critically familiar with one period of English history, namely, the period of the Parliamentary War, having been attracted by the moral grandeur of some who figured in that day, and by the many interesting memoirs which survive those unquiet times. Both these parts of my lighter reading, having furnished me often with matter of reflection, now furnish me with matter for my dreams. Often I used to see, after painting upon the blank darkness, a sort of rehearsal while waking, a crowd of ladies, and perhaps a festival and dances. And I heard it said, or I said to myself, "These are English ladies from the unhappy times of Charles I. These are the wives and daughters of those who met in peace, and sat at the same tables, and were allied by marriage or by blood; and yet, after a certain day in August, 1642, never smiled upon one another again, nor met but in the field of battle; and at Marston Moor, at Newbury, or at Naseby, cut asunder all ties of love by the cruel sabre, and washed away in blood the memory of ancient friendship." The ladies danced, and looked as lovely as the court of George IV. Yet I knew, even in my dream, that they had been in the grave for nearly two centuries. This pageant would suddenly dissolve; and at a clapping of hands would be heard the heart-quaking sound of *Consul Romanus;* and immediately came "sweeping by," in gorgeous paludiments, Paulus or Marius, girt around by a company of centurions, with the crimson tunic hoisted on a spear, and followed by the *alalagmos* of the Roman legions.

May, 1818. — The Malay has been a fearful enemy for months. I have been every night, through his means, transported into Asiatic scenes. I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point; but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China, and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep, and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would alone have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there

are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect him in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Hindostan, etc. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, histories, modes of faith, etc., is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of *castes*, that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges, or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life — the great *officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires, also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all Oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence, and want of sympathy, placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyze. I could sooner live with lunatics, or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of Oriental imagery, and mythological tortures, impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages, and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Hindostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by paroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas, and was fixed, for centuries, at the summit, or in secret rooms: I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brahma through all the forests of Asia: Vishnu hated me; Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris: I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried, for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mum-

mies, and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles; and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, among reeds and Nilotic mud.

I thus give the reader some slight abstraction of my Oriental dreams, which always filled me with such amazement at the monstrous scenery, that horror seemed absorbed, for awhile, in sheer astonishment. Sooner or later came a reflux of feeling that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim, sightless incarceration, brooded a sense of eternity and infinity that drove me into an oppression as of madness. Into these dreams only, it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles, especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than almost all the rest. I was compelled to live with him; and (as was always the case, almost, in my dreams) for centuries. I escaped, sometimes, and found myself in Chinese houses with cane tables, etc. All the feet of the tables, sofas, etc., soon became instinct with life: the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into a thousand repetitions; and I stood loathing and fascinated. And so often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way: I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear everything when I am sleeping), and instantly I awoke; it was broad noon, and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bedside, come to show me their colored shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. I protest that so awful was the transition from the damned crocodile, and the other unutterable monsters and abortions of my dreams, to the sight of innocent *human* natures, and of infancy, that, in the mighty and sudden revulsion of mind, I wept, and could not forbear it, as I kissed their faces.

As a final specimen, I cite one of a different character, from 1820.

The dream commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams — a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like *that*, gave the feeling of a vast march, of infi-

nite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day — a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and laboring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where — somehow, I knew not how — by some beings, I knew not whom — a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting — was evolving like a great drama, or piece of music; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. "Deeper than ever plummet sounded," I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurryings to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives. I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed — and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then — everlasting farewells! and, with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated — everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated — everlasting farewells!

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud — "I will sleep no more!"

But I am now called upon to wind up a narrative which has already extended to an unreasonable length. Within more spacious limits, the materials which I have used might have been better unfolded; and much which I have not used might have been added with effect. Perhaps, however, enough has been given. It now remains that I should say something of the way in which this conflict of horrors was finally brought to its crisis. The reader is already aware (from a passage near the beginning of the introduction to the first part) that the opium-eater has, in some way or other, "unwound, almost to its final links, the accursed chain which bound him." By

what means? To have narrated this, according to the original intention, would have far exceeded the space which can now be allowed. It is fortunate, as such a cogent reason exists for abridging it, that I should, on a maturer view of the case, have been exceedingly unwilling to injure, by any such unaffecting details, the impression of the history itself, as an appeal to the prudence and the conscience of the yet unconfirmed opium-eater, or even (though a very inferior consideration) to injure its effect as a composition. The interest of the judicious reader will not attach itself chiefly to the subject of the fascinating spells, but to the fascinating power. Not the opium-eater, but the opium, is the true hero of the tale, and the legitimate centre on which the interest revolves. The object was to display the marvellous agency of opium, whether for pleasure or for pain; if that is done, the action of the piece has closed.

However, as some people, in spite of all laws to the contrary, will persist in asking what became of the opium-eater, and in what state he now is, I answer for him thus: The reader is aware that opium had long ceased to found its empire on spells of pleasure; it was solely by the tortures connected with the attempt to abjure it, that it kept its hold. Yet, as other tortures, no less, it may be thought, attended the non-abjuration of such a tyrant, a choice only of evils was left; and *that* might as well have been adopted, which, however terrific in itself, held out a prospect of final restoration to happiness. This appears true; but good logic gave the author no strength to act upon it. However, a crisis arrived for the author's life, and a crisis for other objects still dearer to him, and which will always be far dearer to him than his life, even now that it is again a happy one. I saw that I must die, if I continued the opium: I determined, therefore, if that should be required, to die in throwing it off. How much I was at that time taking, I cannot say; for the opium which I used had been purchased for me by a friend, who afterward refused to let me pay him; so that I could not ascertain even what quantity I had used within a year. I apprehend, however, that I took it very irregularly, and that I varied from about fifty or sixty grains to one hundred and fifty a day. My first task was to reduce it to forty, to thirty, and, as fast as I could, to twelve grains.

I triumphed; but think not, reader, that therefore my sufferings were ended; nor think of me as of one sitting in a *dejected* state. Think of me as of one, even when four months

had passed, still agitated, writhing, throbbing, palpitating, shattered; and much, perhaps, in the situation of him who has been racked, as I collect the torments of that state from the affecting account of them left by the most innocent sufferer (of the time of James I.) Meantime, I derived no benefit from any medicine, except one prescribed to me by an Edinburgh surgeon of great eminence, namely, ammoniated tincture of valerian. Medical account, therefore, of my emancipation, I have not much to give; and even that little, as managed by a man so ignorant of medicine as myself, would probably tend only to mislead. At all events, it would be misplaced in this situation. The moral of the narrative is addressed to the opium-eater; and therefore, of necessity, limited in its application. If he is taught to fear and tremble, enough has been effected. But he may say that the issue of my case is at least a proof that opium, after a seventeen years' use, and an eight years' abuse of its powers, may still be renounced; and that he may chance to bring to the task greater energy than I did, or that, with a stronger constitution than mine, he may obtain the same results with less. This may be true; I would not presume to measure the efforts of other men by my own. I heartily wish him more energy; I wish him the same success. Nevertheless, I had motives external to myself which he may unfortunately want; and these supplied me with conscientious supports, which mere personal interests might fail to supply to a mind debilitated by opium.

Jeremy Taylor conjectures that it may be as painful to be born as to die. I think it probable; and, during the whole period of diminishing the opium, I had the torments of a man passing out of one mode of existence into another. The issue was not death, but a sort of physical regeneration, and, I may add, that ever since, at intervals, I have had a restoration of more than youthful spirits, though under the pressure of difficulties which, in a less happy state of mind, I should have called misfortunes.

One memorial of my former condition still remains: my dreams are not yet perfectly calm; the dread swell and agitation of the storm have not wholly subsided; the legions that encamped in them are drawing off, but not all departed; my sleep is tumultuous, and like the gates of Paradise to our first parents when looking back from afar, it is still (in the tremendous line of Milton) —

"With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms."

The Vision of Sudden Death.

What is to be taken as the predominant opinion of man, reflective and philosophic, upon SUDDEN DEATH? It is remarkable that, in different conditions of society, sudden death has been variously regarded as the consummation of an earthly career most fervently to be desired, or, again, as that consummation which is with most horror to be deprecated. Cæsar the Dictator, at his last dinner-party (*cœna*), on the very evening before his assassination, when the minutes of his earthly career were numbered, being asked what death, in *his* judgment, might be pronounced the most eligible, replied, "That which should be most sudden." On the other hand, the divine Litany of our English Church, when breathing forth supplications, as if in some representative character for the whole human race prostrate before God, places such a death in the very van of horrors: — "From lightning and tempest; from plague, pestilence, and famine; from battle and murder, and from SUDDEN DEATH — *Good Lord, deliver us.*" Sudden death is here made to crown the climax in a grand ascent of calamities; it is ranked among the last of curses; and yet, by the noblest of Romans, it was ranked as the first of blessings. In that difference, most readers will see little more than the essential difference between Christianity and Paganism. But this, on consideration, I doubt. The Christian Church may be right in its estimate of sudden death; and it is a natural feeling, though after all it may also be an infirm one, to wish for a quiet dismissal from life — as that which *seems* most reconcilable with meditation, with penitential retrospects, and with the humilities of farewell prayer. There does not, however, occur to me any direct scriptural warrant for this earnest petition of the English Litany, unless under a special construction of the word "sudden." It seems a petition — indulged rather and conceded to human infirmity than exacted from human piety. It is not so much a doctrine built upon the eternities of the Christian system, as a plausible opinion built upon special varieties of physical temperament. Let that, however, be as it may, two remarks suggest themselves as prudent restraints upon a doctrine, which else *may* wander, and *has* wandered, into an uncharitable superstition. The first is this: that many people are likely to exaggerate the horror of a sudden death, from the disposition to lay a false stress upon

words or acts, simply because by an accident they have become *final* words or acts. If a man dies, for instance, by some sudden death when he happens to be intoxicated, such a death is falsely regarded with peculiar horror; as though the intoxication were suddenly exalted into a blasphemy. But *that* is unphilosophic. The man was, or he was not, *habitually* a drunkard. If not, if his intoxication were a solitary accident, there can be no reason for allowing special emphasis to this act, simply because through misfortune it became his final act. Nor, on the other hand, if it were no accident, but one of his *habitual* trangressions, will it be the more habitual or the more a trangression, because some sudden calamity surprising him, has caused this habitual transgression to be also a final one. Could the man have had any reason even dimly to foresee his own sudden death, there would have been a new feature in his act of intemperance — feature of presumption and irreverence, as in one that, having known himself drawing near to the presence of God, should have suited his demeanor to an expectation so awful. But this is no part of the case supposed. And the only new element in the man's act is not any element of special immorality, but simply of special misfortune.

The other remark has reference to the meaning of the word *sudden*. Very possibly Cæsar and the Christian Church do not differ in the way supposed; that is, do not differ by any difference of doctrine as between Pagan and Christian views of the moral temper appropriate to death, but perhaps they are contemplating different cases. Both contemplate a violent death, a βιαθάνατος — death that is βίαιος, or, in other words, death that is brought about, not by internal and spontaneous change, but by active force, having its origin from without. In this meaning the two authorities agree. Thus far they are in harmony. But the difference is, that the Roman by the word "sudden" means *unlingering;* whereas the Christian Litany by "sudden death" means a death *without warning*, consequently without any available summons to religious preparation. The poor mutineer, who kneels down to gather into his heart the bullets from twelve firelocks of his pitying comrades, dies by a most sudden death in Cæsar's sense; one shock, one mighty spasm, one (possibly *not* one) groan, and all is over. But in the sense of the Litany, the mutineer's death is far from sudden; his offence originally, his imprisonment, his trial, the interval between his sentence and its execution, having all furnished

him with separate warnings of his fate — having all summoned him to meet it with solemn preparation.

Here at once, in this sharp verbal distinction, we comprehend the faithful earnestness with which a holy Christian Church pleads on behalf of her poor departing children, that God would vouchsafe to them the last great privilege and distinction possible on a death-bed — viz., the opportunity of untroubled preparation for facing this mighty trial. Sudden death, as a mere variety in the modes of dying, where death in some shape is inevitable, proposes a question of choice which, equally in the Roman and the Christian sense, will be variously answered according to each man's variety of temperament. Meantime, one aspect of sudden death there is, one modification, upon which no doubt can arise, that of all martyrdoms it is the most agitating — viz., where it surprises a man under circumstances which offer (or which seem to offer) some hurrying, flying, inappreciably minute chance of evading it. Sudden as the danger which it affronts, must be any effort by which such an evasion can be accomplished. Even *that*, even the sickening necessity for hurrying in extremity where all hurry seems destined to be vain, even that anguish is liable to a hideous exasperation in one particular case — viz., where the appeal is made not exclusively to the instinct of self-preservation, but to the conscience, on behalf of some other life besides your own, accidentally thrown upon *your* protection. To fail, to collapse in a service merely your own, might seem comparatively venial; though, in fact, it is far from venial. But to fail in a case where Providence has suddenly thrown into your hands the final interests of another — a fellow-creature shuddering between the gates of life and death; this, to a man of apprehensive conscience, would mingle the misery of an atrocious criminality with the misery of a bloody calamity. You are called upon, by the case supposed, possibly to die; but to die at the very moment when, by any even partial failure, or effeminate collapse of your energies, you will be self-denounced as a murderer. You had but the twinkling of an eye for your effort, and that effort might have been unavailing; but to have risen to the level of such an effort would have rescued you, though not from dying, yet from dying as a traitor to your final and farewell duty.

The situation here contemplated exposes a dreadful ulcer, lurking far down in the depths of human nature. It is not that men generally are summoned to face such awful trials. But

potentially, and in shadowy outline, such a trial is moving subterraneously in perhaps all men's natures. Upon the secret mirror of our dreams such a trial is darkly projected, perhaps, to every one of us. That dream, so familiar to childhood, of meeting a lion, and, through languishing prostration in hope and the energies of hope, that constant sequel of lying down before the lion, publishes the secret frailty of human nature — reveals its deep-seated falsehood to itself — records its abysmal treachery. Perhaps not one of us escapes that dream; perhaps, as by some sorrowful doom of man, that dream repeats for every one of us, through every generation, the original temptation in Eden. Every one of us, in this dream, has a bait offered to the infirm places of his own individual will; once again a snare is presented for tempting him into captivity to a luxury of ruin; once again, as in aboriginal Paradise, the man falls by his own choice; again, by infinite iteration, the ancient Earth groans to Heaven, through her secret caves, over the weakness of her child: "Nature, from her seat, sighing through all her works," again "gives sign of woe that all is lost;" and again the counter sigh is repeated to the sorrowing heavens for the endless rebellion against God. It is not without probability that in the world of dreams every one of us ratifies for himself the original transgression. In dreams, perhaps under some secret conflict of the midnight sleeper, lighted up to the consciousness at the time, but darkened to the memory as soon as all is finished, each several child of our mysterious race completes for himself the treason of the aboriginal fall.

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The incident, so memorable in itself by its features of horror, and so scenical by its grouping for the eye, which furnished the text for this reverie upon *Sudden Death*, occurred to myself in the dead of night, as a solitary spectator, when seated on the box of the Manchester and Glasgow mail, in the second or third summer after Waterloo. I find it necessary to relate the circumstances, because they are such as could not have occurred unless under a singular combination of accidents. In those days, the oblique and lateral communications with many rural post-offices were so arranged, either through necessity or through defect of system, as to make it requisite for the main northwestern mail (*i. e.*, the *down* mail), on reaching Manchester, to halt for a number of hours; how many, I do not remember; six or seven, I think; but the result was, that, in the ordinary course, the

mail recommenced its journey northward about midnight. Wearied with the long detention at a gloomy hotel, I walked out about eleven o'clock at night for the sake of fresh air; meaning to fall in with the mail and resume my seat at the post-office. The night, however, being yet dark, as the moon had scarcely risen, and the streets being at that hour empty, so as to offer no opportunities for asking the road, I lost my way, and did not reach the post-office until it was considerably past midnight; but, to my great relief (as it was important for me to be in Westmoreland by the morning), I saw in the huge saucer eyes of the mail, blazing through the gloom, an evidence that my chance was not yet lost. Past the time it was, but, by some rare accident, the mail was not even yet ready to start. I ascended to my seat on the box, where my cloak was still lying as it had lain at the Bridgewater Arms. I had left it there in imitation of a nautical discoverer, who leaves a bit of bunting on the shore of his discovery, by way of warning off the ground the whole human race, and notifying to the Christian and the heathen worlds, with his best compliments, that he has hoisted his pocket-handkerchief once and forever upon that virgin soil; thenceforward claiming the *jus dominii* to the top of the atmosphere above it, and also the right of driving shafts to the centre of the earth below it; so that all people found after this warning, either aloft in upper chambers of the atmosphere, or groping in subterraneous shafts, or squatting audaciously on the surface of the soil, will be treated as trespassers — kicked, that is to say, or decapitated, as circumstances may suggest, by their very faithful servant, the owner of the said pocket-handkerchief. In the present case, it is probable that my cloak might not have been respected, and the *jus gentium* might have been cruelly violated in my person — for, in the dark, people commit deeds of darkness, gas being a great ally of morality — but it so happened that, on this night, there was no other outside passenger; and thus the crime, which else was but too probable, missed fire for want of a criminal.

Having mounted the box, I took a small quantity of laudanum, having already travelled two hundred and fifty miles — viz., from a point seventy miles beyond London. In the taking of laudanum there was nothing extraordinary. But by accident it drew upon me the special attention of my assessor on the box, the coachman. And in *that* also there was nothing extraordinary. But by accident, and with great delight, it drew

my own attention to the fact that this coachman was a monster in point of bulk, and that he had but one eye. In fact, he had been foretold by Virgil as

"Monstrum horrendum informe, ingens cui lumen ademptum."

He answered to the conditions in every one of the items: — 1, a monster he was; 2, dreadful; 3, shapeless; 4, huge; 5, who had lost an eye. But why should *that* delight me? Had he been one of the Calendars in the "Arabian Nights," and had paid down his eye as the price of his criminal curiosity, what right had *I* to exult in his misfortune? I did *not* exult: I delighted in no man's punishment, though it were even merited. But these personal distinctions (Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5) identified in an instant an old friend of mine, whom I had known in the south for some years as the most masterly of mail-coachmen. He was the man in all Europe that could (if *any* could) have driven six-in-hand full gallop over *Al Sirat* — that dreadful bridge of Mohammed, with no side battlements, and of *extra* room not enough for a razor's edge — leading right across the bottomless gulf. Under this eminent man, whom in Greek I cognominated Cyclops *diphrélates* (Cyclops the charioteer), I, and others known to me, studied the diphrelatic art. Excuse, reader, a word too elegant to be pedantic. As a pupil, though I paid extra fees, it is to be lamented that I did not stand high in his esteem. It showed his dogged honesty (though, observe, not his discernment), that he could not see my merits. Let us excuse his absurdity in this particular, by remembering his want of an eye. Doubtless *that* made him blind to my merits. In the art of conversation, however, he admitted that I had the whip-hand of him. On this present occasion, great joy was at our meeting. But what was Cyclops doing here? Had the medical men recommended northern air, or how? I collected, from such explanations as he volunteered, that he had an interest at stake in some suit-at-law now pending at Lancaster; so that probably he had got himself transferred to this station, for the purpose of connecting with his professional pursuits an instant readiness for the calls of his lawsuit.

Meantime, what are we stopping for? Surely we have now waited long enough. Oh, this procrastinating mail, and this procrastinating post-office! Can't they take a lesson upon that subject from *me?* Some people have called *me* procrastinating. Yet you are witness, reader, that I was kept here waiting for

the post-office. Will the post-office lay its hand on its heart, in its moments of sobriety, and assert that ever it waited for me? What are they about? The guard tells me that there is a large extra accumulation of foreign mails this night, owing to irregularities caused by war, by wind, by weather, in the packet service, which as yet does not benefit at all by steam. For an *extra* hour, it seems, the post-office has been engaged in threshing out the pure wheaten correspondence of Glasgow, and winnowing it from the chaff of all baser intermediate towns. But at last all is finished. Sound your horn, guard. Manchester, good-bye; we 've lost an hour by your criminal conduct at the post-office; which, however, though I do not mean to part with a serviceable ground of complaint, and one which really *is* such for the horses, to me secretly is an advantage, since it compels us to look sharply for this lost hour amongst the next eight or nine, and to recover it (if we can) at the rate of one mile extra per hour. Off we are at last, and at eleven miles per hour; and for the moment I detect no changes in the energy or in the skill of Cyclops.

From Manchester to Kendal, which virtually (though not in law) is the capital of Westmoreland, there were at this time seven stages of eleven miles each. The first five of these, counting from Manchester, terminate in Lancaster, which is therefore fifty-five miles north of Manchester, and the same distance exactly from Liverpool. The first three stages terminate in Preston (called, by way of distinction from other towns of that name, *proud* Preston), at which place it is that the separate roads from Liverpool and from Manchester to the north become confluent.[1] Within these first three stages lay the foundation, the progress, and termination of our night's adventure. During the first stage, I found out that Cyclops was mortal; he was liable to the shocking affection of sleep — a thing which previously I had never suspected. If a man indulges in the vicious habit of sleeping, all the skill in aurigation of Apollo himself, with the horses of Aurora to execute his notions, avails him nothing. "Oh, Cyclops!" I exclaimed, "thou art mortal. My friend, thou snorest." Through the

[1] Suppose a capital Y (the Pythagorean letter): Lancaster is at the foot of this letter; Liverpool at the top of the *right* branch; Manchester at the top of the *left;* proud Preston at the centre, where the two branches unite. It is thirty-three miles along either of the two branches; it is twenty-two miles along the stem — viz., from Preston in the middle, to Lancaster at the root. There 's a lesson in geography for the reader.

first eleven miles, however, this infirmity — which I grieve to say that he shared with the whole Pagan Pantheon — betrayed itself only by brief snatches. On waking up, he made an apology for himself, which, instead of mending matters, laid open a gloomy vista of coming disasters. The summer assizes, he reminded me, were now going on at Lancaster: in consequence of which, for three nights and three days, he had not lain down in a bed. During the day, he was waiting for his own summons as a witness on the trial in which he was interested: or else, lest he should be missing at the critical moment, was drinking with the other witnesses, under the pastoral surveillance of the attorneys. During the night, or that part of it which at sea would form the middle watch, he was driving. This explanation certainly accounted for his drowsiness, but in a way which made it much more alarming; since now, after several days' resistance to this infirmity, at length he was steadily giving way. Throughout the second stage he grew more and more drowsy. In the second mile of the third stage, he surrendered himself finally and without a struggle to his perilous temptation. All his past resistance had but deepened the weight of this final oppression. Seven atmospheres of sleep rested upon him; and to consummate the case, our worthy guard, after singing "Love among the Roses" for perhaps thirty times, without invitation, and without applause, had in revenge moodily resigned himself to slumber — not so deep, doubtless, as the coachman's, but deep enough for mischief. And thus at last, about ten miles from Preston, it came about that I found myself left in charge of his Majesty's London and Glasgow mail, then running at the least twelve miles an hour.

What made this negligence less criminal than else it must have been thought, was the condition of the roads at night during the assizes. At that time, all the law business of populous Liverpool, and also of populous Manchester, with its vast cincture of populous rural districts, was called up by ancient usage to the tribunal of Lilliputian Lancaster. To break up this old traditional usage required, (1) a conflict with powerful established interests; (2) a large system of new arrangements; and (3) a new parliamentary statute. But as yet this change was merely in contemplation. As things were at present, twice in the year[1] so vast a body of business rolled northward, from

[1] There were at that time only two assizes even in the most populous counties — viz., the Lent Assizes and the Summer Assizes.

the southern quarter of the county, that for a fortnight at least it occupied the severe exertions of two judges in its despatch. The consequence of this was, that every horse available for such a service, along the whole line of road, was exhausted in carrying down the multitudes of people who were parties to the different suits. By sunset, therefore, it usually happened that, through utter exhaustion among men and horses, the roads sunk into profound silence. Except the exhaustion in the vast adjacent county of York from a contested election, no such silence succeeding to no such fiery uproar was ever witnessed in England.

On this occasion, the usual silence and solitude prevailed along the road. Not a hoof nor a wheel was to be heard. And to strengthen this false luxurious confidence in the noiseless roads, it happened also that the night was one of peculiar solemnity and peace. For my own part, though slightly alive to the possibilities of peril, I had so far yielded to the influence of the mighty calm as to sink into a profound reverie. The month was August, in the middle of which lay my own birthday — a festival to every thoughtful man suggesting solemn and often sigh-born[1] thoughts. The county was my own native county — upon which, in its southern section, more than upon any equal area known to man past or present, had descended the original curse of labor in its heaviest form, not mastering the bodies only of men as of slaves, or criminals in mines, but working through the fiery will. Upon no equal space of earth was, or ever had been, the same energy of human power put forth daily. At this particular season also of the assizes, that dreadful hurricane of flight and pursuit, as it might have seemed to a stranger, which swept to and from Lancaster all day long, hunting the county up and down, and regularly subsiding back into silence about sunset, could not fail (when united with this permanent distinction of Lancashire as the very metropolis and citadel of labor) to point the thoughts pathetically upon that counter vision of rest, of saintly repose from strife and sorrow, toward which, as to their secret haven, the profounder aspirations of man's heart are in solitude continually travelling. Obliquely upon our left we were nearing the sea, which also must, under the present circumstances, be repeating the general state of halcyon repose. The sea, the atmosphere, the light,

[1] I owe the suggestion of this word to an obscure remembrance of a beautiful phrase in "Giraldus Cambrensis" — viz., *suspiriosæ cogitationes*.

bore each an orchestral part in this universal lull. Moonlight, and the first timid tremblings of the dawn, were by this time blending; and the blendings were brought into a still more exquisite state of unity by a slight silvery mist, motionless and dreamy, that covered the woods and fields, but with a veil of equable transparency. Except the feet of our own horses, which, running on a sandy margin of the road, made but little disturbance, there was no sound abroad. In the clouds, and on the earth, prevailed the same majestic peace; and in spite of all that the villain of a school-master has done for the ruin of our sublimer thoughts, which are the thoughts of our infancy, we still believe in no such nonsense as a limited atmosphere. Whatever we may swear with our false feigning lips, in our faithful hearts we still believe, and must forever believe, in fields of air traversing the total gulf between earth and the central heavens. Still in the confidence of children that tread without fear *every* chamber in their father's house, and to whom no door is closed, we, in that Sabbatic vision which sometimes is revealed for an hour upon nights like this, ascend with easy steps from the sorrow-stricken fields of earth, upward to the sandals of God.

Suddenly, from thoughts like these, I was awakened to a sullen sound, as of some motion on the distant road. It stole upon the air for a moment; I listened in awe; but then it died away. Once roused, however, I could not but observe with alarm the quickened motion of our horses. Ten years' experience had made my eye learned in the valuing of motion; and I saw that we were now running thirteen miles an hour. I pretend to no presence of mind. On the contrary, my fear is, that I am miserably and shamefully deficient in that quality as regards action. The palsy of doubt and distraction hangs like some guilty weight of dark unfathomed remembrances upon my energies, when the signal is flying for *action*. But, on the other hand, this accursed gift I have, as regards *thought*, that in the first step toward the possibility of a misfortune, I see its total evolution; in the radix of the series I see too certainly and too instantly its entire expansion; in the first syllable of the dreadful sentence I read already the last. It was not that I feared for ourselves. *Us*, our bulk and impetus charmed against peril in any collision. And I had ridden through too many hundreds of perils that were frightful to approach, that were matter of laughter to look back upon, the first face of which was horror —

the parting face a jest, for any anxiety to rest upon *our* interests. The mail was not built, I felt assured, nor bespoke, that could betray *me* who trusted to its protection. But any carriage that we could meet would be frail and light in comparison with ourselves. And I remark this ominous accident of our situation. We were on the wrong side of the road. But then, it may be said, the other party, if other there was, might also be on the wrong side; and two wrongs might make a right. *That* was not likely. The same motive which had drawn *us* to the right-hand side of the road — viz., the luxury of the soft beaten sand, as contrasted with the paved centre — would prove attractive to others. The two adverse carriages would therefore, to a certainty, be travelling on the same side; and from this side, as not being ours in law, the crossing over to the other would, of course, be looked for from *us*.[1] Our lamps, still lighted, would give the impression of vigilance on our part. And every creature that met us, would rely upon *us* for quartering.[2] All this, and if the separate links of the anticipation had been a thousand times more, I saw, not discursively, or by effort, or by succession, but by one flash of horrid simultaneous intuition.

Under this steady though rapid anticipation of the evil which *might* be gathering ahead, ah! what a sullen mystery of fear, what a sigh of woe, was that which stole upon the air, as again the far-off sound of a wheel was heard? A whisper it was — a whisper from, perhaps, four miles off — secretly announcing a ruin that, being foreseen, was not the less inevitable; that, being known, was not, therefore, healed. What could be done — who was it that could do it — to check the storm-flight of these maniacal horses? Could I not seize the reins from the grasp of the slumbering coachman? You, reader, think that it would have been in *your* power to do so. And I quarrel not with your estimate of yourself. But, from the way in which the coachman's hand was vised between his upper and lower thigh, this was impossible. Easy, was it? See, then, that bronze equestrian statue. The cruel rider has kept the bit in his horse's mouth for two centuries. Unbridle

[1] It is true that, according to the law of the case as established by legal precedents, all carriages were required to give way before royal equipages, and therefore before the mail as one of them. But this only increased the danger, as being a regulation very imperfectly made known, very unequally enforced, and therefore often embarrassing the movements on both sides.

[2] This is the technical word, and I presume, derived from the French *cartayer*, to evade a rut or any obstacle.

him, for a minute, if you please, and wash his mouth with water. Easy, was it? Unhorse me, then, that imperial rider; knock me those marble feet from those marble stirrups of Charlemagne.

The sounds ahead strengthened, and were now too clearly the sounds of wheels. Who and what could it be? Was it industry in a taxed cart? Was it youthful gayety in a gig? Was it sorrow that loitered, or joy that raced? For as yet the snatches of sound were too intermitting, from distance, to decipher the character of the motion. Whoever were the travellers, something must be done to warn them. Upon the other party rests the active responsibility, but upon *us* — and, woe is me! that *us* was reduced to my frail opium-shattered self — rests the responsibility of warning. Yet how should this be accomplished? Might I not sound the guard's horn? Already, on the first thought, I was making my way over the roof to the guard's seat. But this, from the accident which I have mentioned, of the foreign mails being piled upon the roof, was a difficult and even dangerous attempt to one cramped by nearly three hundred miles of outside travelling. And, fortunately, before I had lost much time in the attempt, our frantic horses swept round an angle of the road, which opened upon us that final stage where the collision must be accomplished, and the catastrophe sealed. All was apparently finished. The court was sitting; the case was heard; the judge had finished; and only the verdict was yet in arrear.

Before us lay an avenue, straight as an arrow, six hundred yards, perhaps, in length; and the umbrageous trees, which rose in a regular line from either side, meeting high overhead, gave to it the character of a cathedral aisle. These trees lent a deeper solemnity to the early light; but there was still light enough to perceive, at the further end of this Gothic aisle, a frail reedy gig, in which were seated a young man, and by his side a young lady. Ah, young sir! what are you about? If it is requisite that you should whisper your communications to this young lady — though really I see nobody, at an hour and on a road so solitary, likely to overhear you — is it therefore requisite that you should carry your lips forward to hers? The little carriage is creeping on at one mile an hour; and the parties within it being thus tenderly engaged, are naturally bending down their heads. Between them and eternity, to all human calculation, there is but a minute and a half. Oh,

heavens! what is it that I shall do? Speaking or acting, what help can I offer? Strange it is, and to a mere auditor of the tale might seem laughable, that I should need a suggestion from the "Iliad" to prompt the sole resource that remained. Yet so it was. Suddenly I remembered the shout of Achilles, and its effect. But could I pretend to shout like the son of Peleus, aided by Pallas? No: but then I needed not the shout that should alarm all Asia militant; such a shout would suffice as might carry terror into the hearts of two thoughtless young people, and one gig horse. I shouted — and the young man heard me not. A second time I shouted — and now he heard me, for now he raised his head.

Here, then, all had been done that, by me, *could* be done; more on *my* part was not possible. Mine had been the first step; the second was for the young man; the third was for God. If, said I, this stranger is a brave man, and if, indeed, he loves the young girl at his side — or, loving her not, if he feels the obligation, pressing upon every man worthy to be called a man, of doing his utmost for a woman confided to his protection — he will, at least, make some effort to save her. If *that* fails, he will not perish the more, or by a death more cruel, for having made it; and he will die as a brave man should, with his face to the danger, and with his arm about the woman that he sought in vain to save. But, if he makes no effort, shrinking, without a struggle, from his duty, he himself will not the less certainly perish for this baseness of poltroonery. He will die no less: and why not? Wherefore should we grieve that there is one craven less in the world? No; *let* him perish, without a pitying thought of ours wasted upon him; and, in that case, all our grief will be reserved for the fate of the helpless girl who now, upon the least shadow of failure in *him*, must, by the fiercest of translations — must, without time for a prayer — must, within seventy seconds, stand before the judgment-seat of God.

But craven he was not: sudden had been the call upon him, and sudden was his answer to the call. He saw, he heard, he comprehended, the ruin that was coming down: already its gloomy shadow darkened above him; and already he was measuring his strength to deal with it. Ah! what a vulgar thing does courage seem, when we see nations buying it and selling it for a shilling a day; ah! what a sublime thing does courage seem, when some fearful summons on the great deeps

of life carries a man, as if running before a hurricane, up to the giddy crest of some tumultuous crisis, from which lie two courses, and a voice says to him, audibly, "One way lies hope; take the other, and mourn forever!" How grand a triumph, if, even then, amidst the raving of all around him, and the frenzy of the danger, the man is able to confront his situation — is able to retire for a moment into solitude with God, and to seek his counsel from *him!*

For seven seconds, it might be, of his seventy, the stranger settled his countenance steadfastly upon us, as if to search and value every element in the conflict before him. For five seconds more of his seventy he sat immovably, like one that mused on some great purpose. For five more, perhaps, he sat with eyes upraised, like one that prayed in sorrow, under some extremity of doubt, for light that should guide him to the better choice. Then suddenly he rose; stood upright; and by a powerful strain upon the reins, raising his horse's forefeet from the ground, he slewed him round on the pivot of his hind-legs, so as to plant the little equipage in a position nearly at right angles to ours. Thus far his condition was not improved, except as a first step had been taken toward the possibility of a second. If no more were done, nothing was done; for the little carriage still occupied the very centre of our path, though in an altered direction. Yet even now it may not be too late: fifteen of the seventy seconds may still be unexhausted; and one almighty bound may avail to clear the ground. Hurry, then, hurry! for the flying moments — *they* hurry! Oh, hurry, hurry, my brave young man! for the cruel hoofs of our horses — *they* also hurry! Fast are the flying moments, faster are the hoofs of our horses. But fear not for *him*, if human energy can suffice; faithful was he that drove to his terrific duty; faithful was the horse to *his* command. One blow, one impulse given with voice and hand, by the stranger, one rush from the horse, one bound as if in the act of rising to a fence, landed the docile creature's forefeet upon the crown or arching centre of the road. The larger half of the little equipage had then cleared our overtowering shadow: *that* was evident even to my own agitated sight. But it mattered little that one wreck should float off in safety, if upon the wreck that perished were embarked the human freightage. The rear part of the carriage — was *that* certainly beyond the line of absolute ruin? What power could answer the question? Glance of eye,

thought of man, wing of angel, which of these had speed enough to sweep between the question and the answer, and divide the one from the other? Light does not tread upon the steps of light more indivisibly than did our all-conquering arrival upon the escaping efforts of the gig. *That* must the young man have felt too plainly. His back was now turned to us; not by sight could he any longer communicate with the peril; but by the dreadful rattle of our harness, too truly had his ear been instructed — that all was finished as regarded any further effort of *his*. Already in resignation he had rested from his struggle; and perhaps in his heart he was whispering, "Father, Which art in heaven, do Thou finish above what I on earth have attempted." Faster than ever mill-race we ran past them in our inexorable flight. Oh, raving of hurricanes that must have sounded in their young ears at the moment of our transit! Even in that moment the thunder of collision spoke aloud. Either with the swingle-bar, or with the haunch of our near leader, we had struck the off-wheel of the little gig, which stood rather obliquely, and not quite so far advanced, as to be accurately parallel with the near wheel. The blow, from the fury of our passage, resounded terrifically. I rose in horror, to gaze upon the ruins we might have caused. From my elevated station I looked down, and looked back upon the scene, which in a moment told its own tale, and wrote all its records on my heart forever.

Here was the map of the passion that now had finished. The horse was planted immovably, with its forefeet upon the paved crest of the central road. He of the whole party might be supposed untouched by the passion of death. The little cany carriage — partly, perhaps, from the violent torsion of the wheels in its recent movement, partly from the thundering blow we had given to it — as if it sympathized with human horror, was all alive with tremblings and shiverings. The young man trembled not, nor shivered. He sat like a rock. But *his* was the steadiness of agitation frozen into rest by horror. As yet he dared not to look round; for he knew that, if anything remained to do, by him it could no longer be done. And as yet he knew not for certain if their safety were accomplished. But the lady —

But the lady —! Oh, heavens! will that spectacle ever depart from my dreams, as she rose and sunk upon her seat, sunk and rose, threw up her arms wildly to heaven, clutched

at some visionary object in the air, fainting, praying, raving, despairing? Figure to yourself, reader, the elements of the case; suffer me to recall before your mind the circumstances of that unparalleled situation. From the silence and deep peace of this saintly summer night — from the pathetic blending of this sweet moonlight, dawnlight, dream-light — from the manly tenderness of this flattering, whispering, murmuring love — suddenly as from the woods and fields — suddenly as from the chambers of the air opening in revelation — suddenly as from the ground yawning at her feet, leaped upon her, with the flashing of cataracts, Death the crowned phantom, with all the equipage of his terrors, and the tiger roar of his voice.

The moments were numbered; the strife was finished; the vision was closed. In the twinkling of an eye, our flying horses had carried us to the termination of the umbrageous aisle; at right angles we wheeled into our former direction; the turn of the road carried the scene out of my eyes in an instant, and swept it into my dreams forever.

Joan of Arc.

Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from the earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* side, that never once — no, not for a moment of weakness — didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honors from man. Coronets for thee! Oh, no. Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domrémy, when the gratitude of the king shall awaken, thou shalt be sleeping with the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee! Cite her, by thy apparitors, to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will be found *en contumace*. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd-girl that gave up all for her country — thy ear, young shepherd-girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in life; to *do* — never for thyself, always for others; to *suffer* — never in the persons of generous champions, always in thy own: that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself.

GABRIEL DERZHAVIN.

Derzhavin, Gabriel, or Gavril Romanowitch, a classic Russian statesman and poet; born in 1743; died in 1816. He was of noble Tartar descent; entered the gymnasium at Kazan, his birthplace, in 1758; thence he went to St. Petersburg, entered the military, and subsequently the civil, service. In 1791 the Empress Catharine II. made him Secretary of State, and a few years afterward President of the College of Commerce. Upon the accession, in 1766, of Paul to the imperial throne, Derzhavin was placed at the head of the Council of State. In 1800 he became Imperial Treasurer, and in 1802 Minister of Justice. A complete edition of his Works, in five volumes, was put forth at St. Petersburg in 1810–15. They comprise an Ode on the Birth of the Emperor Alexander, one on Irreligion, and the magnificent one upon God, which has been translated into many Oriental and most Occidental languages.

Ode to God.

(Translation of Bowring.)

O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight,
Thou only God; — there is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore,
Who fillest existence with Thyself alone;
Embracing all — supporting — ruling o'er:
Being, whom we call God — and know no more!

In its sublime research, Philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep, may count
The sands or the sun's rays; but, God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure, none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can mount so high,
E'en like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
  First Chaos, then Existence; — Lord, on Thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
  Sprang forth from Thee — of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin; all life, all beauty Thine,
  Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
  Thou art and wert, and shalt be! glorious, great,
  Life-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
  Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning and the end hast bound,
  And beautifully mingled life and death.
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
  So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
  Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
  Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
  Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
  All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them ? — Piles of crystal light,
  A glorious company of golden streams,
Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright,
  Suns of lighting systems, with their joyous beams ?
  But Thou to those are as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water to the sea,
  All this magnificence to Thee is lost:
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee ?
  And what am I, then ? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
  In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
  Against Thy greatness; is a cipher brought
  Against infinity! What am I, then ? — Naught!

Naught! But the effluence of Thy light divine,
  Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too:
Yes, in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
  As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! But I live, and on Hope's pinions fly

Eager toward Thy presence; for in Thee
I live and breathe, and dwell, aspiring high,
Even to the eternal throne of Thy divinity;
I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding, then, to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart.
Though but an atom 'mid immensity,
Still I am something fashioned by Thy hand;
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realm where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundary of the spirit land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost;
And the next step is Spirit — Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch and a slave; a worm, a god!
Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
Constructed and conceived? Unknown? This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
From out itself alone it could not be.

Creator! yes! Thy wisdom and thy word
Created *me*. Thou source of life and good!
Thou, spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude,
Filled me with an immortal soul to spring
O'er the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight, beyond this little sphere,
E'en to its source — to Thee — its Author — there!

O thought ineffable! O vision blest!
Though worthless our conception all of Thee,
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek Thy presence, Being wise and good —
Mid Thy vast works, admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears its gratitude.

Monody on Prince-Mestchasky.

(Translation of Charles Edward Turner.)

O iron tongue of Time, with thy sharp metallic tone,
The terrible voice affrights me:
Each beat of the clock summons me,
Calls me, and hurries me to the grave.
Scarcely have I opened my eyes upon the world,
Ere Death grinds its teeth,
And with his scythe that gleams like lightning,
Cuts off my days, which are but grass.

Not one of the horned beasts of the field,
Not a single blade of grass escapes,
Monarch and beggar alike are food for the worm.
The noxious elements feed the grave,
And Time effaces all human glory;
As the swift waters rush toward the sea,
So our days and years flow into Eternity,
And Empires are swallowed up by greedy Death.

We crawl along the edge of the treacherous abyss,
Into which we quickly fall headlong:
With our first breath of life we inhale death,
And are only born that we may die.
Stars are shivered by him,
And suns are momentarily quenched,
Each world trembles at his menace,
And Death unpityingly levels all.

The mortal scarcely thinks that he can die.
And idly dreams himself immortal,
When Death comes to him as a thief,
And in an instant robs him of his life.
Alas! where fondly we fear the least,
There will Death the sooner come;
Nor does the lightning-bolt with swifter blast
Topple down the towering pinnacle.

Child of luxury, child of freshness and delight,
Mestchasky, where hast thou hidden thyself?
Thou hast left the realms of light,
And withdrawn to the shores of the dead;
Thy dust is here, but thy soul is no more with us.
Where is it? It is there. Where is *there?*
We know not. We can only weep and sob forth,
Woe to us that we were ever born into the world!

They who are radiant with health,
Love, joy, and peace,
Feel their blood run cold
And their souls to be fretted with woe.
Where but now was spread a banquet, there stands a coffin;
Where but now rose mad cries of revelry,
There resounds the bitter wailing of mourners;
And over all keeps Death his watch:

Watches us one and all — the mighty Czar
Within whose hands are lodged the destinies of a world;
Watches the sumptuous Dives,
Who makes of gold and silver his idol-gods;
Watches the fair beauty rejoicing in her charms;
Watches the sage, proud of his intellect;
Watches the strong man, confident in his strength;
And, even as he watches, sharpens the blade of his scythe.

O Death, thou essence of fear and trembling!
O Man, thou strange mixture of grandeur and of nothingness!
To-day a god, and to-morrow a patch of earth:
To-day buoyed up with cheating hope,
And to-morrow, where art thou, man?
Scarce an hour of triumph allowed thee,
Ere thou hast taken thy flight to the realms of Chaos,
And thy whole course of life, a dream, is run.

Like a dream, like some sweet vision,
Already my youth has vanished quite.
Beauty no longer enjoys her potent sway,
Gladness no more, as once, entrances me,
My mind is no longer free and fanciful,
And all my happiness is changed.
I am troubled for a longing for fame;
I listen; the voice of fame now calls me.

But even so will manhood pass away,
And together with fame all my aspirations.
The love of wealth will tarnish all,
And each passion in its turn
Will sway the soul and pass.
Avaunt happiness, that boasts to be within our grasp —
All happiness is but evanescent and a lie:
I stand at the gate of eternity.

RENÉ DESCARTES.

Descartes (or DesCartes, Latinized into Cartesius), René, a French philosopher; born at La Haye, in Touraine, March 31, 1596; died at Stockholm, in February, 1650. He was of a noble family in Touraine; was trained in the Jesuit College of La Flèche. He entered the army in 1616, and saw considerable military service during the ensuing five years. Leaving the army, he travelled for several years in various parts of Europe, devoting himself to a close observation of natural phenomena, and to the formulation of his theory of the principles of human knowledge. He acquired a high reputation among all learned men, and is justly placed by the side of Bacon, Newton, and Kant among the founders of modern philosophical research, which he pushed into every department of physical and metaphysical investigation. In 1644 he put forth his "Principia Philosophiæ," and soon after received a pension of 3000 livres from the King of France. In 1648 Queen Christina of Sweden invited him to come to Stockholm as director of an academy which she proposed to found, with a salary of 3000 crowns. He died two years after, and was buried at Stockholm; but sixteen years afterward Louis XIV. caused his remains to be brought to Paris, where they were reinterred in the church of Ste. Geneviève du Mont. The writings of Descartes, some in Latin, some in French, are very numerous.

Do Animals Think?

As to the understanding conceded by Montaigne and others to brutes I differ, not for the reason usually alleged that man possesses an absolute dominion over the brutes, which may not always be true, either as regards strength or cunning; but I consider that they imitate or surpass us only in those actions which are not directed by thought — such as walking, eating, and putting our hands out when we are falling. And people who walk in their sleep are said to have swum across rivers, in which they would have been drowned had they awaked. As regards the movements of the passions, although they are

accompanied in us by thought, because we possess that faculty, it is yet plain that they do not depend upon it, because they occur often in spite of it, so that even their more violent occurrence in the brutes cannot prove to us that they have thoughts. In fine, there is no single external action which can convince those who examine it that our body is not merely a machine which moves of itself, but has in it a thinking mind, except the use of words, or other signs (such as those of mutes) made in relation to whatever presents itself, without any regard to the passions. This excludes the talking of parrots, and includes that of the insane, as the latter may be *à propos*, though it be absurd, while the former is not. It also excludes the cries of joy or pain, as well as all that can be taught to animals by acting on their hopes or fears of bodily pleasure or pain; which is the principle of all training of animals.

It is remarkable that language, so defined, applies to man only; for although Montaigne and Charron say there is more difference among men than between men and brutes, there has never yet been found a brute so perfect as to use some sign to inform other animals of things not relating to their passions; nor is there any man so imperfect who does not use such signs — even the deaf and dumb inventing them. This latter fact seems to prove that it is not from a want of organs that brutes do not speak. Nor can we argue that they talk among themselves, but that we do not understand them; for dogs express to us their passions so well that they could certainly express their thoughts if they had any.

I know that the beasts do many things better than we do, which only proves that they act by natural springs, like a clock, which marks time better than we can determine it by our judgment. The habits of bees, the return of the swallows, and the order of flying cranes, and the supposed battle-order of monkeys, is of the same kind; and finally that of dogs and cats, which scratch the earth to bury their excrements, though they hardly ever really do so; which shows that they do it by instinct, without thinking. We can only say that though the beasts perform no acts which can prove to us that they think, still, because of the likeness of their organs to ours, we may conjecture that there is some thought joined to them, as we perceive in our own case, although theirs must be far less perfect. To this I have nothing to reply, except that, if they thought as we do, they must have an immortal soul, which is

not likely, as we have no reason to extend it to some animals without extending it to all — such as worms, oysters, sponges, etc.

The Nature of Ideas.

Among our thoughts, some are, as it were, images of things, and to these only is properly applied the term *idea*, as when I have before me a man, a chimera, heaven, an angel, or even God. Other thoughts have a different form, as when I wish or fear, affirm or deny; then I conceive, indeed, something as the subject of my mental action, but I also add something else by this action to the idea in my mind; and of this kind of thoughts, some are called *volitions* or *affections*, and the rest *judgments*. The mere perception of ideas cannot possibly contain any error; it is in our judgments concerning them that error consists. Thus I infer from these ideas that they are produced by external objects like them, because I fancy that I am so taught by nature, and because they do not depend upon my will. And yet these inferences may be false. For being *taught by nature* means not only the evidence of that *natural light* which is the highest and most perfect guarantee of the truth of our simple intuitions — it may also mean a certain *spontaneous inclination, a blind and rash impulse*, which certainly deceives me, for example, in the choice between virtue and vice, and therefore cannot be trusted in the distinction of truth and falsehood. Thus our ideas might be produced by no external cause, but by some as yet undiscovered faculty within ourselves; and even if they were, this external cause need not resemble our ideas. Nay, in many cases we know that it does not. It is only by reflecting carefully on the truth revealed to us by natural light, that all ideas of mental objects must be derived from causes which contain formally all the reality possessed objectively by the ideas, that I am able to deduce this conclusion: All the ideas of body which are clear to my mind — viz., trinal extension, figure, place, movement, substance, duration, and number — are real and true; those of light, color, taste, heat, cold, etc., are so obscure and confused that nature teaches me nothing about their reality or their causes. They may even proceed from non-being, or from some want in my nature. And so of many other ordinary prejudices, which have infected not only common life, but even philosophy.

The Idea of God.

(From the "Meditations.")

There only remains, therefore, the idea of God, in which I must consider whether there is anything that cannot be supposed to originate with myself. By the name "God" I understand a substance infinite, eternal, immutable, independent, all-knowing, all-powerful, and by which I myself, and every other thing that exists, — if any such there be, — were created. But these properties are so great and excellent, that the more attentively I consider them, the less I feel persuaded that the idea I have of them owes its origin to myself alone. And thus it is absolutely necessary to conclude, from all that I have before said, that God exists; for though the idea of substance be in my mind owing to this, — that I myself am a substance, — I should not however have the idea of an infinite substance, seeing I am a finite being, unless it were given me by some substance in reality infinite.

And I must not imagine that I do not apprehend the infinite by a true idea, but only by the negation of the finite, in the same way that I comprehend repose and darkness by the negation of motion and light: since, on the contrary, I clearly perceive that there is more reality in the infinite substance than in the finite, and therefore that in some way I possess the perception (notion) of the infinite before that of the finite, that is, the perception of God before that of myself; for how could I know that I doubt, desire, or that something is wanting to me, and that I am not wholly perfect, if I possessed no idea of a being more perfect than myself, by comparison with which I knew the deficiencies of my nature?

And it cannot be said that this idea of God is perhaps materially false, and consequently that it may have arisen from nothing (in other words, that it may exist in me from my imperfection), as I before said of the ideas of heat and cold, and the like; for on the contrary, as this idea is very clear and distinct, and contains in itself more objective reality than any other, there can be no one of itself more true, or less open to the suspicion of falsity.

The idea, I say, of a being supremely perfect and infinite, is in the highest degree true; for although perhaps we may imagine that such a being does not exist, we nevertheless can-

not suppose that this idea represents nothing real, as I have already said of the idea of cold. It is likewise clear and distinct in the highest degree, since whatever the mind clearly and distinctly conceives as real or true, and as implying any perfection, is contained entire in this idea. And this is true, nevertheless, although I do not comprehend the infinite, and although there may be in God an infinity of things that I cannot comprehend, nor perhaps even compass by thought in any way; for it is of the nature of the infinite that it should not be comprehended by the finite: and it is enough that I rightly understand this, and judge that all which I clearly perceive, and in which I know there is some perfection, and perhaps also an infinity of properties of which I am ignorant, are formally or eminently in God, in order that the idea I have of him may become the most true, clear, and distinct of all the ideas in my mind.

But perhaps I am something more than I suppose myself to be; and it may be that all those perfections which I attribute to God in some way exist potentially in me, although they do not yet show themselves and are not reduced to act. Indeed, I am already conscious that my knowledge is being increased and perfected by degrees; and I see nothing to prevent it from thus gradually increasing to infinity, nor any reason why, after such increase and perfection, I should not be able thereby to acquire all the other perfections of the Divine nature; nor in fine, why the power I possess of acquiring those perfections, if it really now exist in me, should not be sufficient to produce the ideas of them. Yet on looking more closely into the matter I discover that this cannot be; for in the first place, although it were true that my knowledge daily acquired new degrees of perfection, and although there were potentially in my nature much that was not as yet actually in it, still all these excellences make not the slightest approach to the idea I have of the Deity, in whom there is no perfection merely potentially, but all actually existent; for it is even an unmistakable token of imperfection in my knowledge, that it is augmented by degrees. Further, although my knowledge increase more and more, nevertheless I am not therefore induced to think that it will ever be actually infinite, since it can never reach that point beyond which it shall be incapable of further increase. But I conceive God as actually infinite, so that nothing can be added to his perfection. And in fine, I readily perceive that

the objective being of an idea cannot be produced by a being that is merely potentially existent, — which properly speaking is nothing, but only a being existing formally or actually.

And truly, I see nothing in all that I have now said which it is not easy for any one who shall carefully consider it, to discern by the natural light; but when I allow my attention in some degree to relax, the vision of my mind being obscured and as it were blinded by the images of sensible objects, I do not readily remember the reason why the idea of a being more perfect than myself must of necessity have proceeded from a being in reality more perfect. On this account I am here desirous to inquire further whether I, who possess this idea of God, could exist supposing there were no God. And I ask, from whom could I in that case derive my existence? Perhaps from myself, or from my parents, or from some other causes less perfect than God; for anything more perfect, or even equal to God, cannot be thought or imagined. But if I were independent of every other existence, and were myself the author of my being, I should doubt of nothing, I should desire nothing, and in fine, no perfection would be wanting to me; for I should have bestowed upon myself every perfection of which I possess the idea, and I should thus be God. And it must not be imagined that what is now wanting to me is perhaps of more difficult acquisition than that of which I am already possessed; for on the contrary, it is quite manifest that it was a matter of much higher difficulty that I, a thinking being, should arise from nothing, than it would be for me to acquire the knowledge of many things of which I am ignorant, and which are merely the accidents of a thinking substance; and certainly, if I possessed of myself the greater perfection of which I have now spoken, — in other words, if I were the author of my own existence, — I would not at least have denied to myself things that may be more easily obtained, as that infinite variety of knowledge of which I am at present destitute. I could not indeed have denied to myself any property which I perceive is contained in the idea of God, because there is none of these that seems to be more difficult to make or acquire; and if there were any that should happen to be more difficult to acquire, they would certainly appear so to me (supposing that I myself were the source of the other things I possess), because I should discover in them a limit to my power.

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT BLANC

THOMAS AUBREY DE VERE.

De Vere, Thomas Aubrey, an Irish poet and political writer, third son of Sir Aubrey De Vere, Baronet, of Curragh Chase, in the county of Limerick, was born on the family estate, January 10, 1814; and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. At the age of twenty-eight he published a lyrical tale entitled "The Waldenses, or the Fall of Rora." De Vere's productions include a large number of works in verse. Among them are "The Search after Proserpine" (1843); "Poems, Miscellaneous and Sacred" (1853); "May Carols" (1857); "The Sisters, Inisfail, and Other Poems" (1861); "Irish Odes and Other Poems" (1869); "Legends of Saint Patrick" (1872); "Alexander the Great" (1874), a dramatic poem; "Saint Thomas of Canterbury" (1876), another dramatic poem; "Antar and Zara" (1877); "Legends of the Saxon Saints" (1879); "The Foray of Queen Meave, and other Legends of Ireland's Heroic Age" (1882); "Legends and Records of the Church and the Empire" (1887); "Saint Peter's Chains" (1888); "Poems" (1890). "English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds," published in 1848, produced a sensation in the political world; and among his works of this kind should also be mentioned "Ireland's Church Property and the Right Use of It" (1867); "Pleas for Secularization" (1867); "The Church Establishment of Ireland" (1867); "The Church Settlement of Ireland, or Hibernia Pacanda" (1868); "Constitutional and Unconstitutional Political Action" (1881). Of other prose writings are an excellent work on Turkey entitled "Sketches of Greece and Turkey," published in two volumes in 1850; a volume of letters and articles on philosophical and religious subjects entitled "Proteus and Amadeus" (1878); "Essays on Poetry" (1887); "Essays Literary and Ethical" (1889).

The Ascent of the Alps.

Up to lonelier, narrower valleys
  Winds an intricate ravine
Whence the latest snow-blast sallies
  Through black firs scarce seen.

I hear through clouds the hunter's hollo —
I hear, but scarcely dare to follow
'Mid chaotic rock and woods,
Such as in her lyric moods
Nature, like a Bacchante, flings
From half-shaped imaginings.
There lie two prostrate trunks entangled
Like intertwisted dragons strangled:
Yon glacier seems a prophet's robes,
While broken sceptres, thrones, and globes
Are strewn, as left by rival States
Of elemental potentates.
Pale floats the mist, a wizard's shroud:
There looms the broad crag from the cloud.
A thunder-graven Sphinx's head, half blind,
Gazing on far lands through the freezing wind.

Mount higher, mount higher!
With rock-girdled gyre
Behind each gray ridge
And pine-feathered ledge
A vale is suspended; mount higher, mount higher!

From rock to rock leaping
The wild goats, they bound;
The resinous odors
Are wafted around;
The clouds disentangled,
With blue gaps and spangled;
Green isles of the valley with sunshine are crowned.

The birches new-budded
Make pink the green copse;
From brier and hazel
The golden rain drops;
As he climbs, the bough shaking,
Nest-seeking, branch breaking,
Beneath the white ash-boughs the shepherd-boy stops.

How happy that shepherd!
How happy the lass!
How freshly beside them
The pure zephyrs pass!
Sing, sing! From the soil
Springs bubble and boil,
And sun-smitten torrents fall soft on the grass. . . .

Mount higher, mount higher,
To the cloudland nigher;
To the regions we climb
Of our long-buried prime —
In the skies it awaits us — Up higher, up higher!

Loud Hymn and clear Pæan
From caverns are rolled:
Far below is Summer —
We have slipped from her fold;
We have passed, like a breath,
To new life without death —
The Spring and our Childhood all round we behold.

What are toils to men who scorn them!
Peril what to men who dare?
Chains to hands that once have torn them
Thenceforth are chains of air!
The winds above the snow-plains fleet —
Like them I race with wingèd feet;
My bonds are dropped; my spirit thrills,
A freeman of the Eternal Hills!
Each cloud by turns I make my tent;
I run before the radiance sent
From every mountain's silver mail
Across dark gulfs from vale to vale:
The curdling mist in smooth career,
A lovely phantom fleeting by,
As silent sails through yon pale mere
That shrines its own blue sky. . . .

Lo! like the foam of wintry ocean,
The clouds beneath my feet are curled;
Dividing snow with solemn motion
They give back the world.
No veil I fear, no visual bond
In this aërial diamond:
My head o'er crystal bastions bent,
'Twixt star-crowned spire and battlement
I see the river of green ice,
From precipice to precipice,
Wind earthward slow, with blighting breath
Blackening the vales below like death.
Far, far beneath in sealike reach,
Receding to the horizon's rim,
I see the woods of pine and beech,
By their own breath made dim:

I see the land which heroes trod;
I see the land where Virtue chose
To live alone, and live to God;
The land she gave to those
Who know that on the hearth alone
True freedom rears her fort and throne.

Lift up, not only hand and eye,
Lift up, O Man, thy heart on high:
Or downward gaze once more; and see
How spiritual dust can be!
Then far into the Future dive,
And ask if there indeed survive,
When fade the words, no primal shapes
Of disembodied hills and capes,
Types meet to shadow Godhead forth;
Dread antetypes of shapes on earth?
O Earth! thou shalt not wholly die,
Of some "New Earth" the chrysalis
Predestined from Eternity,
Nor seldom seen through this;
On which, in glory gazing, we
Perchance shall oft remember thee,
And trace through it thine ancient frame
Distinct, like flame espied through flame,
Or like our earliest friends above,
Not lost, though merged in heavenlier love —
How changed, yet still the same! . . .

The sun is set — but upwards without end
Two mighty beams, diverging,
Like hands in benediction raised, extend;
From the great deep a crimson mist is surging.
Strange gleams, each moment ten times bright,
Shoot round, transfiguring as they smite
All spaces of the empyreal height —
Deep gleams, high Words which God to man doth speak,
From peak to solemn peak, in order driven,
They speak. — A loftier vision dost thou seek?
Rise then — to Heaven!

Sorrow.

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow;
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave

Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before him all thou hast. Allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness: grief should be,
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to command
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

A Churchyard.

I.

It stands a grove of cedars vast and green,
Cathedral-wise disposed, with nave and choir,
And cross-shaped transept lofty and serene;
And altar decked in festival attire
With flowers like urns of white and crimson fire;
A chancel girt with vine-trailed laurel screen;
And aisles high arched with cypresses between;
Retreats of mournful love, and vain desire.
Within the porch a silver fount is breathing
Its pure, cold dews upon the summer air:
Round it are blooming herbs, and flowers, the care
Of all the angels of the seasons, wreathing
Successively their unbought garniture
Round the low graves of the belovèd poor.

II.

But when the winds of night begin to move
Along the murmuring roofs, deep music rolls
Through all the vaults of this cathedral grove;
A midnight service for departed souls.
Piercing the fan-like branches stretched above
Each chapel, oratory, shrine and stall;
Then a pale moonshine falls or seems to fall
On those cold grave-stones — altars reared by love
For a betrothal never to be ended;
And on the slender plants above them swinging;
And on the dewy lamps from these suspended;
And sometimes on dark forms in anguish clinging,
As if their bosoms to the senseless mould
Some vital warmth would add — or borrow of its cold.

The True Blessedness.

Blessed is he who hath not trod the ways
  Of secular delights, nor learned the lore
  Which loftier minds are studious to abhor:
Blessed is he who hath not sought the praise
That perishes, the rapture that betrays;
  Who hath not spent in Time's vainglorious war
  His youth; and found — a schoolboy at four score! —
How fatal are those victories that raise
  Their iron trophies to a temple's height
On trampled Justice, who desires not bliss,
  But peace; and yet, when summoned to the fight
  Combats as one who combats in the sight
Of God and of His angels; seeking this
  Alone — how best to glorify the right.

Sad is Our Youth, for It is Ever Going.

Sad is our youth, for it is ever going
  Crumbling away beneath our very feet;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing
  In current unperceived, because so fleet;
Sad are our hopes, for they are sweet in sowing, —
  But tares, self-sown, have overtopped the wheat;
Sad are our joys, for they are sweet in blowing, —
  And still, oh still, their dying breath is sweet;
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
  Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;
And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us
  A nearer good to cure an older ill;
And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize them,
Not for their sake, but His, who grants them or denies them!

CHARLES DIBDIN.

DIBDIN, CHARLES, an English dramatist and writer of songs, born at Southampton in 1745; died in 1814. He was destined for the Church; but manifesting a talent for music, he went to London at the age of sixteen, and for a while supported himself by composing ballads for music-dealers and tuning pianos. He was engaged in several unsuccessful theatrical enterprises until, at the age of forty-five, he instituted a sort of musical entertainment, which he called "The Whim of the Moment," of which he was the sole author, composer, and performer. This proved successful, and he kept up this and similar entertainments until 1805, when he retired from professional life, having received a government pension of £200. He wrote nearly fifty dramatic pieces, none of which attained a permanent success. His place in literature rests mainly upon his sea-songs, the number of which exceeds 1000. The best known of these are "Poor Jack," and "Tom Bowling," written upon the death of his brother, Thomas Dibdin, a sea-captain.

SEA SONG.

I SAILED in the good ship the Kitty,
With a smart blowing gale and rough sea;
Left my Polly, the lads call so pretty,
Safe here at an anchor. Yo, Yea!

She blubbered salt tears when we parted,
And cried "Now be constant to me!"
I told her not to be down-hearted,
So up went the anchor. Yo, Yea!

And from that time, no worse nor no better,
I've thought on just nothing but she,
Nor could grog nor flip make me forget her, —
She's my best bower-anchor. Yo, Yea!

When the wind whistled larboard and starboard,
And the storm came on weather and lee,
The hope I with her should be harbored
Was my cable and anchor. Yo, Yea!

And yet, my boys, would you believe me ?
I returned with no rhino from sea ;
Mistress Polly would never receive me,
So again I heav'd anchor. Yo, Yea!

Song: The Heart of a Tar.

Yet though I've no fortune to offer,
I've something to put on a par ;
Come, then, and accept of my proffer, —
'T is the kind honest heart of a tar.

Ne'er let such a trifle as this is,
Girls, be to my pleasure a bar ;
You 'll be rich though 't is only in kisses
With the kind honest heart of a tar.

Besides, I am none of your ninnies ;
The next time I come from afar,
I 'll give you a lapful of guineas,
With the kind honest heart of a tar.

Your lords, with such fine baby faces,
That strut in a garter and star, —
Have they, under their tambour and laces,
The kind honest heart of a tar ? . . . .

Poor Jack.

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like ;
A tight-water boat and good sea-room give me,
And it ain't to a little I 'll strike.
Though the tempest topgallant-mast smack smooth should smite
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the deck, stow the yards, and house everything tight,
And under reef foresail we 'll scud :
Avast ! nor don't think me a milksop so soft,
To be taken for trifles aback ;
For they say there 's a Providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack !

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such ;
And, my timbers ! what lingo he 'd coil and belay ;
Why, 't was all one to me as High Dutch ;

For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
Without orders that come down below;
And a many fine things that proved clearly to me oft
That Providence takes us in tow:
For, says he, do you mind me, let storms ne'er so oft
Take the topsails of sailors aback,
There 's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

I said to our Poll (for d'ye see, she would cry
When last we weighed anchor for sea),
What argufies snivelling and piping your eye?
Why, what a young fool you must be!
Can't you see the world 's wide, and there 's room for us all,
Both for seamen and lubbers ashore?
And so if to old Davy I go, my dear Poll,
Why, you never will hear of me more.
What, then? all 's a hazard: come, don't be so soft;
Perhaps I may, laughing, come back;
For d' ye see? there 's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D' ye mind me? a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world, without offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor 's a-trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
Naught 's a trouble from duty that springs;
For my heart is my Poll's and my rhino 's my friend's,
And as for my life, 't is the King's.
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft;
As for grief to be taken aback;
For the same little cherub that sits up aloft
Will look out a good berth for poor Jack.

Tom Bowling.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he 'll hear the tempest howling,
For Death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he 's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he 'd sing so blithe and jolly;
Ah, many 's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

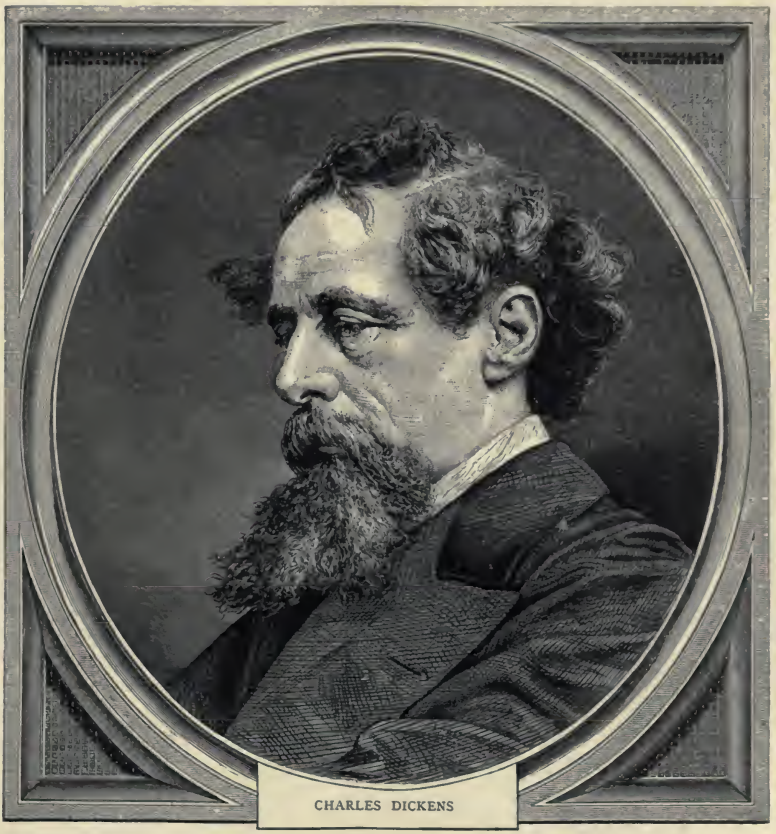
Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He who all commands
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed;
For though his body 's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

The Standing Toast.

(From Dibdin's last song.)

The moon on the ocean was dimmed by a ripple,
Affording a checkered delight,
The gay jolly tars passed the word for the tipple
And the toast — for 't was Saturday night:
Some sweetheart or wife that he loved as his life,
Each drank, while he wished he could hail her;
But the standing toast that pleased the most
Was — The wind that blows, the ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor! . . .

Some drank our queen, and some our land,
Our glorious land of freedom!
Some that our tars might never stand
For our heroes brave to lead 'em!
That beauty in distress might find
Such friends as ne'er would fail her:
But the standing toast that pleased the most
Was — The wind that blows, the ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor!



CHARLES DICKENS

CHARLES DICKENS.

DICKENS, CHARLES, an English novelist; born February 7, 1812; died June 9, 1870. He was the son of a clerk in the Navy Pay Office, a well-meaning but unpractical man, who could not adjust his means to his necessities. Mr. Dickens was at length confined in the Marshalsea prison, and his family took up their residence in Camden town. When Charles was nine years old he was placed in a blacking warehouse, where he earned six shillings a week. In this neglected, uncongenial, irksome way of earning a scanty living he continued for two years. A small legacy somewhat improved the condition of the family, and Charles was sent to school; but at the age of fifteen he was engaged as office-boy to an attorney in Gray's Inn. He determined to become a reporter, and after mastering the difficulties of shorthand, obtained employment in Doctors' Commons and in the parliamentary gallery. He was then nineteen years of age. At twenty-three he was engaged by the "Morning Chronicle."

His first published sketch, "Mrs. Joseph Porter over the Way," appeared in 1834. This was succeeded by other sketches, with the signature of "Boz." In 1836 Dickens began "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club." Before the completion of "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist" was begun in "Bentley's Magazine." "Pickwick" appeared in book form in 1837, "Oliver Twist" in 1838, and "Nicholas Nickleby" in 1839. Under the general title of "Master Humphrey's Clock," "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge" were published in monthly numbers in 1840–41. In 1842 Dickens visited America, sailing for Boston in January, and returning to England in June. On his return he published "American Notes for General Circulation" (1842), and "Martin Chuzzlewit" (1843).

"The Christmas Carol" (1843) was the first of his popular holiday stories. The others are "The Chimes" (1844), "The Cricket on the Hearth" (1845), "The Battle of Life" (1846), "The Haunted Man" (1848), "Dr. Marigold's Prescription" (1865), "Mugby Junction" (1866), and "No Thoroughfare" (1867), the last of which was written in conjunction with Wilkie Collins. "Pictures from Italy" in 1846. Next came "Dombey and Son" (1847–48) and "David Copperfield" (1849–50).

Dickens now established the weekly periodical, "Household Words," in which his "Child's History of England" (1852) and "Hard Times" (1854) were published. "Bleak House" (1852–53) and "Little Dorrit" (1856–57) appeared serially. In consequence of a dispute with the publishers "Household Words" was discontinued in 1859, and Dickens established another weekly publication, "All the Year Round," in which he published "A Tale of Two Cities" (1860), "Great Expectations" (1861), and "The Uncommercial Traveller." "Our Mutual Friend" (1864–65) was his last completed work, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," begun in April, 1870, being interrupted by his death in June of that year. During the last years of his life Dickens gave frequent readings from his own works, visiting the United States for that purpose in 1867–68, and giving his last reading in England in March, 1870.

Steerforth and Little Em'ly.

(From "David Copperfield.")

Steerforth told a story of a dismal shipwreck (which arose out of his talk with Mr. Peggotty), as if he saw it all before him — and little Eml'y's eyes were fastened on him all the time, as if she saw it too. He told us a merry adventure of his own, as a relief to that, with as much gayety as if the narrative were as fresh to him as it was to us — and little Em'ly laughed until the boat rang with the musical sounds, and we all laughed (Steerforth too), in irresistible sympathy with what was so pleasant and light-hearted. He got Mr. Peggotty to sing, or rather to roar, "When the stormy winds do blow, do blow, do blow;" and he sang a sailor's song himself, so pathetically and beautifully, that I could have almost fancied that the real wind creeping sorrowfully round the house, and murmuring low through our unbroken silence, was there to listen.

As to Mrs. Gummidge, he roused that victim of despondency with a success never attained by any one else (so Mr. Peggotty informed me), since the decease of the old one. He left her so little leisure for being miserable, that she said next day she thought she must have been bewitched.

But he set up no monopoly of the general attention, or the conversation. Then little Em'ly grew more courageous, and talked (but still bashfully) across the fire to me, of our old wanderings upon the beach, to pick up shells and pebbles; and when I asked her if she recollected how I used to be devoted to her, and when we both laughed and reddened, casting these looks back on the pleasant old times, so unreal to look at now,

he was silent and attentive, and observed us thoughtfully. She sat, at this time, and all the evening, on the old locker in her old little corner by the fire, with Ham beside her, where I used to sit. I could not satisfy myself whether it was in her own little tormenting way, or in a maidenly reserve before us, that she kept quite close to the wall, and away from him; but I observed that she did so all the evening.

As I remember, it was almost midnight when we took our leave. We had had some biscuit and dried fish for supper, and Steerforth had produced from his pocket a full flask of Hollands, which we men (I may say we men now, without a blush) had emptied. We parted merrily; and as they all stood crowded round the door to light us as far as they could upon our road, I saw the sweet blue eyes of little Em'ly peeping after us, from behind Ham, and heard her soft voice calling to us to be careful how we went.

"A most engaging little beauty!" said Steerforth, taking my arm. "Well! it 's a quaint place, and they are quaint company; and it 's quite a new sensation to mix with them."

"How fortunate we are, too," I returned, "to have arrived to witness their happiness in that intended marriage! I never saw people so happy. How delightful to see it, and to be made the sharers in their honest joy, as we have been!"

"That 's rather a chuckle-headed fellow for the girl; is n't he?" said Steerforth.

He had been so hearty with me, and with them all, that I felt a shock in this unexpected and cold reply. But turning quickly upon him, and seeing a laugh in his eyes, I answered, much relieved: —

"Ah, Steerforth! It 's well for you to joke about the poor! You may skirmish with Miss Dartle, or try to hide your sympathies in jest from me, but I know better. When I see how perfectly you understand them, how exquisitely you can enter into happiness like this plain fisherman's, or humor a love like my old nurse's, I know that there is not a joy or sorrow, not an emotion, of such a people that can be indifferent to you. And I admire and love you for it, Steerforth, twenty times the more!"

He stopped, and looking in my face, said: "Daisy, I believe you are in earnest, and are good. I wish we all were!" Next moment he was gayly singing Mr. Peggotty's song, as we walked at a round pace back to Yarmouth.

Steerforth and I stayed for more than a fortnight in that part of the country. We were very much together, I need not say;

but occasionally we were asunder for some hours at a time. He was a good sailor, and I was but an indifferent one; and when we went out boating with Mr. Peggotty, which was a favorite amusement of his, I generally remained ashore. My occupation of Peggotty's spare-room, put a constraint upon me, from which he was free; for, knowing how assiduously she attended on Mr. Barkis all day, I did not like to remain out late at night: whereas Steerforth, lying at the Inn, had nothing to consult but his own humor. Thus it came about that I heard of his making little treats for the fishermen at Mr. Peggotty's house of call, "The Willing Mind," after I was in bed, and of his being afloat, wrapped in fisherman's clothes, whole moonlight nights, and coming back when the morning tide was at flood. By this time, however, I knew that his restless nature and bold spirits delighted to find a vent in rough toil and hard weather, as in any other means of excitement that presented itself freshly to him; so none of his proceedings surprised me.

Another cause of our being sometimes apart was, that I had naturally an interest in going over to Blunderstone, and revisiting the old familiar scenes of my childhood; while Steerforth, after being there once, had naturally no great interest in going there again. Hence, on three or four days that I can at once recall, we went our several ways after an early breakfast, and met again at a late dinner. I had no idea how he employed his time in the interval, beyond a general knowledge that he was very popular in the place, and had twenty means of actively diverting himself where another man might not have found one.

One dark evening, when I was later than usual — for I had that day been making my parting visit to Blunderstone, as we were now about to return home — I found him alone in Mr. Peggotty's house, sitting thoughtfully before the fire. He was so intent upon his own reflections, that he was quite unconscious of my approach. This, indeed, he might easily have been if he had been less absorbed, for footsteps fell noiselessly on the sandy ground outside; but even my entrance failed to rouse him. I was standing close to him, looking at him; and still, with a heavy brow, he was lost in his meditations.

He gave such a start when I put my hand upon his shoulder, that he made me start too.

"You come upon me," he said, almost angrily, "like a reproachful ghost!"

"I was obliged to announce myself somehow," I replied. "Have I called you down from the stars?"

"No," he answered. "No."

"Up from anywhere, then?" said I, taking my seat near him.

"I was looking at the pictures in the fire," he returned.

"But you are spoiling them for me," said I, as he stirred it quickly with a piece of burning wood, striking out of it a train of red-hot sparks that went careering up the little chimney, and roaring out into the air.

"You would not have seen them," he returned. "I detest this mongrel time, neither day nor night. How late you are! Where have you been?"

"I have been taking leave of my usual walk," said I.

"And I have been sitting here," said Steerforth, glancing round the room, "thinking that all the people we found so glad on the night of our coming down might — to judge from the present wasted air of the place — be dispersed, or dead, or come to I don't know what harm. David, I wish to God I had had a judicious father these last twenty years."

"My dear Steerforth, what is the matter?"

"I wish with all my soul I had been better guided!" he exclaimed. "I wish with all my soul I could guide myself better!"

There was a passionate dejection in his manner that quite amazed me. He was more unlike himself than I could have supposed possible.

"It would be better to be this poor Peggotty, or his lout of a nephew," he said, getting up and leaning moodily against the chimney-piece, with his face toward the fire, "than to be myself, twenty times richer and twenty times wiser, and to be the torment to myself that I have been, in this Devil's bark of a boat, within the last half-hour!"

I was so confounded by the alteration in him, that at first I could only observe him in silence, as he stood leaning his head upon his hand, and looking gloomily down at the fire. At length I begged him, with all the earnestness I felt, to tell me what had occurred to cross him so unusually, and to let me sympathize with him, if I could not hope to advise him. Before I had well concluded, he began to laugh — fretfully at first, but soon with returning gayety.

"Tut, it 's nothing, Daisy! nothing!" he replied. "I told you at the inn in London I am heavy company for myself sometimes. I have been a nightmare to myself just now — must have had one, I think. At odd, dull times, nursery tales came up into the memory unrecognized for what they are. I believe

I have been confounding myself with the bad boy who 'did n't care,' and became food for lions — a grander kind of going to the dogs, I suppose. What old women call the horrors have been creeping over me from head to foot. I have been afraid of myself."

"You are afraid of nothing else, I think," said I.

"Perhaps not, and yet may have enough to be afraid of too," he answered. "Well! So it goes by! I am not about to be hipped again, David; but I tell you, my good fellow, once more, that it would have been well for me (and for more than me) if I had had a steadfast and judicious father!"

His face was always full of expression, but I never saw it express such a dark kind of earnestness as when he said these words, with his glance bent on the fire.

"So much for that!" he said, making as if he tossed something light into the air with his hand.

"'Why, being gone, I am a man again,'

like Macbeth. And now for dinner, if I have not (Macbeth-like) broken up the feast with most admired disorder, Daisy."

"But where are they all, I wonder?" said I.

"God knows," said Steerforth. "After strolling to the ferry looking for you, I strolled in here and found the place deserted. That set me thinking, and you found me thinking."

The advent of Mrs. Gummidge with a basket explained how the house had happened to be empty. She had hurried out to buy something that was needed against Mr. Peggotty's return with the tide, and had left the door open in the meanwhile, lest Ham and little Em'ly, with whom it was an early night, should come home while she was gone. Steerforth, after very much improving Mrs. Gummidge's spirits by a cheerful salutation and a jocose embrace, took my arm, and hurried me away.

He had improved his own spirits no less than Mrs. Gummidge's, for they were again at their usual flow, and he was full of vivacious conversation as we went along.

"And so," he said, gayly, "we abandon this buccaneer life to-morrow, do we?"

"So we agreed," I returned. "And our places by the coach are taken, you know."

"Ay; there 's no help for it, I suppose," said Steerforth. "I have almost forgotten that there is anything to do in the world but to go out tossing on the sea here. I wish there was not."

"As long as the novelty should last," said I, laughing.

"Like enough," he returned; "though there 's a sarcastic meaning in that observation, for an amiable piece of innocence like my young friend! Well! I dare say I am a capricious fellow, David. I know I am; but while the iron *is* hot, I can strike it vigorously too. I could pass a reasonably good examination already, as a pilot in these waters, I think."

"Mr. Peggotty says you are a wonder," I returned.

"A nautical phenomenon, eh?" laughed Steerforth.

"Indeed he does, and you know how truly; knowing how ardent you are in any pursuit you follow, and how easily you can master it. And that amazes me most in you, Steerforth — that you should be contented with such fitful uses of your powers."

"Contented?" he answered, merrily. "I am never contented, except with your freshness, my gentle Daisy. As to fitfulness, I have never learned the art of binding myself to any of the wheels on which the Ixions of these days are turning round and round. I missed it somehow in a bad apprenticeship, and now don't care about it. You know I have bought a boat down here?"

"What an extraordinary fellow you are, Steerforth!" I exclaimed, stopping — for this was the first I had heard of it. "When you may never care to come near the place again!"

"I don't know that," he returned. "I have taken a fancy to the place. At all events," walking me briskly on, "I have bought a boat that was for sale — a clipper, Mr. Peggotty says; and so she is — and Mr. Peggotty will be master of her in my absence."

"Now I understand you, Steerforth," said I, exultingly. "You pretend to have bought it for yourself, but you have really done so to confer a benefit on him. I might have known as much at first, knowing you. My dear kind Steerforth, how can I tell you what I think of your generosity."

"Tush!" he answered, turning red. "The less said the better."

"Did n't I know?" cried I, "did n't I say that there was not a joy, or sorrow, or any emotion of such honest hearts that was indifferent to you?"

"Ay, ay," he answered, "you told me all that. There let it rest. We have said enough!"

Afraid of offending him by pursuing the subject when he made so light of it, I only pursued it in my thoughts as we went on at even a quicker pace than before.

"She must be newly rigged," said Steerforth, "and I shall

leave Littimer behind to see it done, that I may know she is quite complete. Did I tell you Littimer had come down?"

"No."

"Oh, yes! came down this morning, with a letter from my mother."

As our looks met, I observed that he was pale even to his lips, though he looked very steadily at me. I feared that some difference between him and his mother might have led to his being in the frame of mind in which I had found him at the solitary fireside. I hinted so.

"Oh no!" he said, shaking his head, and giving a slight laugh. "Nothing of the sort! Yes. He is come down, that man of mine."

"The same as ever?" said I.

"The same as ever," said Steerforth. "Distant and quiet as the North Pole. He shall see to the boat being fresh named. She's the 'Stormy Petrel' now. What does Mr. Peggotty care for Stormy Petrels! I'll have her christened again."

"By what name?" I asked.

"The 'Little Em'ly.'"

As he had continued to look steadily at me, I took it as a reminder that he objected to being extolled for his consideration. I could not help showing in my face how much it pleased me, but I said little, and he resumed his usual smile and seemed relieved.

"But see here," he said, looking before us, "where the original little Em'ly comes! And that fellow with her, eh? Upon my soul he's a true knight. He never leaves her!"

Ham was a boat-builder in these days, having improved a natural ingenuity in that handicraft, until he had become a skilled workman. He was in his working-dress, and looked rugged enough, but manly withal, and a very fit protector for the blooming little creature at his side. Indeed, there was a frankness in his face, an honesty, and an undisguised show of his pride in her, and his love for her, which were, to me, the best of good looks. I thought, as they came toward us, that they were well matched even in that particular. She withdrew her hand timidly from his arm as we stopped to speak to them, and blushed as she gave it to Steerforth and to me. When they passed on, after we had exchanged a few words, she did not like to replace that hand, but, still appearing timid and constrained, walked by herself. I thought all this very pretty and engaging, and Steerforth seemed to think so too, as we looked after them fading away in the light of a young moon.

I was surprised when I came to Mr. Barkis's house to find Ham walking up and down in front of it, and still more surprised to learn from him that little Em'ly was inside. I naturally inquired why he was not there too, instead of pacing the streets by himself.

"Why, you see, Mas'r Davy," he rejoined, in a hesitating manner, "Em'ly, she 's talking to some 'un in here."

"I should have thought," said I, smiling, "that that was a reason for your being in here too, Ham."

"Well, Mas'r Davy, in a general way, so 't would be," he returned; "but look 'ee here, Mas'r Davy," lowering his voice, and speaking very gravely. "It 's a young woman, sir — a young woman that Em'ly knowed once, and doen't ought to know no more."

When I heard these words, a light began to fall upon the figure I had seen following them, some hours ago.

"It 's a poor wurem, Mas'r Davy," said Ham, "as is trod under foot by all the town. Up street and down street. The mowld o' the churchyard don't hold any that the folk shrink away from, more."

"Did I see her to-night, Ham, on the sands, after we met you?"

"Keeping us in sight?" said Ham. "It 's like you did, Mas'r Davy. Not that I know'd then she was theer, sir, but along of her creeping soon afterward under Em'ly's little winder, when she see the light come, and whisp'ring 'Em'ly, Em'ly, for Christ's sake, have a woman's heart toward me. I was once like you!' Those was solemn words, Mas'r Davy, fur to hear!"

"They were, indeed, Ham. What did Em'ly do?"

"Says Em'ly, 'Martha, is it you? Oh, Martha, can it be you!' — for they had sat at work together, many a day, at Mr. Omer's."

"I recollect her now!" cried I, recalling one of the two girls I had seen when I first went there. "I recollect her quite well."

"Martha Endell!" said Ham. "Two or three year older than Em'ly, but was at school with her."

"I never heard her name," said I. "I did n't mean to interrupt you."

"For the matter o' that, Mas'r Davy," replied Ham, "all 's told a'most in them words, 'Em'ly, Em'ly, for Christ's sake have a woman's heart toward me. I was once like you!' She wanted to speak to Em'ly. Em'ly could n't speak to her there, for her loving uncle was come home, and he would n't — no,

Mas'r Davy," said Ham, with great earnestness, "he could n't, kind-natured, tender-hearted as he is, see them two together, side by side, for all the treasures that 's wrecked in the sea."

I felt how true this was. I knew it, on the instant, quite as well as Ham.

"So Em'ly writes in pencil on a bit of paper," he pursued, "and gives it to her out o' window to bring here. 'Show that,' she says, 'to my aunt, Mrs. Barkis, and she 'll set you down by her fire, for the love of me, till uncle is gone out, and I can come.' By and by she tells me what I tell you, Mas'r Davy, and asks me to bring her. What can I do? She doen't ought to know any such, but I can't deny her, when the tears is on her face."

He put his hand into the breast of his shaggy jacket, and took out with great care a pretty little purse.

"And if I could deny her when the tears was on her face, Mas'r Davy," said Ham, tenderly adjusting it on the rough palm of his hand, "how could I deny her when she give me this to carry for her — knowing what she brought it for? Such a toy as it is!" said Ham, thoughtfully looking on it. "With such a little money in it, Em'ly, my dear!"

I shook him warmly by the hand when he had put it away again — for that was more satisfactory to me than saying anything — and we walked up and down, for a minute or two, in silence. The door opened then, and Peggotty appeared, beckoning to Ham to come in. I would have kept away, but she came after me, entreating me to come in too. Even then, I would have avoided the room where they all were, but for its being the neat tiled kitchen I have mentioned more than once. The door opening immediately into it, I found myself among them, before I considered whither I was going.

The girl — the same I had seen upon the sands — was near the fire. She was sitting on the ground, with her head and one arm lying on a chair. I fancied, from the disposition of her figure, that Em'ly had but newly risen from the chair, and that the forlorn head might perhaps have been lying on her lap. I saw but little of the girl's face, over which her hair fell loose and scattered, as if she had been disordering it with her own hands; but I saw that she was young, and of a fair complexion. Peggotty had been crying. So had little Em'ly. Not a word was spoken when we first went in; and the Dutch clock by the dresser seemed, in the silence, to tick twice as loud as usual.

Em'ly spoke first.

"Martha wants," she said to Ham, "to go to London."

"Why to London?" returned Ham.

He stood between them, looking on the prostrate girl with a mixture of compassion for her, and of jealousy of her holding any companionship with her whom he loved so well, which I have always remembered distinctly. They both spoke as if she were ill; in a soft, suppressed tone that was plainly heard, although it hardly rose above a whisper.

"Better there than here," said a third voice aloud — Martha's, though she did not move. "No one knows me there. Everybody knows me here."

"What will she do there?" inquired Ham.

She lifted up her head, and looked darkly round at him for a moment; then laid it down again, and curved her right arm about her neck, as a woman in a fever, or in an agony of pain from a shot, might twist herself.

"She will try to do well," said little Em'ly. "You don't know what she has said to us. Does he — do they — aunt?"

Peggotty shook her head compassionately.

"I'll try," said Martha, "if you'll help me away. I never can do worse than I have done here. I may do better. Oh!" with a dreadful shiver, "take me out of these streets, where the whole town knows me from a child!"

As Em'ly held out her hand to Ham, I saw him put in it a little canvas bag. She took it, as if she thought it were her purse, and made a step or two forward; but finding her mistake, came back to where he had retired near me, and showed it to him.

"It 's all yourn, Em'ly," I could hear him say. "I have n't nowt in all the wureld that ain't yourn, my dear. It ain't of no delight to me, except for you!"

The tears rose freshly in her eyes, but she turned away and went to Martha. What she gave her, I don't know: I saw her stooping over her, and putting money in her bosom. She whispered something, as she asked was that enough? "More than enough," the other said, and took her hand and kissed it.

Then Martha arose, and gathering her shawl about her, covering her face with it, and weeping aloud, went slowly to the door. She stopped a moment before going out, as if she would have uttered something or turned back; but no words passed her lips. Making the same low, dreary, wretched moaning in her shawl, she went away.

As the door closed, little Em'ly looked at us three in a hurried manner, and then hid her face in her hands and fell to sobbing.

"Doen't, Em'ly," said Ham, tapping her gently on the shoulder. "Doen't, my dear! You doen't ought to cry so, pretty!"

"Oh, Ham!" she exclaimed, still weeping pitifully. "I am not as good a girl as I ought to be! I know I have not the thankful heart sometimes I ought to have!"

"Yes, yes, you have, I'm sure," said Ham.

"No! no! no!" cried little Em'ly, sobbing, and shaking her head. "I am not as good a girl as I ought to be! Not near! not near!"

And still she cried, as if her heart would break.

"I try your love too much, I know I do!" she sobbed. "I 'm often cross to you, and changeable with you, when I ought to be far different. You are never so to me. Why am I ever so to you, when I should think of nothing but how to be grateful, and to make you happy!"

"You always make me so," said Ham. "My dear! I am quite happy in the sight of you. I am happy all day long, in the thoughts of you."

"Ah! that 's not enough!" she cried. "That is because you are good; not because I am! Oh, my dear, it might have been a better fortune for you, if you had been fond of some one else — of some one steadier and much worthier than me, who was all bound up in you, and never vain and changeable like me."

"Poor little tender-heart," said Ham, in a low voice. "Martha has overset her altogether."

"Please, aunt," sobbed Em'ly, "come here, and let me lay my head upon you. Oh, I am very miserable to-night, aunt! Oh, I am not as good a girl as I ought to be. I am not, I know!"

Peggotty had hastened to the chair before the fire. Em'ly, with her arms around her neck, kneeled by her, looking up most earnestly into her face.

"Oh, pray, aunt, try to help me! Ham, dear, try to help me! Mr. David, for the sake of old times, do, please, try to help me! I want to be a better girl than I am. I want to feel a hundred times more thankful than I do. I want to feel more, what a blessed thing it is to be the wife of a good man, and to lead a peaceful life. Oh, me! Oh, me! Oh, my heart, my heart!"

She dropped her face on my old nurse's breast, and, ceasing this supplication, which, in its agony and grief, was half a woman's, half a child's, as all her manner was (being, in that,

more natural, and better suited to her beauty, as I thought, than any other manner could have been), wept silently, while my old nurse hushed her like an infant.

She got calmer by degrees, and then we soothed her; now talking encouragingly, and now jesting a little with her, until she began to raise her head and speak to us. So we got on, until she was able to smile, and then to laugh, and then to sit up, half ashamed; while Peggotty recalled her stray ringlets, dried her eyes, and made her neat again, lest her uncle should wonder, when she got home, why his darling had been crying.

I saw her do that night, what I had never seen her do before. I saw her innocently kiss her chosen husband on the cheek, and creep close to his bluff form, as if it were her best support. When they went away together, in the waning moonlight, and I looked after them, comparing their departure in my mind with Martha's, I saw that she held his arm with both her hands, and still kept close to him.

A Loss.

(From "David Copperfield.")

I GOT down to Yarmouth in the evening, and went to the inn. I knew that Peggotty's spare room — my room — was likely to have occupation enough in a little while if that great Visitor, before whose presence all the living must give place, were not already in the house; so I betook myself to the inn, and dined there, and engaged my bed.

It was ten o'clock when I went out. Many of the shops were shut, and the town was dull. When I came to Omer and Joram's I found the shutters up, but the shop-door standing open. As I could obtain a perspective view of Mr. Omer inside, smoking his pipe by the parlor-door, I entered and asked him how he was.

"Why, bless my life and soul!" said Mr. Omer, "how do you find yourself? Take a seat. Smoke not disagreeable, I hope?"

"By no means," said I. "I like it — in somebody else's pipe."

"What, not in your own, eh?" Mr. Omer returned, laughing. "All the better, sir. Bad habit for a young man. Take a seat. I smoke, myself, for the asthma."

Mr. Omer had made room for me, and placed a chair. He now sat down again very much out of breath, gasping at his pipe as if it contained a supply of that necessary, without which he must perish.

"I am sorry to have heard bad news of Mr. Barkis," said I.

Mr. Omer looked at me with a steady countenance, and shook his head.

"Do you know how he is to-night?" I asked.

"The very question I should have put to you, sir," returned Mr. Omer, "but on account of delicacy. It 's one of the drawbacks of our line of business. When a party 's ill we *can't* ask how the party is."

The difficulty had not occurred to me; though I had had my apprehensions too, when I went in, of hearing the old tune. On its being mentioned, I recognized it, however, and said as much.

"Yes, yes, you understand," said Mr. Omer, nodding his head. "We dursn't do it. Bless you, it would be a shock that the generality of parties might n't recover, to say, 'Omer and Joram's compliments, and how do you find yourself this morning?' — or this afternoon — as it may be."

Mr. Omer and I nodded at each other, and Mr. Omer recruited his wind by the aid of his pipe.

"It 's one of the things that cut the trade off from attentions they could often wish to show," said Mr. Omer. "Take myself. If I have known Barkis a year, to move to as he went by, I have known him forty year. But *I* can't go and say, 'how is he?'"

I felt it was rather hard on Mr. Omer, and I told him so.

"I'm not more self-interested, I hope, than another man," said Mr. Omer. "Look at me. My wind may fail me at any moment, and it ain't likely that, to my own knowledge, I 'd be self-interested under such circumstances. I say it ain't likely, in a man who knows his wind will go, when it *does* go, as if a pair of bellows was cut open; and that man a grandfather," said Mr. Omer.

I said, "Not at all."

"It ain't that I complain of my line of business," said Mr. Omer. "It ain't that. Some good and some bad goes, no doubt, to all callings. What I wish is, that parties was brought up stronger minded."

Mr. Omer, with a very complacent and amiable face, took several puffs in silence; and then said, resuming his first point:

"Accordingly we're obleeged, in ascertaining how Barkis goes on, to limit ourselves to Em'ly. She knows what our real objects are, and she don't have any more alarms or suspicions about us than if we was so many lambs. Minnie and Joram have just stepped down to the house, in fact (she 's there, after

hours, helping her aunt a bit), to ask her how he is to-night; and if you was to please to wait till they come back, they 'd give you full partic'lers. Will you take something? A glass of srub and water, now? I smoke on srub and water myself," said Mr. Omer, taking up his glass, "because it 's considered softening to the passages, by which this troublesome breath of mine gets into action. But, Lord bless you," said Mr. Omer, huskily, "it ain't the passages that 's out of order! 'Give me breath enough,' says I to my daughter Minnie, 'and *I*'ll find passages, my dear!"

He really had no breath to spare, and it was very alarming to see him laugh. When he was again in condition to be talked to, I thanked him for the proffered refreshment, which I declined, as I had just had dinner; and, observing that I would wait, since he was so good as to invite me, until his daughter and his son-in-law came back, I inquired how little Em'ly was?

"Well, sir," said Mr. Omer, removing his pipe, that he might rub his chin; "I tell you truly I shall be glad when her marriage has taken place."

"Why so?" I inquired.

"Well, she 's unsettled at present," said Mr. Omer. "It ain't that she 's not as pretty as ever, for she 's prettier — I do assure you, she 's prettier. It ain't that she don't work as well as ever, for she does. She *was* worth any six, and she *is* worth any six. But somehow she wants heart. If you understand," said Mr. Omer, after rubbing his chin again, and smoking a little, "what I mean in a general way by the expression, 'A long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together, my hearties, hurrah!' I should say to you, that *that* was — in a general way — what I miss in Em'ly."

Mr. Omer's face and manner went for so much, that I could conscientiously nod my head, as divining his meaning. My quickness of apprehension seemed to please him, and he went on: —

"Now, I consider this is principally on account of her being in an unsettled state, you see. We have talked it over a good deal, her uncle and myself, and her sweetheart and myself, after business, and I consider it is principally on account of her being unsettled. You must always recollect of Em'ly," said Mr. Omer, shaking his head gently, "that she 's a most extraordinary affectionate little thing. The proverb says, 'You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.' Well, I don't know about that. I rather think you may, if you begin early in life. She has made a home out of that old boat, sir, that stone and marble could n't beat."

"I am sure she has!" said I.

"To see the clinging of that pretty little thing to her uncle," said Mr. Omer; "to see the way she holds on to him, tighter and tighter, and closer and closer, every day, is to see a sight. Now, you know, there's a struggle going on when that's the case. Why should it be made a longer one than is needful?"

I listened attentively to the good old fellow, and acquiesced with all my heart in what he said.

"Therefore, I mentioned to them," said Mr. Omer, in a comfortable, easy-going tone, "this, I said, 'Now, don't consider Em'ly nailed down in point of time at all. Make it your own time. Her services have been more valuable than was supposed; her learning has been quicker than was supposed; Omer and Joram can run their pen through what remains; and she's free when you wish. If she likes to make any little arrangement afterward in the way of doing any little thing for us at home, very well. If she don't, very well still. We're no losers, anyhow.' For — don't you see," said Mr. Omer, touching me with his pipe, "it ain't likely that a man so short of breath as myself, and a grandfather too, would go and strain points with a little bit of a blue-eyed blossom like *her?*"

"Not at all, I am certain," said I.

"Not at all! You're right!" said Mr. Omer. "Well, sir, her cousin — you know it's a cousin she's going to be married to?"

"Oh, yes," I replied. "I know him well."

"Of course you do," said Mr. Omer. "Well, sir! Her cousin being, as it appears, in good work, and well to do, thanked me in a very manly sort of manner for this (conducting himself altogether, I must say, in a way that gives me a high opinion of him), and went and took as comfortable a little house as you or I could wish to clap eyes on. That little house is now furnished right through as neat and complete as a doll's parlor, and but for Barkis's illness having taken this bad turn, poor fellow, they would have been man and wife — I dare say, by this time. As it is, there's a postponement."

"And Em'ly, Mr. Omer?" I inquired. "Has she become more settled?"

"Why that, you know," he returned, rubbing his double chin again, "can't naturally be expected. The prospect of the change and separation, and all that, is, as one may say, close to her and far away from her, both at once. Barkis's death need n't put it

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off much, but his lingering might. Anyway, it's an uncertain state of matters, you see."

"I see," said I.

"Consequently," pursued Mr. Omer, "Em'ly's still a little down and a little fluttered; perhaps, upon the whole, she's more so than she was. Every day she seems to get fonder and fonder of her uncle, and more loath to part from all of us. A kind word from me brings the tears into her eyes; and if you was to see her with my daughter Minnie's little girl you'd never forget it. Bless my heart alive!" said Mr. Omer, pondering, "how she loves that child!"

Having so favorable an opportunity, it occurred to me to ask Mr. Omer, before our conversation should be interrupted by the return of his daughter and her husband, whether he knew anything of Martha.

"Ah!" he rejoined, shaking his head, and looking very much dejected. "No good. A sad story, sir, however you come to know it. I never thought there was harm in the girl. I would n't wish to mention it before my daughter Minnie — for she 'd take me up directly — but I never did. None of us ever did."

Mr. Omer, hearing his daughter's footstep before I heard it, touched me with his pipe, and shut up one eye as a caution. She and her husband came in immediately afterward.

Their report was, that Mr. Barkis was "as bad as bad could be;" that he was quite unconscious; and that Mr. Chillip had mournfully said in the kitchen, on going away just now, that the College of Physicians, the College of Surgeons, and Apothecaries' Hall, if they were all called in together, could n't help him. He was past both colleges, Mr. Chillip said, and the Hall could only poison him.

Hearing this, and learning that Mr. Peggotty was there, I determined to go to the house at once. I bade good-night to Mr. Omer, and to Mr. and Mrs. Joram; and directed my steps thither, with a solemn feeling, which made Mr. Barkis quite a new and different creature.

My low tap at the door was answered by Mr. Peggotty. He was not so much surprised to see me as I had expected. I remarked this in Peggotty, too, when she came down; and I have seen it since; and I think, in the expectation of that dread surprise, all other changes and surprises dwindle into nothing.

I shook hands with Mr. Peggotty, and passed into the kitchen, while he softly closed the door. Little Em'ly was sitting by the

fire, with her hands before her face. Ham was standing near her.

We spoke in whispers; listening, between whiles, for any sound in the room above. I had not thought of it on the occasion of my last visit, but how strange it was to me now, to miss Mr. Barkis out of the kitchen!

"This is very kind of you, Mas'r Davy," said Mr. Peggotty.

"It 's oncommon kind," said Ham.

"Em'ly my dear," cried Mr. Peggotty. "See here! Here 's Mas'r Davy come. What, cheer up, pretty! Not a wured to Mas'r Davy?"

There was a trembling upon her that I can see now. The coldness of her hand when I touched it, I can feel yet. Its only sign of animation was to shrink from mine; and then she glided from the chair, and, creeping to the other side of her uncle, bowed herself silently and trembling still, upon his breast.

"It 's such a loving 'art," said Mr. Peggotty, smoothing her rich hair with his great hard hand, "that it can't bear the sorrer of this. It 's nat'ral in young folk, Mas'r Davy, when they 're new to these here trials, and timid, like my little bird — it 's nat'ral."

She clung closer to him, but neither lifted up her face, nor spoke a word.

"It 's getting late, my dear," said Mr. Peggotty, "and here 's Ham come fur to take you home. Theer! Go along with t' other loving 'art! What, Em'ly? Eh, my pretty?"

The sound of her voice had not reached me, but he bent his head as if he listened to her, and then said: —

"Let you stay with your uncle? Why, you don't mean to ask me that! Stay with your uncle, Moppet? When your husband that 'll be so soon, is here fur to take you home? Now a person would n't think it, fur to see this little thing alongside a rough-weather chap like me," said Mr. Peggotty, looking round at both of us, with infinite pride; "but the sea ain't more salt in it than she has fondness in her for her uncle — a foolish little Em'ly!"

"Em'ly 's in the right in that, Mas'r Davy!" said Ham. "Lookee here! As Em'ly wishes of it, and as she 's hurried and frightened like, besides, I 'll leave her till morning. Let me stay too!"

"No, no," said Mr. Peggotty. "You don't ought — a married man like you, or what 's as good — to take and hull away a day's work. And you doen't ought to watch and work both.

That won't do. You go home and turn in. You ain't afeerd of Em'ly not being took good care on, *I* know."

Ham yielded to this persuasion, and took his hat to go. Even when he kissed her — and I never saw him approach her but I felt that nature had given him the soul of a gentleman — she seemed to cling closer to her uncle, even to the avoidance of her chosen husband. I shut the door after him, that it might cause no disturbance of the quiet that prevailed; and when I turned back I found Mr. Peggotty still talking to her.

"Now, I 'm agoing up-stairs to tell your aunt as Mas'r Davy's here, and that 'll cheer her up a bit," he said. "Sit ye down by the fire the while, my dear, and warm these mortal cold hands. You doen't need to be so fearsome, and take on so much. What? You 'll go along with me? Well! come along with me — come! If her uncle was turned out of a house and home, and forced to lay down in a dyke, Mas'r Davy," said Mr. Peggotty, with no less pride than before, "it 's my belief she 'd go along with him, now! But there 'll be some one else soon — some one else soon, Em'ly!"

Afterward, when I went up-stairs, as I passed the door of my little chamber, which was dark, I had an indistinct impression of her being within it, cast down upon the floor. But, whether it was really she, or whether it was a confusion of the shadows in the room, I don't know now.

I had leisure to think, before the kitchen fire, of pretty little Em'ly's dread of death — which, added to what Mr. Omer had told me, I took to be the cause of her being so unlike herself — and I had leisure, before Peggotty came down, even to think more leniently of the weakness of it: as I sat counting the ticking of the clock, and deepening my sense of the solemn hush around me, Peggotty took me in her arms, and blessed and thanked me over and over again for being such a comfort to her (that was what she said) in her distress. She then entreated me to come up-stairs, sobbing that Mr. Barkis had always liked me and admired me; that he had often talked of me, before he fell into a stupor; and that she believed, in case of his coming to himself again, he would brighten up at sight of me, if he could brighten up at any earthly thing.

The probability of his ever doing so appeared to me, when I saw him, to be very small. He was lying with his head and shoulders out of bed, in an uncomfortable attitude, half resting on the box which had cost him so much pain and trouble. I

learned that, when he was past creeping out of bed to open it, and past assuring himself of its safety by means of the divining rod I had seen him use, he had required to have it placed on the chair at the bedside, where he had ever since embraced it, night and day. His arm lay on it now. Time and the world were slipping from beneath him, but the box was there; and the last words he had uttered were (in an explanatory tone), "Old clothes!"

"Barkis, my dear!" said Peggotty, almost cheerfully, bending over him, while her brother and I stood at the bed's foot. "Here 's my dear boy — my dear boy, Master Davy, who brought us together, Barkis! That you sent messages by, you know! Won't you speak to Master Davy?"

He was as mute and senseless as the box from which his form derived the only expression it had.

"He 's a-going out with the tide," said Mr. Peggotty to me, behind his hand.

My eyes were dim, and so were Mr. Peggotty's; but I repeated in a whisper, "With the tide?"

"People can't die, along the coast," said Mr. Peggotty, "except when the tide's pretty nigh out. They can't be born, unless it 's pretty nigh in — not properly born till flood. He 's a going out with the tide. It 's ebb at half-arter three, slack water half an hour. If he lives till it turns, he 'll hold his own till past the flood, and go out with the next tide."

We remained there, watching him, a long time — hours. What mysterious influence my presence had upon him in that state of his senses, I shall not pretend to say; but when he at last began to wander feebly, it is certain he was muttering about driving me to school.

"He 's coming to himself," said Peggotty.

Mr. Peggotty touched me, and whispered with much awe and reverence, "They are both a going out fast."

"Barkis, my dear!" said Peggotty.

"C. P. Barkis," he cried faintly. "No better woman anywhere."

"Look! Here 's Master Davy!" said Peggotty. For he now opened his eyes.

I was on the point of asking him if he knew me, when he tried to stretch out his arm, and said to me, distinctly, with a pleasant smile: "Barkis is willin'!"

And, it being low water, he went out with the tide.

A Greater Loss.

(From "David Copperfield.")

It was not difficult for me, on Peggotty's solicitation, to resolve to stay where I was, until after the remains of the poor carrier should have made their last journey to Blunderstone. She had long ago bought, out of her own savings, a little piece of ground in our old churchyard near the grave "of her sweet girl," as she always called my mother: and there they were to rest.

In keeping Peggotty company, and doing all I could for her (little enough at the utmost), I was as grateful, I rejoice to think, as even now I could wish myself to have been. But I am afraid I had a supreme satisfaction, of a personal and professional nature, in taking charge of Mr. Barkis's will, and expounding its contents.

I may claim the merit of having originated the suggestion that the will should be looked for in the box. After some search, it was found in the box, at the bottom of a horse's nose-bag; wherein (besides hay) there was discovered an old gold watch, with chain and seals, which Mr. Barkis had worn on his wedding day, and which had never been seen before or since; a silver tobacco-stopper, in the form of a leg; an imitation lemon, full of minute cups and saucers, which I have some idea Mr. Barkis must have purchased to present to me when I was a child, and afterward found himself unable to part with; eighty-seven guineas and a half, in guineas and half guineas; two hundred and ten pounds, in perfectly clean bank-notes; certain receipts for Bank of England stock; an old horseshoe, a bad shilling, a piece of camphor, and an oyster shell. From the circumstance of the latter article having been much polished, and displaying prismatic colors on the inside, I conclude that Mr. Barkis had some general ideas about pearls, which never resolved themselves into anything definite.

For years and years Mr. Barkis had carried this box on all his journeys, every day. That it might the better escape notice, he had invented a fiction that it belonged to "Mr. Blackboy," and was "to be left with Barkis till called for;" a fable he had elaborately written on the lid, in characters now scarcely legible.

He had hoarded, all these years, I found, to good purpose. His property in money amounted to nearly three thousand pounds. Of this he bequeathed the interest of one thousand to

Mr. Peggotty for his life; on his decease, the principal to be equally divided between Peggotty, little Em'ly, and me, or the survivor or survivors of us, share and share alike. All the rest he died possessed of he bequeathed to Peggotty, whom he left residuary legatee, and sole executrix of that, his last will and testament.

I felt myself quite a proctor when I read this document aloud with all possible ceremony, and set forth its provisions, any number of times, to those whom they concerned. I began to think there was more in the Commons than I had supposed. I examined the will with the deepest attention, pronounced it perfectly formal in all respects, made a pencil mark or so in the margin, and thought it rather extraordinary that I knew so much.

In this abstruse pursuit; in making an account for Peggotty of all the property into which she had come; in arranging all the affairs in an orderly manner; and in being her referee and adviser on every point, to our joint delight; I passed the week before the funeral. I did not see little Em'ly in that interval, but they told me she was to be quietly married in a fortnight.

I did not attend the funeral in character, if I may venture to say so. I mean I was not dressed up in a black cloak and a streamer, to frighten the birds; but I walked over to Blunderstone early in the morning and was in the churchyard when it came, attended only by Peggotty and her brother. The mad gentleman looked on, out of my little window; Mr. Chillip's baby wagged its heavy head and rolled its goggle eyes at the clergyman, over its nurse's shoulder; Mr. Omer breathed short in the background; no one else was there, and it was very quiet. We walked about the churchyard for an hour after all was over, and pulled some young leaves from the tree above my mother's grave.

A dread falls on me here. A cloud is lowering on the distant town, toward which I retraced my solitary steps. I fear to approach it. I cannot bear to think of what did come, upon that memorable night; of what must come again, if I go on.

It is no worse because I write of it. It would be no better if I stopped my most unwilling hand. It is done. Nothing can undo it; nothing can make it otherwise than as it was.

My old nurse was to go to London with me next day, on the business of the will. Little Em'ly was passing that day at Mr. Omer's. We were all to meet in the old boat-house that

night. Ham would bring Em'ly at the usual hour. I would walk back at my leisure. The brother and sister would return as they had come, and be expecting us, when the day closed in, at the fireside.

I parted from them at the wicket-gate, where visionary Straps had rested with Roderick Random's knapsack in the days of yore; and, instead of going straight back, walked a little distance on the road to Lowestoft. Then I turned, and walked back toward Yarmouth. I stayed to dine at a decent alehouse, some mile or two from the Ferry I have mentioned before; and thus the day wore away, and it was evening when I reached it. Rain was falling heavily by that time, and it was a wild night; but there was a moon behind the clouds, and it was not dark.

I was soon within sight of Mr. Peggotty's house, and of the light within it shining through the window. A little floundering across the sand, which was heavy, brought me to the door, and I went in.

It looked very comfortable, indeed. Mr. Peggotty had smoked his evening pipe, and there were preparations for some supper by and by. The fire was bright, the ashes were thrown up, the locket was ready for little Em'ly in her old place. In her own old place sat Peggotty, once more, looking (but for her dress) as if she had never left it. She had fallen back, already, on the society of the work-box with Saint Paul's upon the lid, the yard-measure in the cottage, and the bit of wax-candle; and there they all were, just as if they had never been disturbed. Mrs. Gummidge appeared to be fretting a little, in her old corner; and, consequently, looked quite natural, too.

"You 're first of the lot, Mas'r Davy!" said Mr. Peggotty, with a happy face. "Don't keep in that coat, sir, if it 's wet."

"Thank you, Mr. Peggotty," said I, giving him my coat to hang up. "It 's quite dry."

"So 't is," said Mr. Peggotty, feeling my shoulders. "As a chip. Sit ye down, sir. It ain't o' no use saying welcome to you, but you 're welcome, kind and hearty."

"Thank you, Mr. Peggotty, I am sure of that. Well, Peggotty!" said I, giving her a kiss. "And how are you, old woman?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Peggotty, sitting down beside us, and rubbing his hands in his sense of relief from recent trouble, and in the genuine heartiness of his nature; "there 's not a

woman in the wureld, sir — as I tell her — that need to feel more easy in her mind than her! She done her dooty by the departed, and the departed know'd it; and the departed done what was right by her, as she done what was right by the departed — and — and — and it 's *all* right."

Mrs. Gummidge groaned.

"Cheer up, my pretty mawther!" said Mr. Peggotty. (But he shook his head aside at us, evidently sensible of the tendency of the late occurrences to recall the memory of the old one.) "Doen't be down! Cheer up, for your own self, on'y a little bit, and see if a good deal more doen't come nat'ral!"

"Not to me, Dan'l," returned Mrs. Gummidge. "Nothink 's nat'ral to me but to be lone and lorn."

"No, no," said Mr. Peggotty, soothing her sorrows.

"Yes, yes, Dan'l!" said Mrs. Gummidge. "I ain't a person to live with them as has had money left. Thinks go too contrairy with me. I had better be a riddance."

"Why, how should I ever spend it without you?" said Mr. Peggotty, with an air of serious remonstrance. "What are you a talking of? Doen't I want you more now than ever I did?"

"I know'd I was never wanted before!" cried Mrs. Gummidge, with a pitiable whimper, "and now I 'm told so! How could I expect to be wanted, being so lone and lorn, and so contrairy?"

Mr. Peggotty seemed very much shocked at himself for having made a speech capable of this unfeeling construction, but was prevented from replying, by Peggotty's pulling his sleeve, and shaking her head. After looking at Mrs. Gummidge for some moments, in sore distress of mind, he glanced at the Dutch clock, rose, snuffed the candle, and put it in the window.

"Theer!" said Mr. Peggotty, cheerily. "Theer we are, Missis Gummidge!" Mrs. Gummidge slightly groaned. "Lighted up, accordin' to custom! You 're a wonderin' what that 's fur, sir! Well, it 's fur our little Em'ly. You see, the path ain't over light or cheerful arter dark; and when I 'm here at the hour as she 's a comin' home, I puts the light in the winder. That, you see," said Mr. Peggotty, bending over me with great glee, "meets two objects. She says, says Em'ly, 'Theer 's home!' she says. And likewise, says Em'ly, 'My uncle 's theer!' Fur if I ain't theer, I never have no light showed."

"You 're a baby!" said Peggotty; very fond of him for it, if she thought so.

"Well," returned Mr. Peggotty, standing with his legs pretty wide apart, and rubbing his hands up and down them in his comfortable satisfaction, as he looked alternately at us and at the fire, "I don't know but I am. Not, you see, to look at."

"Not azactly," observed Peggotty.

"No!" laughed Mr. Peggotty, "not to look at, but to — to consider on, you know. *I* doen't care, bless you. Now I tell you. When I go a looking and looking about that theer pritty house of our Em'ly's, I 'm — I 'm Gormed," said Mr. Peggotty, with sudden emphasis — "theer! I can't say more — if I doen't feel as if the littlest things was her, a'most. I takes 'em up and I puts 'em down, and I touches of 'em, as delicate as if they was our Em'ly. So 't is with her little bonnets and that, I could n't see one of 'em rough used a purpose — not for the whole wureld. There 's a babby for you, in the form of a great Sea Porkypine!" said Mr. Peggotty, relieving his earnestness with a roar of laughter.

Peggotty and I both laughed, but not so loud.

"It 's my opinion, you see," said Mr. Peggotty, with a delighted face, after some further rubbing of his legs, "as this is along of my havin' played with her so much, and made believe as we was Turks, and French, and sharks, and every variety of forinners — bless you, yes; and lions and whales, and I doen't know what all — when she war n't no higher than my knee. I 've got into the way on it, you know. Why, this here candle, now!" said Mr. Peggotty, gleefully holding out his hand toward it, "*I* know wery well that arter she 's married and gone, I shall put that candle theer just that same as now. I know wery well that when I 'm here o' nights (and where else should *I* live, bless your 'arts, whatever fortun I come into!) and she ain't here, or I ain't theer, I shall put the candle in the winder, and sit afore the fire, pretending I 'm expecting of her, like I 'm a doing now. *There 's* a babby for you," said Mr. Peggotty, with another roar, "in the form of a Sea Porkypine! Why, at the present minute, when I see the candle sparkle up I says to myself, 'She 's a looking at it! Em'ly 's a coming!' *There 's* a babby for you, in the form of a Sea Porkypine! Right for all that," said Mr. Peggotty, stopping in his roar, and smiting his hands together, "fur here she is!"

It was only Ham. The night should have turned more wet since I came in, for he had a large sou'wester hat on, slouched over his face.

"Where 's Em'ly?" said Mr. Peggotty.

Ham made a motion with his head as if she were outside. Mr. Peggotty took the light from the window, trimmed it, put it on the table, and was busily stirring the fire, when Ham, who had not moved, said: —

"Mas'r Davy, will you come out a minute and see what Em'ly and me has got to show you?"

We went out. As I passed him at the door I saw to my astonishment and fright that he was deadly pale. He pushed me hastily into the open air and closed the door upon us. Only upon us two.

"Ham! what 's the matter?"

"Mas'r Davy! —" Oh, for his broken heart, how dreadfully he wept!

I was paralyzed by the sight of such grief. I don't know what I thought, or what I dreaded. I could only look at him.

"Ham! Poor, good fellow! For Heaven's sake tell me what 's the matter?"

"My love, Mas'r Davy — the pride and hope of my 'art — her that I 'd have died for, and would die for now — she 's gone!"

"Gone!"

"Em'ly has run away! Oh, Mas'r Davy, think *how* she 's run away, when I pray my good and gracious God to kill her (her that is so dear above all things) sooner than let her come to ruin and disgrace!"

The face he turned up to the troubled sky, the quivering of his clasped hands, the agony of his figure, remain associated with that lonely waste, in my remembrance, to this hour. It is always night there, and he is the only object in the scene.

"You 're a scholar," he said, hurriedly, "and know what 's right and best. What am I to say, indoors? How am I ever to break it to him, Mas'r Davy?"

I saw the door move, and instinctively tried to hold the latch on the outside, to gain a moment's time. It was too late. Mr. Peggotty thrust forth his face; and never could I forget the change that came upon it when he saw us, if I were to live five hundred years.

I remember a great wail and cry, and the women hanging about him, and we all standing in the room; I with a paper in

my hand, which Ham had given me; Mr. Peggotty with his vest torn open, his hair wild, his face and lips quite white, and blood trickling down his bosom (it had sprung from his mouth, I think), looking fixedly at me.

"Read it, sir," he said, in a low, shivering voice. "Slow, please. I doen't know as I can understand."

In the midst of the silence of death I read thus, from a blotted letter: —

"'When you who love me so much better than I ever have deserved, even when my mind was innocent, see this I shall be far away.'"

"I shall be fur away," he repeated, slowly. "Stop! Em'ly fur away. Well!"

"'When I leave my dear home — my dear home — oh, my dear home! — in the morning'" (the letter bore date on the previous night),"' it will be never to come back unless he brings me back a lady. This will be found at night, many hours after, instead of me. Oh, if you knew how my heart is torn. If even you, that I have wronged so much, that never can forgive me, could only know what I suffer! I am too wicked to write about myself. Oh! take comfort in thinking that I am so bad. Oh, for mercy's sake, tell uncle that I never loved him half so dear as now. Oh, don't remember how affectionate and kind you have all been to me — don't remember we were ever to be married — but try to think as if I died when I was little, and was buried somewhere. Pray Heaven that I am going away from, have compassion on my uncle! Tell him that I never loved him half so dear. Be his comfort. Love some good girl, that will be what I was once to uncle, and be true to you, and worthy of you, and know no shame but me. God bless all! I'll pray for all, often, on my knees. If he don't bring me back a lady, and I don't pray for my own self, I'll pray for all. My parting love to uncle. My last tears, and my last thanks, for uncle!'"

That was all.

He stood, long after I had ceased to read, still looking at me. At length I ventured to take his hand, and to entreat him, as well as I could, to endeavor to get some command of himself. He replied, "I thankee, sir, I thankee!" without moving.

Ham spoke to him. Mr. Peggotty was so far sensible of *his* affliction that he wrung his hand; but, otherwise, he remained in the same state, and no one dared to disturb him.

Slowly at last he moved his eyes from my face, as if he were waking from a vision, and cast them round the room. Then he said, in a low voice: —

"Who 's the man? I want to know his name."

Ham glanced at me, and suddenly I felt a shock that struck me back.

"There 's a man suspected," said Mr. Peggotty. "Who is that?"

"Mas'r Davy!" implored Ham. "Go out a bit and let me tell him what I must. You doen't ought to hear it, sir."

I felt the shock again. I sank down in a chair and tried to utter some reply, but my tongue was fettered and my sight was weak.

"I want to know his name!" I heard said once more.

"For some time past," Ham faltered, "there 's been a servant about here at odd times. There 's been a gen'l'm'n too. Both of 'em belonging to one another."

Mr. Peggotty stood fixed as before, but now looking at him.

"The servant," pursued Ham, "was seen along with — our poor girl — last night. He 's been in hiding about here this week or over. He was thought to have gone, but he was hiding. Doen't stay, Mas'r Davy, doen't!"

I felt Peggotty's arm around my neck, but I could not have moved if the house had been about to fall on me.

"A strange chay and hosses was outside town this morning, on the Norwich road, a'most afore the day broke," Ham went on. "The servant went to it, and come from it, and went to it again. When he went to it again Em'ly was nigh him. The t'other was inside. He 's the man."

"For the Lord's love," said Mr. Peggotty, falling back, and putting out his hand, as if to keep off what he dreaded. "Doen't tell me his name 's Steerforth!"

"Mas'r Davy," exclaimed Ham, in a broken voice, "it ain't no fault of yourn — and I am far from laying of it to you — but his name is Steerforth, and he 's a d—d villain!"

Mr. Peggoty uttered no cry, and shed no tear, and moved no more, until he seemed to wake again, all at once, and pulled down his rough coat from its peg in the corner.

"Bear a hand with this! I 'm struck of a heap, and can't

MR. PEGGOTTY

do it," he said, impatiently. "Bear a hand and help me. Well!" when somebody had done so. "Now give me that theer hat!"

Ham asked him whither he was going.

"I 'm going to seek my niece. I 'm going to seek my Em'ly. I 'm a going first, to stave in that theer boat, and sink it where I would have drowned *him*, as I 'm a livin' soul, if I had had one thought of what was in him! As he sat afore me," he said, wildly, holding out his clinched right hand, "as he sat afore me, face to face, strike me down dead, but I 'd have drowned him and thought it right! I 'm a going to seek my niece!"

"Where?" cried Ham, interposing himself before the door.

"Anywhere! I 'm a going to seek my niece through the wureld. I 'm a going to find my poor niece in her shame, and bring her back. No one stop me! I tell you I 'm a going to seek my niece?"

"No, no!" cried Mrs. Gummidge, coming between them in a fit of crying. "No, no, Dan'l, not as you are now. Seek her in a little while, my lone lorn Dan'l, and that 'll be but right! but not as you are now. Sit ye down, and give me your forgiveness for having ever been a worrit to you, Dan'l — what have *my* contraries ever been to this! — and let us speak a word about them times when she was first an orphan, and when Ham was too, and when I was a poor widder woman, and you took me in. It 'll soften your poor heart, Dan'l," laying her head upon his shoulder, "and you 'll bear your sorrow better; for you know the promise, Dan'l, 'As you have done it unto one of the least of these, you have done it unto me;' and that can never fail under this roof, that 's been our shelter for so many, many year!"

He was quite passive now; and when I heard him crying, the impulse that had been upon me to go down upon my knees, and ask their pardon for the desolation I had caused, and curse Steerforth, yielded to a better feeling. My overcharged heart found the same relief, and I cried too.

The Squeerses at Home.

(From "Nicholas Nickleby.")

When Mr. Squeers left the school-room for the night, he betook himself, as has been before remarked, to his own fireside,

which was situated — not in the room in which Nicholas had supped on the night of his arrival, but in a smaller apartment in the rear of the premises, where his lady wife, his amiable son, and accomplished daughter, were in the full enjoyment of each other's society; Mrs. Squeers being engaged in the matronly pursuit of stocking darning, and the young lady and gentleman being occupied in the adjustment of some youthful differences, by means of a pugilistic contest across the table, which, on the approach of their honored parent, subsided into a noiseless exchange of kicks beneath it.

And, in this place, it may be as well to apprise the reader that Miss Fanny Squeers was in her three-and-twentieth year. If there be any one grace or loveliness inseparable from that particular period of life, Miss Squeers may be presumed to have been possessed of it, as there is no reason to suppose that she was a solitary exception to a universal rule. She was not tall like her mother, but short like her father; from the former she inherited a voice of harsh quality; from the latter a remarkable expression of the right eye, something akin to having none at all.

Miss Squeers had been spending a few days with a neighboring friend, and had only just returned to the parental roof. To this circumstance may be referred her having heard nothing of Nicholas, until Mr. Squeers himself now made him the subject of conversation.

"Well, my dear," said Squeers, drawing up his chair, "what do you think of him by this time?"

"Think of who?" inquired Mrs. Squeers, who (as she often remarked) was no grammarian, thank heaven!

"Of the young man — the new teacher — who else could I mean?"

"Oh! that Knuckleboy," said Mrs. Squeers, impatiently. "I hate him."

"What do you hate him for, my dear?" asked Squeers.

"What's that to you?" retorted Mrs. Squeers. "If I hate him, that's enough, ain't it?"

"Quite enough for him, my dear, and a great deal too much, I dare say, if he knew it," replied Squeers, in a pacific tone. "I only asked from curiosity, my dear."

"Well, then, if you want to know," rejoined Mrs. Squeers. "I'll tell you. Because he's a proud, haughty, consequential, turned-up-nose peacock."

Mrs. Squeers, when excited, was accustomed to use strong

language, and, moreover, to make use of a plurality of epithets, some of which were of a figurative kind, as the word peacock, and furthermore the allusion to Nicholas' nose, which was not intended to be taken in a literal sense, but rather to bear a latitude of construction according to the fancy of the hearers.

Neither were they meant to bear reference to each other, so much as to the object on whom they were bestowed, as will be seen in the present case; a peacock with a turned-up nose being a novelty in ornithology, and a thing not commonly seen.

"Hem!" said Squeers, as if in mild deprecation of this outbreak. "He is cheap, my dear; the young man is very cheap."

"Not a bit of it," retorted Mrs. Squeers.

"Five pound a year," said Squeers.

"What of that? it's dear if you don't want him, is n't it?" replied his wife.

"But we *do* want him," urged Squeers.

"I don't see that you want him any more than the dead," said Mrs. Squeers. "Don't tell me. You can put on the cards and in the advertisements, 'Education by Mr. Wackford Squeers and able assistants,' without having any assistants, can't you? Is n't it done every day by all the masters about? I've no patience with you."

"Have n't you?" said Squeers, sternly. "I'll tell you what, Mrs. Squeers. In this matter of having a teacher, I'll take my own way, if you please. A slave driver in the West Indies is allowed a man under him, to see that his blacks don't run away, or get up a rebellion; and I'll have a man under me to do the same with *our* blacks, till such time as little Wackford is able to take charge of the school."

"Am I to take care of the school when I grow up a man, father?" said Wackford, junior, suspending, in the excess of his delight, a vicious kick which he was administering to his sister.

"You are, my son," replied Mr. Squeers, in a sentimental voice.

"Oh, my eye, won't I give it to the boys!" exclaimed the interesting child, grasping his father's cane. "Oh, father, won't I make 'em squeak again!"

It was a proud moment in Mr. Squeers' life, when he witnessed that burst of enthusiasm in his young child's mind, and saw in it a foreshadowing of his future eminence. He pressed

a penny into his hand, and gave vent to his feelings (as did his exemplary wife also), in a shout of approving laughter. The infantile appeal to their common sympathies at once restored cheerfulness to the conversation, and harmony to the company.

"He's a nasty, stuck-up monkey, that's what I consider him," said Mrs. Squeers, reverting to Nicholas.

"Supposing he is," said Squeers, "he is as well stuck up in our schoolroom as any where else, is n't he? — especially as he don't like it."

"Well," said Mrs. Squeers, "there 's something in that. I hope it 'll bring his pride down, and it shall be no fault of mine if it don't."

Now, a proud usher in a Yorkshire school was such a very extraordinary and unaccountable thing to hear of — any usher at all being a novelty; but a proud one, a being of whose existence the wildest imagination could never have dreamed — that Miss Squeers, who seldom troubled herself with scholastic matters, inquired with much curiosity who this Knuckleboy was, that gave himself such airs.

"Nickleby," said Squeers, spelling the name according to some eccentric system which prevailed in his own mind; "your mother always calls things and people by their wrong names."

"No matter for that," said Mrs. Squeers, "I see them with right eyes, and that 's quite enough for me. I watched him when you were laying on to little Bolder this afternoon. He looked as black as thunder all the while, and one time started up as if he had more than got it in his mind to make a rush at you. *I* saw him, though he thought I did n't."

"Never mind that, father," said Miss Squeers, as the head of the family was about to reply. "Who is the man?"

"Why, your father has got some nonsense in his head that he 's the son of a poor gentleman that died the other day," said Mrs. Squeers.

"The son of a gentleman!"

"Yes, but I don't believe a word of it. If he 's a gentleman's son at all, he 's a fondling, that 's my opinion."

Mrs. Squeers intended to say "foundling," but as she frequently remarked when she made any such mistake, it would be all the same a hundred years hence; with which axiom of philosophy, indeed, she was in the constant habit of consoling the boys when they labored under more than ordinary ill usage.

"He 's nothing of the kind," said Squeers, in answer to the

above remark, "for his father was married to his mother, years before he was born, and she is alive now. If he was, it would be no business of ours, for we make a very good friend by having him here; and if he likes to learn the boys anything besides minding them, I have no objection, I am sure."

"I say again, I hate him worse than poison," said Mrs. Squeers, vehemently.

"If you dislike him, my dear," returned Squeers, "I don't know anybody who can show dislike better than you, and of course there 's no occasion, with him, to take the trouble to hide it."

"I don't intend to, I assure you," interposed Mrs. Squeers.

"That 's right," said Squeers; "and if he has a touch of pride about him, as I think he has, I don't believe there 's a woman in all England that can bring anybody's spirit down as quick as you can, my love."

Mrs. Squeers chuckled vastly on the receipt of these flattering compliments, and said, she had tamed a higher spirit or two in her day. It is but due to her character to say, that in conjunction with her estimable husband, she had broken many and many a one.

Miss Fanny Squeers carefully treasured up this, and much more conversation on the same subject, until she retired for the night, when she questioned the hungry servant, minutely, regarding the outward appearances and demeanor of Nicholas; to which queries the girl returned such enthusiastic replies, coupled with so many laudatory remarks touching his beautiful dark eyes, and his sweet smile, and his straight legs — upon which last-named articles she laid particular stress; the general run of legs at Dotheboys Hall being crooked — that Miss Squeers was not long in arriving at the conclusion that the new usher must be a very remarkable person, or, as she herself significantly phrased it, "something quite out of the common." And so Miss Squeers made up her mind that she would take a personal observation of Nicholas the next day.

In pursuance of this design, the young lady watched the opportunity of her mother being engaged, and her father absent, and went accidentally into the school-room to get a pen mended; where, seeing nobody but Nicholas presiding over the boys, she blushed very deeply, and exhibited great confusion.

"I beg your pardon," faltered Miss Squeers; "I thought my father was — or might be — dear me, how very awkward!"

"Mr. Squeers is out," said Nicholas, by no means overcome by the apparition, unexpected though it was.

"Do you know will he be long, sir?" asked Miss Squeers, with bashful hesitation.

"He said about an hour," replied Nicholas — politely, of course, but without any indication of being stricken to the heart by Miss Squeers' charms.

"I never knew anything happen so cross," exclaimed the young lady, "Thank you! I am very sorry I intruded, I am sure. If I had n't thought my father was here, I would n't upon any account have — it is very provoking — must look so very strange," murmured Miss Squeers, blushing once more, and glancing from the pen in her hand to Nicholas at his desk, and back again.

"If that is all you want," said Nicholas, pointing to the pen, and smiling, in spite of himself, at the affected embarrassment of the schoolmaster's daughter, "perhaps I can supply his place."

Miss Squeers glanced at the door, as if dubious of the propriety of advancing any nearer to an utter stranger; then round the schoolroom, as though in some measure reassured by the presence of forty boys; and finally sidled up to Nicholas and delivered the pen into his hand, with a most winning mixture of reserve and condescension.

"Shall it be a hard or a soft nib?" inquired Nicholas, smiling to prevent himself from laughing outright.

"He *has* a beautiful smile," thought Miss Squeers.

"Which did you say?" asked Nicholas.

"Dear me, I was thinking of something else for the moment, I declare," replied Miss Squeers. "Oh, as soft as possible, if you please." With which words Miss Squeers sighed. It might be to give Nicholas to understand that her heart was soft, and that the pen was wanted to match.

Under these instructions Nicholas made the pen; when he gave it to Miss Squeers, Miss Squeers dropped it, and when he stooped to pick it up, Miss Squeers stooped also, and they knocked their heads together; whereat five-and-twenty little boys laughed aloud, being positively for the first and only time that half year.

"Very awkward of me," said Nicholas, opening the door for the young lady's retreat.

"Not at all, sir," replied Miss Squeers; "it was my fault. It was all my foolish — a — a— good morning!"

"Good-bye," said Nicholas. "The next I make for you I hope will be made less clumsily. Take care! You are biting the nib off now."

"Really," said Miss Squeers, "so embarrassing that I scarcely know what — very sorry to give you so much trouble."

"Not the least trouble in the world," replied Nicholas, closing the school-room door.

"I never saw such legs in the whole course of my life," said Miss Squeers, as she walked away.

In fact, Miss Squeers was in love with Nicholas Nickleby.

To account for the rapidity with which this young lady had conceived a passion for Nicholas, it may be necessary to state, that the friend from whom she had so recently returned was a miller's daughter of only eighteen, who had contracted herself unto the son of a small corn-factor, resident in the nearest market town. Miss Squeers and the miller's daughter, being fast friends, had covenanted together some two years before, according to a custom prevalent among young ladies, that whoever was first engaged to be married should straightway confide the mighty secret to the bosom of the other, before communicating it to any living soul; and bespeak her as bridemaid without loss of time; in fulfilment of which pledge the miller's daughter, when her engagement was formed, came out express, at eleven o'clock at night, as the corn-factor's son made an offer of his hand and heart at twenty-five minutes past ten by the Dutch clock in the kitchen, and rushed into Miss Squeers' bedroom with the gratifying intelligence. Now Miss Squeers, being five years older, and out of her teens (which is also a great matter), had since been more than commonly anxious to return the compliment, and possess her friend with a similar secret; but, either in consequence of finding it hard to please herself, or harder still to please anybody else, had never had an opportunity so to do, inasmuch as she had no such secret to disclose. The little interview with Nicholas had no sooner passed, as above described, however, than Miss Squeers, putting on her bonnet, made her way with great precipitation to her friend's house, and, upon a solemn renewal of divers old vows of secrecy, revealed how that she was — not exactly engaged, but going to be — to a gentleman's son — (none of your corn-factors, but a gentleman's son of high descent) — who had come down as teacher to Dotheboys Hall, under most mysterious and remarkable circumstances — indeed, as Miss Squeers more than once hinted she had good

reason to believe, induced, by the fame of her many charms, to seek her out, and woo and win her.

"Is n't it an extraordinary thing?" said Miss Squeers, emphasizing the adjective strongly.

"Most extraordinary," replied the friend. "But what has he said to you?"

"Don't ask me what he said, my dear," rejoined Miss Squeers. "If you had only seen his looks and smiles! I never was so overcome in all my life."

"Did he look in this way?" inquired the miller's daughter, counterfeiting, as nearly as she could, a favorite leer of the corn-factor.

"Very like that — only more genteel," replied Miss Squeers.

"Ah!" said the friend, "then he means something, depend on it."

Miss Squeers, having slight misgivings on the subject, was by no means ill-pleased to be confirmed by a competent authority: and discovering, on further conversation and comparison of notes, a great many points of resemblance between the behavior of Nicholas and that of the corn-factor, grew so exactingly confidential, that she intrusted her friend with a vast number of things Nicholas had *not* said, which were all so very complimentary as to be quite conclusive. Then she dilated on the fearful hardship of having a father and mother strenuously opposed to her intended husband; on which unhappy circumstance she dwelt at great length; for the friend's father and mother were quite agreeable to her being married, and the whole courtship was in consequence as flat and commonplace an affair as it was possible to imagine.

"How I should like to see him!" exclaimed the friend.

"So you shall, 'Tilda," replied Miss Squeers. "I should consider myself one of the most ungrateful creatures alive, if I denied you. I think mother 's going away for two days to fetch some boys; and when she does, I 'll ask you and John up to tea, and have him to meet you."

This was a charming idea, and having fully discussed it, the friends parted.

It so fell out, that Mrs. Squeers' journey, to some distance, to fetch three new boys, and dun the relations of two old ones for the balance of a small account, was fixed, that very afternoon, for the next day but one, and on the next day but one, Mrs. Squeers got up outside the coach, as it stopped to change at

Greta Bridge, taking with her a small bundle containing something in a bottle, and some sandwiches, and carrying, besides, a large white top-coat to wear in the night-time; with which baggage she went her way.

When such opportunities as these occurred, it was Squeers' custom to drive over to the market-town, every evening, on pretence of urgent business, and stop till ten or eleven at a tavern he much affected. As the party was not in his way, therefore, but rather afforded a means of compromise with Miss Squeers, he readily yielded his full assent thereunto, and willingly communicated to Nicholas that he was expected to take his tea in the parlor that evening at five o'clock.

To be sure, Miss Squeers was in a desperate flutter as the time approached, and to be sure she was dressed out to the best advantage; with her hair — it had more than a tinge of red, and she wore it in a crop — curled in five distinct rows, up to the very top of her head, and arranged dexterously over the doubtful eye, to say nothing of the blue sash which floated down her back, or the worked apron, or the long gloves, or the green gauze scarf, worn over one shoulder and under the other; or any of the numerous devices which were to be as so many arrows to the heart of Nicholas. She had scarcely completed these arrangements to her entire satisfaction, when the friend arrived with a whity-brown parcel — flat and three-cornered — containing sundry small adornments which were to be put on upstairs, and which the friend put on, talking incessantly. When Miss Squeers had "done" the friend's hair, the friend "did" Miss Squeers' hair, throwing in some striking improvements in the way of ringlets down the neck; and then, when they were both touched up to their entire satisfaction, they went downstairs in full state with the long gloves on, all ready for company.

"Where 's John, 'Tilda," said Miss Squeers.

"Only gone home to clean himself," replied the friend. "He will be here by the time tea 's drawn."

"I do so palpitate," observed Miss Squeers.

"Ah! I know what it is," replied the friend.

"I have not been used to it, you know, 'Tilda," said Miss Squeers, applying her hand to the left side of her sash.

"You 'll soon get the better of it, dear," rejoined the friend.

While they were talking thus, the hungry servant brought in the tea things, and, soon afterward, somebody tapped at the room door.

"There he is!" cried Miss Squeers. "Oh, 'Tilda!"

"Hush!" said 'Tilda. "Hem! Say, come in."

"Come in," cried Miss Squeers, faintly. And in walked Nicholas.

"Good-evening," said that young gentleman, all unconscious of his conquest. "I understood from Mr. Squeers that — "

"Oh yes; it 's all right," interposed Miss Squeers. "Father don't tea with us, but you won't mind that, I dare say." (This was said archly.)

Nicholas opened his eyes at this, but he turned the matter off very coolly — not caring, particularly, about anything just then — and went through the ceremony of introduction to the miller's daughter with so much grace that that young lady was lost in admiration.

"We are only waiting for one more gentleman," said Miss Squeers, taking off the tea-pot lid, and looking in, to see how the tea was getting on.

It was a matter of equal moment to Nicholas whether they were waiting for one gentleman or twenty, so he received the intelligence with perfect unconcern; and being out of spirits, and not seeing any especial reason why he should make himself agreeable, looked out of the window and sighed involuntarily.

As luck would have it, Miss Squeers' friend was of a playful turn, and hearing Nicholas sigh, she took it into her head to rally the lovers on their lowness of spirits.

"But if it 's caused by my being here," said the young lady, "don't mind me a bit, for I 'm quite as bad. You may go on just as you would if you were alone."

"'Tilda," said Miss Squeers, coloring up to the top row of curls, "I am ashamed of you;" and here the two friends burst into a variety of giggles, and glanced, from time to time, over the tops of their pocket-handkerchiefs at Nicholas, who, from a state of unmixed astonishment, gradually fell into one of irrepressible laughter — occasioned partly by the bare notion of his being in love with Miss Squeers, and partly by the preposterous appearance and behavior of the two girls. These two causes of merriment, taken together, struck him as being so keenly ridiculous that, despite his miserable condition, he laughed till he was thoroughly exhausted.

"Well," thought Nicholas, "as I am here, and seem ex-

pected, for some reason or other, to be amiable, it 's of no use looking like a goose. I may as well accommodate myself to the company."

We blush to tell it; but his youthful spirits and vivacity getting, for a time, the better of his sad thoughts, he no sooner formed this resolution than he saluted Miss Squeers and the friend with great gallantry, and, drawing a chair to the tea-table, began to make himself more at home than in all probability an usher has ever done in his employer's house since ushers were first invented.

The ladies were in the full delight of this altered behavior on the part of Mr. Nickleby, when the expected swain arrived, with his hair very damp from recent washing, and a clean shirt, whereof the collar might have belonged to some giant ancestor, forming, together with a white waistcoat of similar dimensions, the chief ornament of his person.

"Well, John," said Miss Matilda Price (which, by the by, was the name of the miller's daughter).

"Weel," said John, with a grin that even the collar could not conceal.

"I beg your pardon," interposed Miss Squeers, hastening to do the honors. "Mr. Nickleby, Mr. John Browdie."

"Servant, sir," said John, who was something over six feet high, with a face and body rather above the due proportion than below it.

"Yours to command," replied Nicholas, making fearful ravages on the bread and butter.

Mr. Browdie was not a gentleman of great conversational powers, so he grinned twice more, and having now bestowed his customary mark of recognition on every person in company, grinned at nothing particular, and helped himself to food.

"Old woman awa', beant she!" said Mr. Browdie, with his mouth full.

Miss Squeers nodded assent.

Mr. Browdie gave a grin of special width, as if he thought that really was something to laugh at, and went to work at the bread and butter with increased vigor. It was quite a sight to behold how he and Nicholas emptied the plate between them.

"Ye wean't get bread and butther ev'ry neight, I expect, mun," said Mr. Browdie, after he had sat staring at Nicholas a long time over the empty plate.

Nicholas bit his lip and colored, but affected not to hear the remark.

"Ecod," said Mr. Browdie, laughing, boisterously, "they dean't put too much intev'em. Ye 'll be nowt but skeen and boans if you stop here long eneaf. Ho! ho! ho!"

"You are facetious, sir," said Nicholas, scornfully.

"Na; I dean't know," replied Mr. Browdie, "but t'oother teacher, 'cod he wur a lean 'un, he wur." The recollection of the last teacher's leanness seemed to afford Mr. Browdie the most exquisite delight, for he laughed until he found it necessary to apply his coat cuffs to his eyes.

"I don't know whether your perceptions are quite keen enough, Mr. Browdie, to enable you to understand that your remarks are offensive," said Nicholas, in a towering passion; "but if they are, have the goodness to — "

"If you say another word, John," shrieked Miss Price, stopping her admirer's mouth as he was about to interrupt, "only half a word, I 'll never forgive you, or speak to you again."

"Weel, my lass, I daen't care aboot 'un," said the corn-factor, bestowing a hearty kiss on Miss Matilda; "let 'un gang on, let 'un gang on."

It now became Miss Squeers' turn to intercede with Nicholas, which she did with many symptoms of alarm and horror: the effect of the double intercession was, that he and John Browdie shook hands across the table with much gravity: and such was the imposing nature of the ceremonial, that Miss Squeers was overcome and shed tears.

"What 's the matter, Fanny?" said Miss Price.

"Nothing, 'Tilda," replied Miss Squeers, sobbing.

"There never was any danger," said Miss Price, "was there, Mr. Nickleby?"

"None at all," replied Nicholas. "Absurd."

"That 's right," whispered Miss Price, "say something kind to her, and she 'll soon come round. Here! Shall John and I go into the little kitchen, and come back presently?"

"Not on my account," rejoined Nicholas, quite alarmed at the proposition. "What on earth would you do that for?"

"Well," said Miss Price, beckoning him aside, and speaking with some degree of contempt, "you *are* a one to keep company."

"What do you mean?" said Nicholas; "I am not a one to keep company at all — here at all events. I can't make this out."

"No, nor I neither," rejoined Miss Price; "but men are always fickle, and always were, and always will be; that I can make out very easily."

"Fickle," cried Nicholas; "what do you suppose? You don't mean to say that you think — "

"Oh, no, I think nothing at all," retorted Miss Price, pettishly. "Look at her, dressed so beautiful and looking so well — really *almost* handsome. I am ashamed of you."

"My dear girl, what have I got to do with her dressing beautifully or looking well?" inquired Nicholas.

"Come, don't call me a dear girl," said Miss Price — smiling a little though, for she was pretty, and a coquette too in her small way, and Nicholas was good-looking, and she supposed him the property of somebody else, which were all reasons why she should be gratified to think she had made an impression on him — "or Fanny will be saying it 's my fault. Come; we 're going to have a game at cards." Pronouncing these last words aloud, she tripped away and rejoined the big Yorkshireman.

This was wholly unintelligible to Nicholas, who had no other distinct impression on his mind at the moment than that Miss Squeers was an ordinary-looking girl, and her friend Miss Price a pretty one; but he had not time to enlighten himself by reflection, for the hearth being by this time swept up, and the candle snuffed, they sat down to play speculation.

"There are only four of us, 'Tilda," said Miss Squeers, looking slyly at Nicholas; "so we had better go partners, two against two."

"What do you say, Mr. Nickleby?" inquired Miss Price.

"With all the pleasure in life," replied Nicholas. And so saying, quite unconscious of his heinous offence, he amalgamated into one common heap those portions of a Dotheboys Hall card of terms, which represented his own counters, and those allotted to Miss Price, respectively.

"Mr. Browdie," said Miss Squeers, hysterically, "shall we make a bank against them?"

The Yorkshireman assented — apparently quite overwhelmed by the new usher's impudence — and Miss Squeers darted a spiteful look at her friend, and giggled convulsively.

The deal fell to Nicholas, and the hand prospered.

"We intend to win everything," said he.

"'Tilda *has* won something she didn't expect, I think; have n't you, dear?" said Miss Squeers, maliciously.

"Only a dozen and eight, love," replied Miss Price, affecting to take the question in a literal sense.

"How dull you are to-night!" sneered Miss Squeers.

"No, indeed," replied Miss Price, "I am in excellent spirits. I was thinking *you* seemed out of sorts."

"Me!" cried Miss Squeers, biting her lips, and trembling with very jealousy. "Oh, no!"

"That 's well," remarked Miss Price. "Your hair 's coming out of curl, dear."

"Never mind me," tittered Miss Squeers, "you had better attend to your partner."

The Yorkshireman flattened his nose, once or twice with his clenched fist, as if to keep his hand in, till he had an opportunity of exercising it upon the features of some other gentleman; and Miss Squeers tossed her head with such indignation that the gust of wind raised by the multitudinous curls in motion nearly blew the candle out.

"I never had such luck, really," exclaimed coquettish Miss Price, after another hand or two. "It 's all along of you, Mr. Nickleby, I think. I should like to have you for a partner always."

"I wish you had."

"You 'll have a bad wife, though, if you always win at cards," said Miss Price.

"Not if your wish is gratified," replied Nicholas. "I am sure I shall have a good one in that case."

To see how Miss Squeers tossed her head, and the corn-factor flattened his nose, while this conversation was carrying on! It would have been worth a small annuity to have beheld that: let alone Miss Price's evident joy at making them jealous, and Nicholas Nickleby's happy unconsciousness of making anybody uncomfortable.

"We have all the talking to ourselves, it seems," said Nicholas, looking good-humoredly round the table as he took up the cards for a fresh deal.

"You do it so well," tittered Miss Squeers, "that it would be a pity to interrupt, would n't it, Mr. Browdie? He! he! he!"

"Nay," said Nicholas, "we do it in default of having anybody to talk to."

"We 'll talk to you, you know, if you 'll say anything," said Miss Price.

"Thank you, 'Tilda, dear," retorted Miss Squeers, majestically.

"Or you can talk to each other, if you don't choose to talk to us," said Miss Price, rallying her dear friend. "John, why don't you say something?"

"Say summat?" repeated the Yorkshireman.

"Ay, and not sit there so silent and glum."

"Weel, then!" said the Yorkshireman, striking the table heavily with his fist, "what I say 's this — Dang my bones and body, if I stan' this any longer. Do ye gang whoam wi' me, and do yon loight an' toight young whipster look sharp out for a brokken head, next time he comes under my hond."

"Mercy on us, what 's all this?" cried Miss Price, in affected astonishment.

"Cum whoam, tell 'e, cum whoam," replied the Yorkshireman, sternly. And as he delivered the reply, Miss Squeers burst into a shower of tears; arising in part from desperate vexation, and part, from an impotent desire to lacerate somebody's countenance with her fair finger-nails.

This state of things had been brought about by divers means and workings. Miss Squeers had brought it about by aspiring to the high state and condition of being matrimonially engaged, without good grounds for so doing: Miss Price had brought it about by indulging in three motives of action: first, a desire to punish her friend for laying claim to a rivalship in dignity, having no good title; secondly, the gratification of her own vanity, in receiving the compliments of a smart young man; and thirdly, a wish to convince the corn-factor of the great danger he ran, in deferring the celebration of their expected nuptials: while Nicholas had brought it about by half an hour's gayety and thoughtlessness, and a very sincere desire to avoid the imputation of inclining at all to Miss Squeers. So the means employed, and the end produced, were alike the most natural in the world; for young ladies will look forward to being married, and will avail themselves of all opportunities of displaying their own attractions to the best advantage, down to the very end of time, as they have done from its beginning.

"Why, and here 's Fanny in tears now!" exclaimed Miss Price, as if in fresh amazement. "What can be the matter?"

"Oh! you don't know, Miss, of course you don't know. Pray don't trouble yourself to inquire," said Miss Squeers, producing that change of countenance which children call making a face.

"Well, I'm sure!" exclaimed Miss Price.

"And who cares whether you are sure or not, ma'am?" retorted Miss Squeers, making another face.

"You are monstrous polite, ma'am," said Miss Price.

"I shall not come to you to take lessons in the art, ma'am!" retorted Miss Squeers.

"You need n't take the trouble to make yourself plainer than you are, ma'am, however," rejoined Miss Price, "because that 's quite unnecessary."

Miss Squeers in reply turned very red, and thanked God that she had n't got the bold faces of some people. Miss Price, in rejoinder, congratulated herself upon not being possessed of the envious feelings of other people; whereupon Miss Squeers made some general remark touching the danger of associating with low persons; in which Miss Price entirely coincided; observing that it was very true indeed, and she had thought so a long time.

"'Tilda," exclaimed Miss Squeers with dignity, "I hate you."

"Ah! there 's no love lost between us, I assure you," said Miss Price, tying her bonnet strings with a jerk. "You 'll cry your eyes out when I 'm gone; you know you will."

"I scorn your words, Minx," said Miss Squeers.

"You pay me a great compliment when you say so," answered the miller's daughter, courtesying very low. "Wish you a very good night, ma'am, and pleasant dreams attend your sleep!"

With this parting benediction, Miss Price swept from the room, followed by the huge Yorkshireman, who exchanged with Nicholas, at parting, that peculiarly expressive scowl with which the cut-and-thrust counts, in melo-dramatic performances, inform each other they will meet again.

They were no sooner gone, than Miss Squeers fulfilled the prediction of her quondam friend by giving vent to a most copious burst of tears, and uttering various dismal lamentations and incoherent words. Nicholas stood looking on for a few seconds, rather doubtful what to do, but feeling uncertain whether the fit would end in his being embraced or scratched, and considering that either infliction would be equally agreeable, he walked off very quietly, while Miss Squeers was moaning in her pocket-handkerchief.

"This is one consequence," thought Nicholas, when he had groped his way to the dark sleeping-room, "of my cursed readi-

ness to adapt myself to any society in which chance carried me."

He listened for a few minutes, but all was quiet.

"I was glad," he murmured, "to grasp at any relief from the sight of this dreadful place, or the presence of its vile master." . . .

So saying, he felt his way among the throng of weary-hearted sleepers, and crept into his poor bed.

The First Spirits.

(From "A Christmas Carol.")

When Scrooge awoke it was so dark, that looking out of bed, he could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the opaque walls of his chamber. He was endeavoring to pierce the darkness with his ferret eyes, when the chimes of a neighboring church struck the four quarters. So he listened for the hour.

To his great astonishment, the heavy bell went on from six to seven, and from seven to eight, and regularly up to twelve; then stopped. Twelve! It was past two when he went to bed. The clock was wrong. An icicle must have got into the works. Twelve!

He touched the spring of his repeater, to correct this most preposterous clock. Its rapid little pulse beat twelve and stopped.

"Why, it is n't possible," said Scrooge, "that I can have slept through a whole day and far into another night. It is n't possible that anything has happened to the sun, and this is twelve at noon."

The idea being an alarming one, he scrambled out of bed, and groped his way to the window. He was obliged to rub the frost off with the sleeve of his dressing-gown before he could see anything; and could see very little then. All he could make out was, that it was still very foggy and extremely cold, and that there was no noise of people running to and fro, and making a great stir, as there unquestionably would have been if night had beaten off bright day, and taken possession of the world. This was a great relief, because "Three days after sight of this First of Exchange pay to Mr. Ebenezer Scrooge or his order," and so forth, would have become a mere United States security if there were no days to count by.

Scrooge went to bed again, and thought, and thought, and thought it over and over, and could make nothing of it. The

more he thought, the more perplexed he was; and the more he endeavored not to think, the more he thought.

Marley's Ghost bothered him exceedingly. Every time he resolved within himself, after mature inquiry, that it was all a dream, his mind flew back again, like a strong spring released, to its first position, and presented the same problem to be worked all through, "Was it a dream or not?"

Scrooge lay in this state until the chime had gone three quarters more, when he remembered, on a sudden, that the Ghost had warned him of a visitation when the bell tolled one. He resolved to lie awake until the hour was passed; and considering that he could no more go to sleep than go to heaven, this was, perhaps, the wisest resolution in his power.

The quarter was so long, that he was more than once convinced he must have sunk into a doze unconsciously, and missed the clock. At length it broke upon his listening ear.

"Ding, dong!"

"A quarter past," said Scrooge, counting.

"Ding, dong!"

"Half-past!" said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!"

"A quarter to it," said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!"

"The hour itself," said Scrooge, triumphantly, "and nothing else!"

He spoke before the hour bell sounded, which it now did with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE. Light flashed up in the room upon the instant, and the curtains of his bed were drawn.

The curtains of his bed were drawn aside, I tell you, by a hand. Not the curtains at his feet, nor the curtains at his back, but those to which his face was addressed. The curtains of his bed were drawn aside; and Scrooge, starting up into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to face with the unearthly visitor who drew them: as close to it as I am now to you, and I am now standing in the spirit at your elbow.

It was a strange figure — like a child: yet not so like a child as like an old man, viewed through some supernatural medium, which gave him the appearance of having receded from the view, and being diminished to a child's proportions. Its hair, which hung about its neck and down its back, was white, as if with age; and yet the face had not a wrinkle in it, and the tenderest bloom was on the skin. The arms were very long and muscu-

lar; the hands the same, as if its hold were of uncommon strength. Its legs and feet, most delicately formed, were, like those upper members, bare. It wore a tunic of the purest white; and round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which was beautiful. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its hand; and, in singular contradiction of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers. But the strangest thing about it was, that from the crown of its head there sprung a bright clear jet of light, by which all this was visible; and which was doubtless the occasion of its using, in its duller moments, a great extinguisher for a cap, which it now held under its arm.

Even this, though, when Scrooge looked at it with increasing steadiness, was *not* its strangest quality. For, as its belt sparkled and glittered, now in one part and now in another, and what was light one instant at another time was dark, so the figure itself fluctuated in its distinctness: being now a thing with one arm, now with one leg, now with twenty legs, now a pair of legs without a head, now a head without a body: of which dissolving parts no outline would be visible in the dense gloom wherein they melted away. And in the very wonder of this it would be itself again; distinct and clear as ever.

"Are you the Spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?" asked Scrooge.

"I am!"

The voice was soft and gentle. Singularly low, as if instead of being so close beside him, it were at a distance.

"Who and what are you?" Scrooge demanded.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past."

"Long past?" inquired Scrooge; observant of its dwarfish stature.

"No. Your past."

Perhaps Scrooge could not have told anybody why, if anybody could have asked him: but he had a special desire to see the Spirit in his cap; and begged him to be covered.

"What!" exclaimed the Ghost, "would you so soon put out, with worldly hands, the light I give? Is it not enough that you are one of those whose passions made this cap, and force me through whole trains of years to wear it low upon my brow?"

Scrooge reverently disclaimed all intention to offend or any knowledge of having wilfully "bonneted" the Spirit at any period of his life. He then made bold to inquire what business brought him there.

"Your welfare!" said the Ghost.

Scrooge expressed himself much obliged, but could not help thinking that a night of unbroken rest would have been more conducive to that end. The Spirit must have heard him thinking, for it said immediately, —

"Your reclamation, then. Take heed!"

It put out its strong hand as it spoke, and clasped him gently by the arm.

"Rise! and walk with me!"

It would have been in vain for Scrooge to plead that the weather and the hour were not adapted to pedestrian purposes; that bed was warm, and the thermometer a long way below freezing; that he was clad but lightly in his slippers, dressing-gown and nightcap; and that he had a cold upon him at that time. The grasp, though gentle as a woman's hand, was not to be resisted. He rose: but finding that the Spirit made towards the window, clasped its robe in supplication.

"I am a mortal," Scrooge remonstrated, "and liable to fall."

"Bear but a touch of my hand *there*," said the Spirit, laying it upon his heart, "and you shall be upheld in more than this!"

As the words were spoken, they passed through the wall, and stood upon an open country road, with fields on either hand. The city had entirely vanished. Not a vestige of it was to be seen. The darkness and the mist had vanished with it, for it was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the ground.

"Good heaven!" said Scrooge, clasping his hands together, as he looked about him. "I was bred in this place. I was a boy here!"

The Spirit gazed upon him mildly. Its gentle touch, though it had been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the old man's sense of feeling. He was conscious of a thousand odors floating in the air, each one connected with a thousand thoughts, and hopes, and joys, and cares long, long forgotten!

"Your lip is trembling," said the Ghost. "And what is that upon your cheek?"

Scrooge muttered, with an unusual catching in his voice, that it was a pimple; and begged the Ghost to lead him where he would.

"You recollect the way?" inquired the Spirit.

"Remember it!" cried Scrooge, with fervor; "I could walk it blindfold."

"Strange to have forgotten it for so many years!" observed the Ghost. "Let us go on."

They walked along the road, Scrooge recognizing every gate, and post, and tree, until a little market-town appeared in the distance, with its bridge, its church, and winding river. Some shaggy ponies now were seen trotting towards them with boys upon their backs, who called to other boys in country gigs and carts, driven by farmers. All these boys were in great spirits, and shouted to each other, until the broad fields were so full of merry music, that the crisp air laughed to hear it.

"These are but shadows of the things that have been," said the Ghost. "They have no consciousness of us."

The jocund travellers came on; and as they came, Scrooge knew and named them every one. Why was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see them? Why did his cold eye glisten, and his heart leap up, as they went past? Why was he filled with gladness when he heard them give each other Merry Christmas, as they parted at cross-roads and byways for their several homes? What was merry Christmas to Scrooge? Out upon merry Christmas! What good had it ever done to him?

"The school is not quite deserted," said the Ghost. "A solitary child, neglected by his friends, is left there still."

Scrooge said he knew it. And he sobbed.

They left the high-road by a well-remembered lane, and soon approached a mansion of dull red brick, with a little weathercock-surmounted cupola on the roof, and a bell hanging in it. It was a large house, but one of broken fortunes; for the spacious offices were little used, their walls were damp and mossy, their windows broken, and their gates decayed. Fowls clucked and strutted in the stables; and the coach-houses and sheds were overrun with grass. Nor was it more retentive of its ancient state within; for, entering the dreary hall, and glancing through the open doors of many rooms, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and vast. There was an earthy savor in the air, a chilly bareness in the place, which associated itself somehow with too much getting up by candle-light, and not too much to eat.

They went, the Ghost and Scrooge, across the hall, to a door at the back of the house. It opened before them, and disclosed a long, bare, melancholy room, made barer still by lines of plain deal forms and desks. At one of these a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire; and Scrooge sat down upon a form and wept to see his poor forgotten self as he had used to be.

Not a latent echo in the house, not a squeak and scuffle from the mice behind the panelling, not a drip from the half-thawed water-spout in the dull yard behind, not a sigh among the leafless boughs of one despondent poplar, not the idle swinging of an empty storehouse door, no, not a clicking in the fire, but fell upon the heart of Scrooge with softening influence, and gave a freer passage to his tears.

The Spirit touched him on the arm, and pointed to his younger self, intent upon his reading. Suddenly a man in foreign garments, wonderfully real and distinct to look at, stood outside the window, with an axe stuck in his belt, and leading by the bridle an ass laden with wood.

"Why, it's Ali Baba!" Scrooge exclaimed in ecstasy. "It's dear old honest Ali Baba! Yes, yes, I know. One Christmas-time, when yonder solitary child was left here all alone, he *did* come, for the first time, just like that. Poor boy! And Valentine," said Scrooge, "and his wild brother, Orson; there they go! And what's his name, who was put down in his drawers, asleep, at the gate of Damascus; don't you see him? And the Sultan's Groom turned upside down by the Genii: there he is upon his head! Serve him right! I'm glad of it. What business had *he* to be married to the Princess?"

To hear Scrooge expending all the earnestness of his nature on such subjects, in a most extraordinary voice between laughing and crying, and to see his heightened and excited face, would have been a surprise to his business friends in the City, indeed.

"There's the Parrot!" cried Scrooge. "Green body and yellow tail, with a thing like a lettuce growing out of the top of his head; there he is! Poor Robin Crusoe he called him, when he came home again after sailing round the island. 'Poor Robin Crusoe, where have you been, Robin Crusoe?' The man thought he was dreaming, but he was n't. It was the Parrot, you know. There goes Friday, running for his life to the little creek! Halloa! Hoop! Halloo!"

Then, with a rapidity of transition very foreign to his usual character, he said, in pity for his former self, "Poor boy!" and cried again.

"I wish," Scrooge muttered, putting his hand in his pocket, and looking about him, after drying his eyes with his cuff: "but it's too late now."

"What is the matter?" asked the Spirit.

"Nothing," said Scrooge. "Nothing. There was a boy

singing a Christmas Carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him something: that 's all."

The Ghost smiled thoughtfully, and waved its hand: saying as it did so, "Let us see another Christmas!"

Scrooge's former self grew larger at the words, and the room became a little darker and more dirty. The panels shrunk, the windows cracked; fragments of plaster fell out of the ceiling, and the naked laths were shown instead: but how all this was brought about Scrooge knew no more than you do. He only knew that it was quite correct: that everything had happened so; that there he was, alone again, when all the other boys had gone home for the jolly holidays.

He was not reading now, but walking up and down despairingly. Scrooge looked at the Ghost, and, with a mournful shaking of his head, glanced anxiously towards the door.

It opened; and a little girl, much younger than the boy, came darting in, and, putting her arms about his neck, and often kissing him, addressed him as her "dear, dear brother."

"I have come to bring you home, dear brother!" said the child, clapping her tiny hands, and bending down to laugh. "To bring you home, home, home!"

"Home, little Fan?" returned the boy.

"Yes!" said the child, brimful of glee. "Home for good and all. Home for ever and ever. Father is so much kinder than he used to be, that home 's like heaven! He spoke so gently to me one dear night when I was going to bed, that I was not afraid to ask him once more if you might come home; and he said Yes, you should; and sent me in a coach to bring you. And you 're to be a man!" said the child, opening her eyes; "and are never to come back here; but first we 're to be together all the Christmas long, and have the merriest time in all the world."

"You are quite a woman, little Fan!" exclaimed the boy.

She clapped her hands and laughed, and tried to touch his head; but, being too little, laughed again, and stood on tiptoe to embrace him. Then she began to drag him, in her childish eagerness, towards the door; and he, nothing loath to go, accompanied her.

A terrible voice in the hall cried, "Bring down Master Scrooge's box, there!" and in the hall appeared the schoolmaster himself, who glared on Master Scrooge with a ferocious condescension, and threw him into a dreadful state of mind by

shaking hands with him. He then conveyed him and his sister into the veriest old well of a shivering best parlor that ever was seen, where the maps upon the walls, and the celestial and terrestrial globes in the windows, were waxy with cold. Here he produced a decanter of curiously light wine, and a block of curiously heavy cake, and administered instalments of those dainties to the young people: at the same time sending out a meagre servant to offer a glass of "something" to the post-boy, who answered that he thanked the gentleman, but, if it was the same tap as he had tasted before, he had rather not. Master Scrooge's trunk being by this time tied on to the top of the chaise, the children bade the schoolmaster good-bye right willingly; and, getting into it, drove gayly down the garden sweep; the quick wheels dashing the hoar frost and snow from off the dark leaves of the evergreens like spray.

"Always a delicate creature, whom a breath might have withered," said the Ghost. "But she had a large heart!"

"So she had," cried Scrooge. "You're right. I will not gainsay it, Spirit. God forbid!"

"She died a woman," said the Ghost, "and had, as I think, children."

"One child," Scrooge returned.

"True," said the Ghost. "Your nephew!"

Scrooge seemed uneasy in his mind; and answered briefly, "Yes."

Although they had but that moment left the school behind them, they were now in the busy thoroughfares of a city, where shadowy passengers passed and repassed; where shadowy carts and coaches battled for the way, and all the strife and tumult of a real city were. It was made plain enough, by the dressing of the shops, that here, too, it was Christmas-time again; but it was evening, and the streets were lighted up.

The Ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge if he knew it.

"Know it!" said Scrooge. "Was I apprenticed here?"

They went in. At sight of an old gentleman in a Welsh wig, sitting behind such a high desk, that if he had been two inches taller he must have knocked his head against the ceiling, Scrooge cried in great excitement,—

"Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart, it's Fezziwig alive again!"

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked up at the clock,

which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands; adjusted his capacious waistcoat; laughed all over himself, from his shoes to his organ of benevolence; and called out, in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice, —

"Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!"

Scrooge's former self, now grown a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow-'prentice.

"Dick Wilkins, to be sure!" said Scrooge to the Ghost. "Bless me, yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick! Dear, dear!"

"Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work to-night. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up," cried old Fezziwig, with a sharp clap of his hands, "before a man can say Jack Robinson!"

You would n't believe how those two fellows went at it! They charged into the street with the shutters — one, two, three — had 'em up in their places — four, five, six — barred 'em and pinned 'em — seven, eight, nine — and came back before you could have got to twelve, panting like race-horses.

"Hilli-ho!" cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from the high desk with wonderful agility. "Clear away, my lads, and let 's have lots of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!"

Clear away! There was nothing they would n't have cleared away, or could n't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life forevermore; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and dry, and bright a ball-room, as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend the milkman. In came the boy from over the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master; trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door but one, who was proved to have had her ears pulled by her mistress. In they all came, one after another;

some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, any how and every how. Away they all went, twenty couple at once; hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them! When this result was brought, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter, especially provided for that purpose. But, scorning rest upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were no dancers yet, as if the other fiddler had been carried home, exhausted, on a shutter, and he were a bran-new man, resolved to beat him out of sight, or perish.

There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was negus, and there was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there were mince-pies, and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the Roast and Boiled, when the fiddler (an artful dog, mind! The sort of man who knew his business better than you or I could have told it him!) struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley." Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking.

But if they had been twice as many — ah! four times — old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to *her*, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll use it. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance like moons. You could n't have predicted, at any given time, what would become of them next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance; advance and retire, both hands to your partner, bow and courtesy, corkscrew, thread-the-needle, and back again to your place; Fezziwig "cut" — cut so deftly, that he appeared to wink with his legs, and came upon his feet again without a stagger.

When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side the

door, and, shaking hands with every person individually, as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds, which were under a counter in the back-shop.

During the whole of this time Scrooge had acted like a man out of his wits. His heart and soul were in the scene, and with his former self. He corroborated everything, remembered everything, enjoyed everything, and underwent the strangest agitation. It was not until now, when the bright faces of his former self and Dick were turned from them, that he remembered the Ghost, and became conscious that it was looking full upon him, while the light upon its head burnt very clear.

"A small matter," said the Ghost, "to make these silly folks so full of gratitude."

"Small!" echoed Scrooge.

The Spirit signed to him to listen to the two apprentices, who were pouring out their hearts in praise of Fezziwig; and, when he had done so, said,—

"Why! Is it not? He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money: three or four, perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?"

"It is n't that," said Scrooge, heated by the remark, and speaking unconsciously like his former, not his latter self. "It is n't that, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light, or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks; in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count 'em up: what then? The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune."

He felt the Spirit's glance, and stopped.

"What is the matter?" asked the Ghost.

"Nothing particular," said Scrooge.

"Something, I think," the Ghost insisted.

"No," said Scrooge, "no. I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now. That 's all."

His former self turned down the lamps as he gave utterance to the wish; and Scrooge and the Ghost again stood side by side in the open air.

"My time grows short," observed the Spirit. "Quick!"

This was not addressed to Scrooge, or to any one whom he

could see, but it produced an immediate effect. For again Scrooge saw himself. He was older now; a man in the prime of life. His face had not the harsh and rigid lines of later years; but it had begun to wear the signs of care and avarice. There was an eager, greedy, restless motion in the eye, which showed the passion that had taken root, and where the shadow of the growing tree would fall.

He was not alone, but sat by the side of a fair young girl in a mourning-dress: in whose eyes there were tears, which sparkled in the light that shone out of the Ghost of Christmas Past.

"It matters little," she said softly. "To you very little. Another idol has displaced me; and, if it can cheer and comfort you in time to come as I would have tried to do, I have no just cause to grieve."

"What Idol has displaced you?" he rejoined.

"A golden one."

"This is the even-handed dealing of the world!" he said. "There is nothing on which it is so hard as poverty; and there is nothing it professes to condemn with such severity as the pursuit of wealth!"

"You fear the world too much," she answered gently. "All your other hopes have merged into the hope of being beyond the chance of its sordid reproach. I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the master passion, Gain, engrosses you. Have I not?"

"What then?" he retorted. "Even if I have grown so much wiser, what then? I am not changed towards you."

She shook her head.

"Am I?"

"Our contract is an old one. It was made when we were both poor, and content to be so, until, in good season, we could improve our worldly fortune by our patient industry. You *are* changed. When it was made you were another man."

"I was a boy," he said impatiently.

"Your own feeling tells you that you were not what you are," she returned. "I am. That which promised happiness when we were one in heart is fraught with misery now that we are two. How often and how keenly I have thought of this I will not say. It is enough that I *have* thought of it, and can release you."

"Have I ever sought release?"

"In words. No. Never."

"In what, then?"

"In a changed nature; in an altered spirit; in another atmosphere of life; another Hope as its great end. In everything that made my love of any worth or value in your sight. If this had never been between us," said the girl, looking mildly, but with steadiness, upon him, "tell me, would you seek me out and try to win me now? Ah, no!"

He seemed to yield to the justice of this supposition in spite of himself. But he said, with a struggle, "You think not."

"I would gladly think otherwise if I could," she answered, "Heaven knows. When *I* have learned a Truth like this, I know how strong and irresistible it must be. But if you were free to-day, to-morrow, yesterday, can even I believe that you would choose a dowerless girl — you who, in your very confidence with her, weigh everything by Gain; or choosing her, if for a moment you were false enough to your one guiding principle to do so, do I not know that your repentance and regret would surely follow? I do; and I release you. With a full heart, for the love of him you once were."

He was about to speak; but, with her head turned from him, she resumed, —

"You may — the memory of what is past half makes me hope you will — have pain in this. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it gladly, as an unprofitable dream, from which it happened well that you awoke. May you be happy in the life you have chosen!"

She left him, and they parted.

"Spirit!" said Scrooge, "show me no more! Conduct me home. Why do you delight to torture me?"

"One shadow more!" exclaimed the Ghost.

"No more!" cried Scrooge. "No more! I don't wish to see it. Show me no more!"

But the relentless Ghost pinioned him in both his arms, and forced him to observe what happened next.

They were in another scene and place; a room, not very large or handsome, but full of comfort. Near to the winter fire sat a beautiful young girl, so like that last that Scrooge believed it was the same, until he saw *her*, now a comely matron, sitting opposite her daughter. The noise in this room was perfectly tumultuous, for there were more children there than Scrooge in his agitated state of mind could count; and, unlike the celebrated herd in the poem, they were not forty children conduct-

ing themselves like one, but every child was conducting itself like forty. The consequences were uproarious beyond belief; but no one seemed to care; on the contrary, the mother and daughter laughed heartily, and enjoyed it very much; and the latter, soon beginning to mingle in the sports, got pillaged by the young brigands most ruthlessly. What would I not have given to be one of them! Though I never could have been so rude, no, no! I would n't for the wealth of all the world have crushed that braided hair, and torn it down; and, for the precious little shoe, I would n't have plucked it off, God bless my soul! to save my life. As to measuring her waist in sport, as they did, bold young brood, I could n't have done it; I should have expected my arm to have grown round it for a punishment, and never come straight again. And yet I should have dearly liked, I own, to have touched her lips; to have questioned her, that she might have opened them; to have looked upon the lashes of her downcast eyes, and never raised a blush; to have let loose waves of hair, an inch of which would be a keepsake beyond price: in short, I should have liked, I do confess, to have had the lightest license of a child, and yet to have been man enough to know its value.

But now a knocking at the door was heard, and such a rush immediately ensued that she, with laughing face and plundered dress, was borne towards it in the centre of a flushed and boisterous group, just in time to greet the father, who came home attended by a man laden with Christmas toys and presents. Then the shouting and the struggling, and the onslaught that was made on the defenceless porter! The scaling him, with chairs for ladders, to dive into his pockets, despoil him of brown-paper parcels, hold on tight by his cravat, hug him round the neck, pummel his back, and kick his legs in irrepressible affection! The shouts of wonder and delight with which the development of every package was received! The terrible announcement that the baby had been taken in the act of putting a doll's frying-pan into his mouth, and was more than suspected of having swallowed a fictitious turkey, glued on a wooden platter! The immense relief of finding this a false alarm! The joy, and gratitude, and ecstasy! They are all indescribable alike. It is enough that by degrees, the children and their emotions got out of the parlor, and, by one stair at a time, up to the top of the house, where they went to bed, and so subsided.

And now Scrooge looked on more attentively than ever, when the master of the house, having his daughter leaning fondly on him, sat down with her and her mother at his own fireside; and when he thought that such another creature, quite as graceful and as full of promise, might have called him father, and been a springtime in the haggard winter of his life, his sight grew very dim indeed.

"Belle," said the husband, turning to his wife with a smile, "I saw an old friend of yours this afternoon."

"Who was it?"

"Guess!"

"How can I? Tut, don't I know?" she added in the same breath, laughing as he laughed. "Mr. Scrooge."

"Mr. Scrooge it was. I passed his office window; and as it was not shut up, and he had a candle inside, I could scarcely help seeing him. His partner lies upon the point of death, I hear; and there he sat alone. Quite alone in the world I do believe."

"Spirit!" said Scrooge, in a broken voice, "remove me from this place."

"I told you these were shadows of the things that have been," said the Ghost. "That they are what they are, do not blame me!"

"Remove me!" Scrooge exclaimed. "I cannot bear it!"

He turned upon the Ghost, and seeing that it looked upon him with a face in which in some strange way there were fragments of all the faces it had shown him, wrestled with it.

"Leave me! Take me back! Haunt me no longer!"

In the struggle — if that can be called a struggle in which the Ghost, with no visible resistance on its own part, was undisturbed by any effort of its adversary — Scrooge observed that its light was burning high and bright; and dimly connecting that with its influence over him, he seized the extinguisher cap, and by a sudden action pressed it down upon its head.

The Spirit dropped beneath it, so that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but, though Scrooge pressed it down with all his force, he could not hide the light, which streamed from under it in an unbroken flood upon the ground.

He was conscious of being exhausted, and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being in his own bedroom. He gave the cap a parting squeeze, in which his hand relaxed; and had barely time to reel to bed before he sank into a heavy sleep.

The Second Spirit.

(From "A Christmas Carol.")

Awaking in the middle of a prodigiously tough snore, and sitting up in bed to get his thoughts together, Scrooge had no occasion to be told that the bell was again upon the stroke of One. He felt that he was restored to consciousness in the right nick of time, for the especial purpose of holding a conference with the second messenger despatched to him through Jacob Marley's intervention. But, finding that he turned uncomfortably cold when he began to wonder which of his curtains this new spectre would draw back, he put them every one aside with his own hands, and, lying down again, established a sharp lookout all round the bed. For he wished to challenge the Spirit on the moment of its appearance, and did not wish to be taken by surprise and made nervous.

Gentlemen of the free-and-easy sort, who plume themselves on being acquainted with a move or two, and being usually equal to the time of day, express the wide range of their capacity for adventure by observing that they are good for anything from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter; between which opposite extremes, no doubt, there lies a tolerably wide and comprehensive range of subjects. Without venturing for Scrooge quite as hardily as this, I don't mind calling on you to believe that he was ready for a good broad field of strange appearances, and that nothing between a baby and rhinoceros would have astonished him very much.

Now, being prepared for almost anything, he was not by any means prepared for nothing; and consequently, when the bell struck One, and no shape appeared, he was taken with a violent fit of trembling. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour went by, yet nothing came. All this time he lay upon his bed, the very core and centre of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it when the clock proclaimed the hour; and which, being only light, was more alarming than a dozen ghosts, as he was powerless to make out what it meant, or would be at; and was sometimes apprehensive that he might be at that very moment an interesting case of spontaneous combustion without having the consolation of knowing it. At last, however, he began to think — as you or I would have thought at first; for it is always the person not in the predicament who knows what ought to have been done in it, and would unques-

"Scrooge entered timidly and hung his head before this spirit"

tionably have done it too — at last, I say, he began to think that the source and secret of this ghostly light might be in the adjoining room, from whence, on further tracing it, it seemed to shine. This idea taking full possession of his mind, he got up softly, and shuffled in his slippers to the door.

The moment Scrooge's hand was on the lock, a strange voice called him by his name, and bade him enter. He obeyed.

It was his own room. There was no doubt about that. But it had undergone a surprising transformation. The walls and ceiling were so hung with living green, that it looked a perfect grove; from every part of which bright gleaming berries glistened. The crisp leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if so many little mirrors had been scattered there; and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney as that dull petrifaction of a hearth had never known in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many a winter season gone. Heaped up on the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, great joints of meat, sucking-pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince-pies, plum-puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, immense twelfth-cakes, and seething bowls of punch, that made the chamber dim with their delicious steam. In easy state upon this couch there sat a jolly Giant, glorious to see; who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge as he came peeping round the door.

"Come in!" exclaimed the Ghost. "Come in! and know me better, man!"

Scrooge entered timidly, and hung his head before this Spirit. He was not the dogged Scrooge he had been; and, though the Spirit's eyes were clear and kind, he did not like to meet them.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present," said the Spirit. "Look upon me!"

Scrooge reverently did so. It was clothed in one simple deep green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. This garment hung so loosely on the figure, that its capacious breast was bare, as if disdaining to be warded or concealed by any artifice. Its feet, observable beneath the ample folds of the garment, were also bare; and on its head it wore no other covering than a holly wreath, set here and there with shining icicles. Its dark brown curls were long and free; free as its genial face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, its cheery voice, its unconstrained demeanor,

and its joyful air. Girded round its middle was an antique scabbard; but no sword was in it, and the ancient sheath was eaten up with rust.

"You have never seen the like of me before!" exclaimed the Spirit.

"Never," Scrooge made answer to it.

"Have never walked forth with the younger members of my family; meaning (for I am very young) my elder brothers born in these later years?" pursued the Phantom.

"I don't think I have," said Scrooge. "I am afraid I have not. Have you had many brothers, Spirit?"

"More than eighteen hundred," said the Ghost.

"A tremendous family to provide for," muttered Scrooge.

The Ghost of Christmas Present rose.

"Spirit," said Scrooge, submissively, "conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learned a lesson which is working now. To-night, if you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it."

"Touch my robe!"

Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast.

Holly, mistletoe, red berries, ivy, turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, meat, pigs, sausages, oysters, pies, puddings, fruit, and punch, all vanished instantly. So did the room, the fire, the ruddy glow, the hour of night, and they stood in the city streets on Christmas morning, where (for the weather was severe) the people made a rough, but brisk and not unpleasant kind of music, in scraping the snow from the pavement in front of their dwellings, and from the tops of their houses, whence it was mad delight to the boys to see it come plumping down into the road below, and splitting into artificial little snowstorms.

The house-fronts looked black enough, and the windows blacker, contrasting with the smooth white sheet of snow upon the roofs, and with the dirtier snow upon the ground; which last deposit had been ploughed up in deep furrows by the heavy wheels of carts and wagons; furrows that crossed and recrossed each other hundreds of times where the great streets branched off; and made intricate channels, hard to trace, in the thick yellow mud and icy water. The sky was gloomy, and the shortest streets were choked up with a dingy mist, half thawed, half frozen, whose heavier particles descended in a shower of sooty atoms, as if all the chimneys in Great Britain had, by one consent, caught fire, and were blazing away to their dear hearts'

content. There was nothing very cheerful in the climate or the town, and yet was there an air of cheerfulness abroad that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have endeavored to diffuse in vain.

For, the people who were shovelling away on the housetops were jovial and full of glee; calling out to one another from the parapets, and now and then exchanging a facetious snowball — better-natured missile far than many a wordy jest — laughing heartily if it went right, and not less heartily if it went wrong. The poulterers' shops were still half open, and the fruiterers' were radiant in their glory. There were great, round, pot-bellied baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the doors, and tumbling out into the street in their apoplectic opulence. There were ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish onions, shining in the fatness of their growth like Spanish Friars, and winking from their shelves in wanton slyness at the girls as they went by, and glanced demurely at the hung-up mistletoe. There were pears and apples clustered high in blooming pyramids; there were bunches of grapes, made, in the shopkeepers' benevolence, to dangle from conspicuous hooks that people's mouths might water gratis as they passed; there were piles of filberts, mossy and brown, recalling, in their fragrance, ancient walks among the woods, and pleasant shufflings ankle deep through withered leaves; there were Norfolk Biffins, squab and swarthy, setting off the yellow of the oranges and lemons, and, in the great compactness of their juicy persons, urgently entreating and beseeching to be carried home in paper bags, and eaten after dinner. The very gold and silver fish set forth among these choice fruits in a bowl, though members of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to know that there was something going on; and, to a fish, went gasping round and round their little world in slow and passionless excitement.

The Grocers'! oh, the Grocers'! nearly closed, with perhaps two shutters down, or one; but through those gaps such glimpses! It was not alone that the scales descending on the counter made a merry sound, or that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that the canisters were rattled up and down, like juggling tricks, or even that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so grateful to the nose, or even that the raisins were so plentiful and rare, the almonds so extremely white, the sticks of cinnamon so long and straight, the other

spices so delicious, the candied fruits so caked and spotted with molten sugar as to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint, and subsequently bilious. Nor was it that the figs were moist and pulpy, or that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their highly-decorated boxes, or that everything was good to eat and in its Christmas dress; but the customers were all so hurried and so eager in the hopeful promise of the day, that they tumbled up against each other at the door, crashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the counter, and came running back to fetch them, and committed hundreds of the like mistakes, in the best humor possible; while the Grocer and his people were so frank and fresh, that the polished hearts with which they fastened their aprons behind might have been their own, worn outside for general inspection, and for Christmas daws to peck at if they chose.

But soon the steeples called good people all to church and chapel, and away they came, flocking through the streets in their best clothes, and with their gayest faces. And at the same time there emerged, from scores of by-streets, lanes, and nameless turnings, innumerable people, carrying their dinners to the bakers' shops. The sight of these poor revellers appeared to interest the Spirit very much, for he stood with Scrooge beside him in a baker's doorway, and, taking off the covers as their bearers passed, sprinkled incense on their dinners from his torch. And it was a very uncommon kind of torch, for once or twice, when there were angry words between some dinner-carriers who had jostled each other, he shed a few drops of water on them from it, and their good-humor was restored directly. For they said, it was a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day. And so it was! God love it, so it was!

In time the bells ceased, and the bakers were shut up; and yet there was a genial shadowing forth of all these dinners, and the progress of their cooking, in the thawed blotch of wet above each baker's oven; where the pavement smoked as if its stones were cooking too.

"Is there a peculiar flavor in what you sprinkle from your torch?" asked Scrooge.

"There is. My own."

"Would it apply to any kind of dinner on this day?" asked Scrooge.

"To any kindly given. To a poor one most."

"Why to a poor one most?" asked Scrooge.

"Because it needs it most."

"Spirit!" said Scrooge, after a moment's thought, "I wonder you, of all the beings in the many worlds about us, should desire to cramp these people's opportunities of innocent enjoyment."

"I!" cried the Spirit.

"You would deprive them of their means of dining every seventh day, often the only day on which they can be said to dine at all," said Scrooge; "would n't you?"

"I!" cried the Spirit.

"You seek to close these places on the Seventh Day," said Scrooge. "And it comes to the same thing."

"*I* seek!" exclaimed the Spirit.

"Forgive me if I am wrong. It has been done in your name, or at least in that of your family," said Scrooge.

"There are some upon this earth of yours," returned the Spirit, "who lay claim to know us, and who do their deeds of passion, pride, ill-will, hatred, envy, bigotry, and selfishness in our name, who are as strange to us, and all our kith and kin, as if they had never lived. Remember that, and charge their doings on themselves, not us."

Scrooge promised that he would; and they went on, invisible, as they had been before, into the suburbs of the town. It was a remarkable quality of the Ghost (which Scrooge had observed at the baker's), that, notwithstanding his gigantic size, he could accommodate himself to any place with ease; and that he stood beneath a low roof quite as gracefully and like a supernatural creature as it was possible he could have done in any lofty hall.

And perhaps it was the pleasure the good Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went, and took Scrooge with him, holding to his robe; and, on the threshold of the door, the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "Bob" a week himself; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap, and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the

cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and, getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable Parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelled the goose, and known it for their own; and, basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collars nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim? And Martha war n't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour!"

"Here 's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here 's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There 's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We 'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother."

"Well! never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There 's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where 's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his

high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha did n't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow, he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs — as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby — compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round, and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course — and, in truth, it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and, mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes

were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he did n't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they had n't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits, in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone — too nervous to bear witnesses — to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose — a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered — flushed, but smiling proudly — with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that, now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the

hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one ; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass. Two tumblers and a custard cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done ; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed, —

" A merry Christmas to us all, my dears, God bless us ! "

" God bless us every one ! " said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

Which all the family re-echoed.

He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

" Spirit," said Scrooge, with an interest he had never felt before, " tell me if Tiny Tim will live."

" I see a vacant seat," replied the Ghost, " in the poor chimney-corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, the child will die."

" No, no," said Scrooge. " Oh, no, kind Spirit ! say he will be spared."

" If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, none other of my race," returned the Ghost, " will find him here. What then ? If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."

Scrooge hung his head to hear his own words quoted by the Spirit, and was overcome with penitence and grief.

" Man," said the Ghost, " if man you be in heart, not adamant, forbear that wicked cant until you have discovered What the surplus is, and Where it is. Will you decide what men shall live, what men shall die ? It may be that, in the sight of Heaven, you are more worthless and less fit to live than millions like this poor man's child. Oh, God ! to hear the Insect on the leaf pronouncing on the too much life among his hungry brothers in the dust ! "

Scrooge bent before the Ghost's rebuke, and, trembling, cast his eyes upon the ground. But he raised them speedily on hearing his own name.

"Mr. Scrooge!" said Bob. "I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!"

"The Founder of the Feast, indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. "I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it."

"My dear," said Bob, "the children! Christmas Day!"

"It should be Christmas Day I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"

"My dear!" was Bob's mild answer. "Christmas Day."

"I'll drink his health for your sake and the Day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A merry Christmas and a happy New Year! He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt!"

The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness in it. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care twopence for it. Scrooge was the Ogre of the family. The mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the party, which was not dispelled for full five minutes.

After it had passed away they were ten times merrier than before, from the mere relief of Scrooge the Baleful being done with. Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five and sixpence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collars, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favor when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income. Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a stretch, and how she meant to lie abed to-morrow morning for a good long rest; to-morrow being a holiday she passed at home. Also how she had seen a countess and a lord some days before, and how the lord "was much about as tall as Peter;" at which Peter pulled up his collars so high, that you couldn't have seen his head if you had been there. All this time the chestnuts and the jug went round and round; and by and by they had a song, about a lost child travelling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed.

There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being water-proof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawnbroker's. But they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time; and when they faded, and looked happier yet in the bright sprinklings of the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the last.

By this time, it was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily; and, as Scrooge and the Spirit went along the streets, the brightness of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlors, and all sorts of rooms was wonderful. Here, the flickering of the blaze showed preparations for a cosey dinner, with hot plates baking through and through before the fire, and deep red curtains, ready to be drawn to shut out cold and darkness. There, all the children of the house were running out into the snow to meet their married sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, and be the first to greet them. Here, again, were shadows on the window blinds of guests assembling; and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all chattering at once, tripped lightly off to some near neighbor's house; where, woe upon the single man who saw them enter — artful witches, well they knew it — in a glow!

But, if you had judged from the numbers of people on their way to friendly gatherings, you might have thought that no one was at home to give them welcome when they got there, instead of every house expecting company, and piling up its fires half-chimney high. Blessings on it, how the Ghost exulted! How it bared its breadth of breast, and opened its capacious palm, and floated on, outpouring, with a generous hand, its bright and harmless mirth on everything within its reach! The very lamplighter, who ran on before, dotting the dusky street with specks of light, and who was dressed to spend the evening somewhere, laughed out loudly as the Spirit passed, though little kenned the lamplighter that he had any company but Christmas.

And now, without a word of warning from the Ghost, they stood upon a bleak and desert moor, where monstrous masses of rude stone were cast about, as though it were the burial-place of giants; and water spread itself wheresoever it listed; or would have done so, but for the frost that held it prisoner;

and nothing grew but moss and furze, and coarse, rank grass. Down in the west the setting sun had left a streak of fiery red, which glared upon the desolation for an instant, like a sullen eye, and, frowning lower, lower, lower yet, was lost in the thick gloom of darkest night.

"What place is this?" asked Scrooge.

"A place where Miners live, who labor in the bowels of the earth," returned the Spirit. "But they know me. See!"

A light shone from the window of a hut, and swiftly they advanced towards it. Passing through the wall of mud and stone, they found a cheerful company assembled round a glowing fire. An old, old man and woman, with their children and their children's children, and another generation beyond that, all decked out gayly in their holiday attire. The old man, in a voice that seldom rose above the howling of the wind upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas song; it had been a very old song when he was a boy; and from time to time they all joined in the chorus. So surely as they raised their voices, the old man got quite blithe and loud; and, so surely as they stopped, his vigor sank again.

The Spirit did not tarry here, but bade Scrooge hold his robe, and, passing on above the moor, sped whither? Not to sea? To sea. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he saw the last of the land, a frightful range of rocks, behind them; and his ears were deafened by the thundering of water, as it rolled and roared, and raged among the dreadful caverns it had worn, and fiercely tried to undermine the earth.

Built upon a dismal reef of sunken rocks, some league or so from shore, on which the waters chafed and dashed, the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. Great heaps of seaweed clung to its base, and storm-birds — born of the wind, one might suppose, as seaweed of the water — rose and fell about it like the waves they skimmed.

But, even here, two men who watched the light had made a fire, that through the loophole in the thick stone wall shed out a ray of brightness on the awful sea. Joining their horny hands over the rough table at which they sat, they wished each other Merry Christmas in their can of grog; and one of them, the elder too, with his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the figure-head of an old ship might be, struck up a sturdy song that was like a gale in itself.

Again the Ghost sped on, above the black and heaving sea —

on, on — until, being far away, as he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a ship. They stood beside the helmsman at the wheel, the lookout in the bow, the officers who had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their several stations; but every man among them hummed a Christmas tune, or had a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath to his companion of some bygone Christmas Day, with homeward hopes belonging to it. And every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had a kinder word for one another on that day than on any day in the year; and had shared to some extent in its festivities; and had remembered those he cared for at a distance, and had known that they delighted to remember him.

It was a great surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the moaning of the wind, and thinking what a solemn thing it was to move on through the lonely darkness over an unknown abyss, whose depths were secrets as profound as Death, — it was a great surprise to Scrooge, while thus engaged, to hear a hearty laugh. It was a much greater surprise to Scrooge to recognize it as his own nephew's, and to find himself in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the Spirit standing smiling by his side, and looking at that same nephew with approving affability!

"Ha, ha!" laughed Scrooge's nephew. "Ha, ha, ha!"

If you should happen, by any unlikely chance, to know a man more blessed in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, all I can say is, I should like to know him too. Introduce him to me, and I'll cultivate his acquaintance.

It is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that, while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good-humor. When Scrooge's nephew laughed in this way, holding his sides, rolling his head, and twisting his face into the most extravagant contortions, Scrooge's niece, by marriage, laughed as heartily as he. And their assembled friends, being not a bit behindhand, roared out lustily.

"Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"He said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live!" cried Scrooge's nephew. "He believed it, too!"

"More shame for him, Fred!" said Scrooge's niece, indignantly. Bless those women! they never do anything by halves. They are always in earnest.

She was very pretty; exceedingly pretty. With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital face; a ripe little mouth, that seemed

made to be kissed — as no doubt it was ; all kinds of good little dots about her chin, that melted into one another when she laughed ; and the sunniest pair of eyes you ever saw in any little creature's head. Altogether she was what you would have called provoking, you know ; but satisfactory, too. Oh, perfectly satisfactory !

" He 's a comical old fellow," said Scrooge's nephew, " that 's the truth ; and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offences carry their own punishment, and I have nothing to say against him."

" I 'm sure he is very rich, Fred," hinted Scrooge's niece. " At least you always tell *me* so."

" What of that, my dear ?" said Scrooge's nephew. " His wealth is of no use to him. He don't do any good with it. He don't make himself comfortable with it. He has n't the satisfaction of thinking — ha, ha, ha ! — that he is ever going to benefit Us with it."

" I have no patience with him," observed Scrooge's niece. Scrooge's niece's sisters, and all the other ladies, expressed the same opinion.

" Oh, I have," said Scrooge's nephew. " I am sorry for him ; I could n't be angry with him if I tried. Who suffers by his ill whims ? Himself always. Here he takes it into his head to dislike us, and he won't come and dine with us. What 's the consequence ? He don't lose much of a dinner."

" Indeed, I think he loses a very good dinner," interrupted Scrooge's niece. Everybody else said the same, and they must be allowed to have been competent judges, because they had just had dinner ; and, with the dessert upon the table, were clustered round the fire, by lamplight.

" Well ! I am very glad to hear it," said Scrooge's nephew, " because I have n't any great faith in these young housekeepers. What do *you* say, Topper ? "

Topper had clearly got his eye upon one of Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he answered that a bachelor was a wretched outcast, who had no right to express an opinion on the subject. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sister — the plump one with the lace tucker, not the one with the roses — blushed.

" Do go on, Fred," said Scrooge's niece, clapping her hands. " He never finishes what he begins to say ! He is such a ridiculous fellow ! "

Scrooge's nephew revelled in another laugh, and, as it was

impossible to keep the infection off, though the plump sister tried hard to do it with aromatic vinegar, his example was unanimously followed.

"I was only going to say," said Scrooge's nephew, "that the consequence of his taking a dislike to us, and not making merry with us, is, as I think, that he loses some pleasant moments, which could do him no harm. I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he can find in his own thoughts, either in his mouldy old office or his dusty chambers. I mean to give him the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not, for I pity him. He may rail at Christmas till he dies, but he can't help thinking better of it — I defy him — if he finds me going there, in good temper, year after year, and saying, 'Uncle Scrooge, how are you?' If it only puts him in the vein to leave his poor clerk fifty pounds, *that's* something; and I think I shook him yesterday."

It was their turn to laugh, now, at the notion of his shaking Scrooge. But, being thoroughly good-natured, and not much caring what they laughed at, so that they laughed at any rate, he encouraged them in their merriment, and passed the bottle, joyously.

After tea they had some music. For they were a musical family, and knew what they were about when they sung a Glee or Catch, I can assure you: especially Topper, who could growl away in the bass like a good one, and never swell the large veins in his forehead, or get red in the face over it. Scrooge's niece played well upon the harp; and played, among other tunes, a simple little air (a mere nothing: you might learn to whistle it in two minutes), which had been familiar to the child who fetched Scrooge from the boarding-school, as he had been reminded by the Ghost of Christmas Past. When this strain of music sounded, all the things that the Ghost had shown him came upon his mind; he softened more and more; and thought that if he could have listened to it often, years ago, he might have cultivated the kindnesses of life for his own happiness with his own hands, without resorting to the sexton's spade that buried Jacob Marley.

But they did n't devote the whole evening to music. After a while they played at forfeits; for it is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child himself. Stop! There was first a game at blind-man's-buff. Of course there was. And I no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe he had eyes in his boots.

My opinion is, that it was a done thing between him and Scrooge's nephew; and that the Ghost of Christmas Present knew it. The way he went after that plump sister in the lace tucker was an outrage on the credulity of human nature. Knocking down the fire-irons, tumbling over the chairs, bumping up against the piano, smothering himself amongst the curtains, wherever she went, there went he! He always knew where the plump sister was. He would n't catch anybody else. If you had fallen up against him (as some of them did) on purpose, he would have made a feint of endeavoring to seize you, which would have been an affront to your understanding, and would instantly have sidled off in the direction of the plump sister. She often cried out that it was n't fair; and it really was not. But when, at last, he caught her; when, in spite of all her silken rustlings, and her rapid flutterings past him, he got her into a corner whence there was no escape; then his conduct was the most execrable. For his pretending not to know her; his pretending that it was necessary to touch her head-dress, and further to assure himself of her identity by pressing a certain ring upon her finger, and a certain chain about her neck, was vile, monstrous! No doubt she told him her opinion of it when, another blind man being in office, they were so very confidential together behind the curtains.

Scrooge's niece was not one of the blind-man's-buff party, but was made comfortable with a large chair and a footstool, in a snug corner where the Ghost and Scrooge were close behind her. But she joined in the forfeits, and loved her love to admiration with all the letters of the alphabet. Likewise at the game of How, When, and Where, she was very great, and to the secret joy of Scrooge's nephew, beat her sisters hollow: though they were sharp girls too, as Topper could have told you. There might have been twenty people there, young and old, but they all played, and so did Scrooge; for, wholly forgetting, in the interest he had in what was going on, that his voice made no sound in their ears, he sometimes came out with his guess quite loud, and very often guessed right, too, for the sharpest needle, best Whitechapel, warranted not to cut in the eye, was not sharper than Scrooge — blunt as he took it in his head to be.

The Ghost was greatly pleased to find him in this mood, and looked upon him with such favor, that he begged like a boy to be allowed to stay until the guests departed. But this the Spirit said could not be done.

"Here is a new game," said Scrooge. "One half hour, Spirit, only one!"

It was a game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew had to think of something, and the rest must find out what; he only answering to their questions yes or no, as the case was. The brisk fire of questioning to which he was exposed elicited from him that he was thinking of an animal, a live animal, rather a disagreeable animal, a savage animal, an animal that growled and grunted sometimes, and talked sometimes, and lived in London, and walked about the streets, and was n't made a show of, and was n't led by anybody, and did n't live in a menagerie, and was never killed in a market, and was not a horse, or an ass, or a cow, or a bull, or a tiger, or a dog, or a pig, or a cat, or a bear. At every fresh question that was put to him, this nephew burst into a fresh roar of laughter; and was so inexpressibly tickled, that he was obliged to get up off the sofa, and stamp. At last the plump sister, falling into a similar state, cried out, —

"I have found it out! I know what it is, Fred! I know what it is!"

"What is it?" cried Fred.

"It's your uncle Scro-o-o-o-oge!"

Which it certainly was. Admiration was the universal sentiment, though some objected that the reply to "Is it a bear?" ought to have been "Yes;" inasmuch as an answer in the negative was sufficient to have diverted their thoughts from Mr. Scrooge, supposing they had ever had any tendency that way.

"He has given us plenty of merriment, I am sure," said Fred, "and it would be ungrateful not to drink his health. Here is a glass of mulled wine ready to our hand at the moment; and I say, 'Uncle Scrooge!'"

"Well! Uncle Scrooge!" they cried.

"A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to the old man, whatever he is!" said Scrooge's nephew. "He would n't take it from me, but may he have it, nevertheless. Uncle Scrooge!"

Uncle Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart, that he would have pledged the unconscious company in return, and thanked them in an inaudible speech, if the Ghost had given him time. But the whole scene passed off in the breath of the last word spoken by his nephew; and he and the Spirit were again upon their travels.

Much they saw, and far they went, and many homes they

visited, but always with a happy end. The Spirit stood beside sick-beds, and they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were close at home; by struggling men, and they were patient in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was rich. In alms-house, hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in his little brief authority had not made fast the door, and barred the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts.

It was a long night, if it were only a night; but Scrooge had his doubts of this, because the Christmas Holidays appeared to be condensed into the space of time they passed together. It was strange, too, that while Scrooge remained unaltered in his outward form, the Ghost grew older, clearly older. Scrooge had observed this change, but never spoke of it until they left a children's Twelfth-Night party, when looking at the Spirit as they stood together in an open place, he noticed that its hair was gray.

"Are spirits' lives so short?" asked Scrooge.

"My life upon this globe is very brief," replied the Ghost. "It ends to-night."

"To-night!" cried Scrooge.

"To-night at midnight. Hark! The time is drawing near."

The chimes were ringing the three-quarters past eleven at that moment.

"Forgive me if I am not justified in what I ask," said Scrooge, looking intently at the Spirit's robe, "but I see something strange, and not belonging to yourself, protruding from your skirts. Is it a foot or a claw?"

"It might be a claw, for the flesh there is upon it," was the Spirit's sorrowful reply. "Look here."

From the foldings of its robe it brought two children; wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable. They knelt down at its feet, and clung upon the outside of its garment.

"Oh, Man! look here! Look, look, down here!" exclaimed the Ghost.

They were a boy and girl. Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in their humility. Where graceful youth should have filled their features out, and touched them with its freshest tints, a stale and shrivelled hand, like that of age, had pinched, and twisted them, and pulled them into shreds. Where angels might have sat enthroned, devils

lurked, and glared out menacing. No change, no degradation, no perversion of humanity, in any grade, through all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so horrible and dread.

Scrooge started back, appalled. Having them shown to him in this way he tried to say they were fine children, but the words choked themselves, rather than be parties to a lie of such enormous magnitude.

"Spirit! are they yours?" Scrooge could say no more.

"They are Man's," said the Spirit, looking down upon them. "And they cling to me, appealing from their fathers. This boy is Ignorance. This girl is Want. Beware of them both, and all of their degree, but most of all beware this boy, for on his brow I see that written which is Doom, unless the writing be erased. Deny it!" cried the Spirit, stretching out its hand towards the city. "Slander those who tell it ye! Admit it for your factious purposes, and make it worse! And bide the end!"

"Have they no refuge or resource?" cried Scrooge.

"Are there no prisons?" said the Spirit, turning on him for the last time with his own words. "Are there no workhouses?"

The bell struck Twelve.

Scrooge looked about him for the Ghost, and saw it not. As the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and, lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming like a mist along the ground towards him.

The finger still was there.

"Spirit!" he cried, tight clutching at its robe, "hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this, if I am past all hope?"

For the first time the hand appeared to shake.

"Good Spirit," he pursued, as down upon the ground he fell before it: "your nature intercedes for me, and pities me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me by an altered life?"

The kind hand trembled.

"I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. I will not shut

out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!"

In his agony, he caught the spectral hand. It sought to free itself, but he was strong in his entreaty, and detained it. The Spirit, stronger yet, repulsed him.

Holding up his hands in a last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the Phantom's hood and dress. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost.

The End of it.

(From "A Christmas Carol.")

Yes! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the Time before him was his own, to make amends in!

"I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future!" Scrooge repeated as he scrambled out of bed. "The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. Oh, Jacob Marley! Heaven and the Christmas Time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob; on my knees!"

He was so fluttered and so glowing with his good intentions, that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his call. He had been sobbing violently in his conflict with the Spirit, and his face was wet with tears.

"They are not torn down," cried Scrooge, folding one of his bed-curtains in his arms, "they are not torn down, rings and all. They are here — I am here — the shadows of the things that would have been may be dispelled. They will be. I know they will!"

His hands were busy with his garments all this time; turning them inside out, putting them on upside down, tearing them, mislaying them, making them parties to every kind of extravagance.

"I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath; and making a perfect Laocoön of himself with his stockings. "I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a schoolboy, I am as giddy as a drunken man. A merry Christmas to everybody! A happy New Year to all the world! Hallo here! Whoop! Hallo!"

He had frisked into the sitting-room, and was now standing there — perfectly winded.

"There 's the saucepan that the gruel was in!" cried Scrooge, starting off again, and going round the fireplace. "There 's the door by which the Ghost of Jacob Marley entered! There 's the corner where the Ghost of Christmas Present sat! There 's the window where I saw the wandering Spirits! It 's all right, it 's all true, it all happened. Ha, ha, ha!"

Really, for a man who had been out of practice for so many years, it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. The father of a long, long line of brilliant laughs!

"I don't know what day of the month it is," said Scrooge. "I don't know how long I have been among the Spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo here!"

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer; ding, dong, bell! Bell, dong, ding; hammer, clang, clash! Oh, glorious, glorious!

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to; golden sunlight; heavenly sky; sweet, fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious! glorious!

"What 's to-day?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"Eh?" returned the boy, with all his might of wonder.

"What 's to-day, my fine fellow?" said Scrooge.

"To-day!" replied the boy. "Why, Christmas Day."

"It 's Christmas Day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I have n't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Of course they can. Hallo, my fine fellow!"

"Hallo!" returned the boy.

"Do you know the Poulterer's in the next street but one, at the corner?" Scrooge inquired.

"I should hope I did," replied the lad.

"An intelligent boy!" said Scrooge. "A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was hanging up there? — Not the little prize Turkey: the big one?"

"What! the one as big as me?" returned the boy.

"What a delightful boy!" said Scrooge. "It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!"

"It's hanging there now," replied the boy.

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it."

"Walk-ER!" exclaimed the boy.

"No, no," said Scrooge, "I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the directions where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I'll give you half a crown!"

The boy was off like a shot. He must have had a steady hand at a trigger who could have got a shot off half so fast.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's," whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands, and splitting with a laugh. "He sha'n't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be!"

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one; but write it he did, somehow, and went downstairs to open the street-door, ready for the coming of the poulterer's man. As he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker caught his eye.

"I shall love it as long as I live!" cried Scrooge, patting it with his hand. "I scarcely ever looked at it before. What an honest expression it has in its face! It's a wonderful knocker! — Here's the Turkey. Hallo! Whoop! How are you? Merry Christmas!"

It *was* a Turkey. He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em short off in a minute, like sticks of sealing-wax.

"Why, it's impossible to carry that to Camden Town," said Scrooge. "You must have a cab."

The chuckle with which he said this, and the chuckle with which he paid for the Turkey, and the chuckle with which he paid for the cab, and the chuckle with which he recompensed the boy, were only to be exceeded by the chuckle with which he sat down breathless in his chair again, and chuckled till he cried.

Shaving was not an easy task, for his hand continued to shake very much; and shaving requires attention, even when you don't dance while you are at it. But, if he had cut the end of his nose off, he would have put a piece of sticking-plaster over it, and been quite satisfied.

He dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present; and, walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with a delighted smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant, in a word, that three or four good-humored fellows said, "Good morning, sir! A merry Christmas to you!" And Scrooge said often afterwards that, of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears.

He had not gone far when, coming on towards him, he beheld the portly gentleman who had walked into his counting-house the day before, and said, "Scrooge and Marley's, I believe?" It sent a pang across his heart to think how this old gentleman would look upon him when they met; but he knew what path lay straight before him, and he took it.

"My dear sir," said Scrooge, quickening his pace, and taking the old gentleman by both his hands, "how do you do? I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you. A merry Christmas to you, sir!"

"Mr. Scrooge?"

"Yes," said Scrooge. "That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness—" Here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

"Lord bless me!" cried the gentleman, as if his breath were taken away. "My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?"

"If you please," said Scrooge. "Not a farthing less. A great many back-payments are included in it, I assure you. Will you do me that favor?"

"My dear sir," said the other, shaking hands with him, "I don't know what to say to such munifi—"

"Don't say anything, please," retorted Scrooge. "Come and see me. Will you come and see me?"

"I will," cried the old gentleman. And it was clear he meant to do it.

"Thankee," said Scrooge. "I am much obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you!"

He went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted the children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows; and found that

everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk — that anything — could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon he turned his steps towards his nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash and did it.

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. Nice girl! Very.

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he, my love?" said Scrooge.

"He's in the dining-room, sir, along with mistress. I'll show you upstairs, if you please."

"Thankee. He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. "I'll go in here, my dear."

He turned it gently, and sidled his face in round the door. They were looking at the table (which was spread out in great array); for these young housekeepers are always nervous on such points, and like to see that everything is right.

"Fred!" said Scrooge.

Dear heart alive, how his niece by marriage started! Scrooge had forgotten, for the moment, about her sitting in the corner with the footstool, or he would n't have done it on any account.

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Fred, "who's that?"

"It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he did n't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when *he* came. So did the plump sister when *she* came. So did every one when *they* came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there! If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it; yes, he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the tank.

His hat was off before he opened the door; his comforter

BOB CRATCHET AND TINY TIM

From a Drawing after Barnard

too. He was on his stool in a jiffy; driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am very sorry, sir," said Bob. "I *am* behind my time."

"You are!" repeated Scrooge. "Yes. I think you are. Step this way, sir, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob, appearing from the tank. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge, "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the tank again; "and therefore I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it, holding him, and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait-waistcoat.

"A merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the fires and buy another coal-scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man as the good old City knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset; and, knowing that such as these would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins as have the malady in less attractive forms. His own heart laughed: and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total-Abstinence Principle ever afterwards; and it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless Us, Every One!

The Speech of Serjeant Buzfuz.

(From the "Pickwick Papers.")

"You have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen," continued Serjeant Buzfuz, — "you have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen, that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at £1,500. But you have not heard from my learned friend, inasmuch as it did not come within my learned friend's province to tell you, what are the facts and circumstances of the case. Those facts and circumstances, gentlemen, you shall hear detailed by me, and proved by the unimpeachable female whom I will place in that box before you."

Here Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, with a tremendous emphasis on the word "box," smote his table with a mighty sound, and glanced at Dodson and Fogg, who nodded admiration of the serjeant, and indignant defiance of the defendant.

"The plaintiff, gentlemen," continued Serjeant Buzfuz, in a soft and melancholy voice, "the plaintiff is a widow; yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying, for many years, the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of his royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford."

At this pathetic description of the decease of Mr. Bardell, who had been knocked on the head with a quart-pot in a public house cellar, the learned serjeant's voice faltered, and he proceeded with emotion: —

"Sometime before his death, he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell Street; and here she placed in her front parlor-window a written

placard, bearing this inscription — 'Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Inquire within.'" Here Serjeant Buzfuz paused, while several gentlemen of the jury took a note of the document.

"There is no date to that, is there, sir?" inquired a juror.

"There is no date, gentlemen," replied Serjeant Buzfuz; "but I am instructed to say that it was put in the plaintiff's parlor-window just this time three years. I entreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document. 'Apartments furnished for a single gentleman'! Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear, she had no distrust, she had no suspicion, all was confidence and reliance. 'Mr. Bardell,' said the widow; 'Mr. Bardell was a man of honor, Mr. Bardell was a man of his word, Mr. Bardell was no deceiver, Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; *to* single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and for consolation; *in* single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let.' Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen,) the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught the innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor-window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work. Before the bill had been in the parlor-window three days — three days — gentlemen — a Being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick — Pickwick, the defendant."

Serjeant Buzfuz, who had proceeded with such volubility that his face was perfectly crimson, here paused for breath. The silence awoke Mr. Justice Stareleigh, who immediately wrote down something with a pen without any ink in it, and looked unusually profound, to impress the jury with the belief that he always thought most deeply with his eyes shut. Serjeant Buzfuz proceeded.

"Of this man Pickwick I will say little; the subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness, and of systematic villainy."

Here Mr. Pickwick, who had been writhing in silence for some time, gave a violent start, as if some vague idea of assaulting Serjeant Buzfuz, in the august presence of justice and law, suggested itself to his mind. An admonitory gesture from Perker restrained him, and he listened to the learned gentleman's continuation with a look of indignation, which contrasted forcibly with the admiring faces of Mrs. Cluppins and Mrs. Sanders.

"I say systematic villainy, gentlemen," said Serjeant Buzfuz, looking through Mr. Pickwick, and talking *at* him; "and when I say systematic villainy, let me tell the defendant Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, in better judgment, and in better taste, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, gentlemen, that any gestures of dissent or disapprobation in which he may indulge in this court will not go down with you; that you will know how to value and how to appreciate them: and let me tell him further, as my lord will tell you, gentlemen, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty to his client, is neither to be intimidated nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other, or the first, or the last, will recoil on the head of the attemptor, be he plaintiff or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson."

This little divergence from the subject in hand, had of course, the intended effect of turning all eyes to Mr. Pickwick. Serjeant Buzfuz, having partially recovered from the state of moral elevation into which he had lashed himself, resumed:—

"I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for wear, when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that, on many occasions, he gave half-pence, and on some occasions even six-

pences, to her little boy; and I shall prove to you, by a witness whose testimony it will be impossible for my learned friend to weaken or controvert, that on one occasion he patted the boy on the head, and, after inquiring whether he had won any *alley tors* or *commoneys* lately (both of which I understand to be a particular species of marbles much prized by the youth of this town), made use of this remarkable expression: 'How should you like to have another father?' I shall prove to you, gentlemen, that about a year ago, Pickwick suddenly began to absent himself from home, during long intervals, as if with the intention of gradually breaking off from my client; but I shall show you also, that his resolution was not at that time sufficiently strong, or that his better feelings conquered, if better feelings he has, or that the charms and accomplishments of my client prevailed against his unmanly intentions; by proving to you, that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms, offered her marriage: previously, however, taking special care that there should be no witness to their solemn contract; and I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends, — most unwilling witnesses, gentlemen — most unwilling witnesses — that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments."

A visible impression was produced upon the auditors by this part of the learned serjeant's address. Drawing forth two very small scraps of paper, he proceeded: "And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties, letters which are admitted to be in the handwriting of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. They are not open, fervent, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. They are covert, sly, underhanded communications, but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery — letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye — letters that were evidently intended at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first: 'Garraway's, twelve o'clock. Dear Mrs. B. — Chops and Tomata sauce. Yours. PICKWICK.' Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and Tomata sauce. Yours, Pickwick!

Chops! Gracious heavens! and Tomata sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious. 'Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home till to-morrow. Slow coach.' And then follows this very remarkable expression. 'Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan.' The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? When was the peace of mind of man or woman broken or disturbed by a warming-pan, which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and I will add, gentlemen, a comforting article of domestic furniture? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire — a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you!"

Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz paused in this place, to see whether the jury smiled at his joke; but as nobody took it but the greengrocer, whose sensitiveness on the subject was very probably occasioned by his having subjected a chaise-cart to the process in question on that identical morning, the learned serjeant considered it advisable to undergo a slight relapse into the dismals before he concluded.

"But enough of this, gentlemen," said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz; "it is difficult to smile with an aching heart; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down — but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentleman pass and repass — but there is no invitation for them to inquire within or without. All is gloom and silence in the house; even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps; his 'alley tors,' and his 'commoneys' are alike neglected; he forgets the long familiar cry of 'knuckle down,' and at tip-

cheese, or odd and even, his hand is out. But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell Street — Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward — Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless Tomata sauce and warming-pans — Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen — heavy damages is the only punishment with which you can visit him; the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen." With this beautiful peroration, Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz sat down, and Mr. Justice Stareleigh woke up.

The Ivy Green.

O a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold,
The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green. . . .

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last.
Creeping on where time has been,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

DENIS DIDEROT.

Diderot, Denis, a French philosopher; born at Langres, in Champagne, in 1713; died at Paris, July 30, 1784. He was educated for the Church, but abandoning theology he entered an attorney's office at Paris, devoting himself, however, to literature rather than to law. In consequence of the laxity of some of his earlier works, he was thrown into prison. After his release, in 1749, he planned, in conjunction with D'Alembert, the great *Encyclopédie*, upon which his reputation mainly rests. The first two volumes of the *Encyclopédie* appeared in 1751; they were suppressed by the authorities in consequence of their alleged hostility to the Christian religion. The suspension was revoked after a year or two; but in 1757, when five additional volumes had appeared, the suspension was again ordered. D'Alembert now abandoned the work, but Diderot carried it on; and to escape the censorship, the remaining ten volumes were nominally issued at Neufchâtel instead of Paris. Besides the *Encyclopédie*, in which he wrote all the articles on technology and industries, besides many of those on points of philosophy, and even on physics and chemistry, Diderot wrote numerous other works — fictitious, dramatic, and historical. None of his dramas possess any great merit. On the other hand, his novel, "The Nun," and his dramatic dialogue, "Rameau's Nephew," are wonderfully effective pictures of the corrupt society of the time His little sketches, "Little Papers," are pearls of kindly humor and of witty narrative. A collected edition of his works, in fifteen volumes, appeared in 1798.

An Eccentric Being.

(From "Rameau's Nephew.")

Be the weather fair or foul, it is my custom in any case at five o'clock in the afternoon to stroll in the Palais Royal. I am always to be seen alone and meditative, on the bench D'Argenson. I hold converse with myself on politics or love, on taste or philosophy, and yield up my soul entirely to its own frivolity. It may follow the first idea that presents itself, be the idea wise

DENIS DIDEROT

or foolish. In the Allée de Foi one sees our young rakes following upon the heels of some courtesan who passes on with shameless mien, laughing face, animated glance, and a pug nose; but they soon leave her to follow another, teasing them all, joining none of them. My thoughts are my courtesans.

When it is really too cold or rainy, I take refuge in the Café de la Régence and amuse myself by watching the chess-players. Paris is the place of the world and the Café de la Régence the place of Paris where the best chess is played. There one witnesses the most carefully calculated moves; there one hears the most vulgar conversation; for since it is possible to be at once a man of intellect and a great chess-player, like Légal, so also one may be at once a great chess-player, and a very silly person, like Foubert or Mayot.

One afternoon I was there, observing much, speaking rarely, and hearing as little as possible, when one of the most singular personages came up to me that ever was produced by this land of ours, where surely God has never caused a dearth of singular characters. He is a combination of high-mindedness and baseness, of sound understanding and folly; in his head the conceptions of honor and dishonor must be strangely tangled, for the good qualities with which nature has endowed him he displays without boastfulness, and the bad qualities without shame. For the rest he is firmly built, has an extraordinary power of imagination, and possesses an uncommonly strong pair of lungs. Should you ever meet him and succeed in escaping from the charm of his originality, it must be by stopping both ears with your fingers or by precipitate flight. Heavens, what terrible lungs!

And nothing is less like him than he himself. Sometimes he is thin and wasted, like a man in the last stages of consumption; you could count his teeth through his cheeks; you would think he had not tasted food for several days, or had come from La Trappe.

A month later he is fattened and filled out as if he had never left the banquets of the rich or had been fed among the Bernardines. To-day, with soiled linen, torn trousers, clad in rags, and almost barefoot, he passes with bowed head, avoids those whom he meets, till one is tempted to call him and bestow upon him an alms. To-morrow, powdered, well groomed, well dressed, and well shod, he carries his head high, lets himself be seen, and you would take him almost for a respectable man.

So he lives from day to day, sad or merry, according to the circumstances. His first care when he rises in the morning, is to take thought where he is to dine. After dinner he bethinks himself of some opportunity to procure supper, and with the night come new cares. Sometimes he goes on foot to his little attic, which is his home if the landlady, impatient at long arrears of rent, has not taken the key away from him. Sometimes he goes to one of the taverns in the suburbs, and there, between a bit of bread and a mug of beer, awaits the day. If he lacks the six sous necessary to procure him quarters for the night, which is occasionally the case, he applies to some cabman among his friends or to the coachman of some great lord, and a place on the straw beside the horses is vouchsafed him. In the morning he carries a part of his mattress in his hair. If the season is mild, he spends the whole night strolling back and forth on the Cours or in the Champs Élysées. With the day he appears again in the city, dressed yesterday for to-day and to-day often for the rest of the week.

For such originals I cannot feel much esteem, but there are others who make close acquaintances and even friends of them. Once in the year perhaps they are able to put their spell upon me, when I meet them, because their character is in such strong contrast to that of every-day humanity, and they break the oppressive monotony which our education, our social conventions, our traditional proprieties have produced. When such a man enters a company, he acts like a cake of yeast that raises the whole, and restores to each a part of his natural individuality. He shakes them up, brings things into motion, elicits praise or censure, drives truth into the open, makes upright men recognizable, unmasks the rogues, and there the wise man sits and listens and is enabled to distinguish one class from another.

This particular specimen I had long known; he frequented a house into which his talents had secured him the entrée. These people had an only daughter. He swore to the parents that he would marry their daughter. They only shrugged their shoulders, laughed in his face, and assured him that he was a fool. But I saw the day come when the thing was accomplished. He asked me for some money, which I gave him. He had, I know not how, squirmed his way into a few houses, where a *couvert* stood always ready for him, but it had been stipulated that he should never speak without the consent of his hosts. So there he sat and ate, filled the while with malice; it was fun to see him

under this restraint. The moment he ventured to break the treaty and open his mouth, at the very first word the guests all shouted "O Rameau!" Then his eyes flashed wrathfully, and he fell upon his food again with renewed energy.

You were curious to know the man's name; there it is. He is the nephew of the famous composer who has saved us from the church music of Lulli which we have been chanting for a hundred years, . . . and who, having buried the Florentine, will himself be buried by Italian virtuosi; he dimly feels this, and so has become morose and irritable, for no one can be in a worse humor — not even a beautiful woman who in the morning finds a pimple on her nose — than an author who sees himself threatened with the fate of outliving his reputation, as Marivaux and Crébillon *fils* prove.

Rameau's nephew came up to me. "Ah, my philosopher, do I meet you once again? What are you doing here among the good-for-nothings? Are you wasting your time pushing bits of wood about?"

I. No; but when I have nothing better to do, I take a passing pleasure in watching those who push them about with skill.

He. A rare pleasure, surely. Excepting Légal and Philidor, there is no one here that understands it. . . .

I. You are hard to please. I see that only the best finds favor with you.

He. Yes, in chess, checkers, poetry, oratory, music, and such other trumpery. Of what possible use is mediocrity in these things?

I. I am almost ready to agree with you. . . .

He. You have always shown some interest in me, because I'm a poor devil whom you really despise, but who after all amuses you.

I. That is true.

He. Then let me tell you. (Before beginning, he drew a deep sigh, covered his forehead with both hands, then with calm countenance continued: —) You know I am ignorant, foolish, silly, shameless, rascally, gluttonous.

I. What a panegyric!

He. It is entirely true. Not a word to be abated; no contradiction, I pray you. No one knows me better than I know myself, and I don't tell all.

I. Rather than anger you, I will assent.

He. Now, just think, I lived with people who valued me precisely because all these qualities were mine in a high degree.

I. That is most remarkable. I have hitherto believed that people concealed these qualities even from themselves, or excused them, but always despised them in others.

He. Conceal them? Is that possible? You may be sure that when Palissot is alone and contemplates himself, he tells quite a different story. You may be sure that he and his companion make open confession to each other that they are a pair of arrant rogues. Despise these qualities in others? My people were much more reasonable, and I fared excellently well among them. I was cock of the walk. When absent, I was instantly missed. I was pampered. I was their little Rameau, their good Rameau, the shameless, ignorant, lazy Rameau, the fool, the clown, the gourmand. Each of these epithets was to me a smile, a caress, a slap on the back, a box on the ears, a kick, a dainty morsel thrown upon my plate at dinner, a liberty permitted me after dinner as if it were of no account; for I am of no account. People make of me and do before me and with me whatever they please, and I never give it a thought. . . .

I. You have been giving lessons, I understand, in accompaniment and composition?

He. Yes.

I. And you knew absolutely nothing about it?

He. No, by Heaven; and for that very reason I was a much better teacher than those who imagine they know something about it. At all events, I did n't spoil the taste nor ruin the hands of my young pupils. If when they left me they went to a competent master, they had nothing to unlearn, for they had learned nothing, and that was just so much time and money saved.

I. But how did you do it?

He. The way they all do it. I came, threw myself into a chair: — "How bad the weather is! How tired the pavement makes one!" Then some scraps of town gossip: . . . "At the last Amateur Concert there was an Italian woman who sang like an angel. . . . Poor Dumênil does n't know what to say or do," etc., etc. . . . "Come, mademoiselle, where is your music-book?" And as mademoiselle displays no great haste, searches every nook and corner for the book, which she has mislaid, and finally calls the maid to help her, I continue: — "Little Clairon is an enigma. There is talk of a perfectly absurd marriage of — what is her name?" — "Nonsense, Rameau, it is n't

possible." — "They say the affair is all settled." . . . "There is a rumor that Voltaire is dead." — "All the better." — "Why all the better?" — "Then he is sure to treat us to some droll skit. That 's a way he has, a fortnight before his death." What more should I say? I told a few scandals about the families in the houses where I am received, for we are all great scandal-mongers. In short, I played the fool; they listened and laughed, and exclaimed, "He is really too droll, is n't he?" Meanwhile the music-book had been found under a chair, where a little dog or a little cat had worried it, chewed it, and torn it. Then the pretty child sat down at the piano and began to make a frightful noise upon it. I went up to her, secretly making a sign of approbation to her mother. "Well, now, that is n't so bad," said the mother; "one needs only to make up one's mind to a thing; but the trouble is, one will not make up one's mind; one would rather kill time by chattering, trifling, running about, and God knows what. Scarcely do you turn your back but the book is closed, and not until you are at her side again is it opened. Besides, I have never heard you reprimand her." In the mean time, since something had to be done, I took her hands and placed them differently. I pretended to lose my patience; I shouted, — "Sol, sol, sol, mademoiselle, it 's a *sol*." The mother: "Mademoiselle, have you no ears? I 'm not at the piano, I 'm not looking at your notes, but my own feeling tells me that it ought to be a *sol*. You give the gentleman infinite trouble. You remember nothing, and make no progress." To break the force of this reproof a little, I tossed my head and said: "Pardon me, madame, pardon me. It would be better if mademoiselle would only practise a little, but after all it is not so bad." — "In your place I would keep her a whole year at one piece." — "Rest assured, I shall not let her off until she has mastered every difficulty; and that will not take so long, perhaps, as mademoiselle thinks." — "Monsieur Rameau, you flatter her; you are too good." And that is the only thing they would remember of the whole lesson, and would upon occasion repeat to me. So the lesson came to an end. My pupil handed me the fee, with a graceful gesture and a courtesy which her dancing-master had taught her. I put the money into my pocket, and the mother said, "That 's very nice, mademoiselle. If Favillier were here, he would praise you." For appearance's sake I chattered for a minute or two more; then I vanished; and that is what they called in those days a lesson in accompaniment.

I. And is the case different now?

He. Heavens! I should think so. I come in, I am serious, throw my muff aside, open the piano, try the keys, show signs of great impatience, and if I am kept a moment waiting I shout as if my purse had been stolen. In an hour I must be there or there; in two hours with the Duchess So-and-so; at noon I must go to the fair Marquise; and then there is to be a concert at Baron de Bagge's, Rue Neuve des Petits Champs.

I. And meanwhile no one expects you at all.

He. Certainly not. . . . And precisely because I can further my fortune through vices which come natural to me, which I acquired without labor and practice without effort, which are in harmony with the customs of my countrymen, which are quite to the taste of my patrons, and better adapted to their special needs than inconvenient virtues would be, which from morning to night would be standing accusations against them, it would be strange indeed if I should torture myself like one of the damned to twist and turn and make of myself something which I am not, and hide myself beneath a character foreign to me, and assume the most estimable qualities, whose worth I will not dispute, but which I could acquire and live up to only by great exertions, and which after all would lead to nothing, — perhaps to worse than nothing. Moreover, ought a beggar like me, who lives upon the wealthy, constantly to hold up to his patrons a mirror of good conduct? People praise virtue but hate it; they fly from it, let it freeze; and in this world a man has to keep his feet warm. Besides, I should always be in the sourest humor: for why is it that the pious and the devotional are so hard, so repellent, so unsociable? It is because they have imposed upon themselves a task contrary to their nature. They suffer, and when a man suffers he makes others suffer. Now, that is no affair of mine or of my patrons'. I must be in good spirits, easy, affable, full of sallies, drollery, and folly. Virtue demands reverence, and reverence is inconvenient; virtue challenges admiration, and admiration is not entertaining. I have to do with people whose time hangs heavy on their hands; they want to laugh. Now consider the folly: the ludicrous makes people laugh, and I therefore must be a fool; I must be amusing, and if nature had not made me so, then by hook or by crook I should have made myself seem so. Fortunately I have no need to play the hypocrite. There are hypocrites enough of all colors without me, and not counting those who

deceive themselves. . . . Should it ever occur to friend Rameau to play Cato, to despise fortune, women, good living, idleness, what would he be? A hypocrite. Let Rameau remain what he is, a happy robber among wealthy robbers, and a man without either real or boasted virtue. In short, your idea of happiness, the happiness of a few enthusiastic dreamers like you, has no charm for me. . . .

I. He earns his bread dearly, who in order to live must assail virtue and knowledge.

He. I have already told you that we are of no consequence. We slander all men and grieve none.

[The dialogue reverts to music.]

I. Every imitation has its original in nature. What is the musician's model when he breaks into song?

He. Why do you not grasp the subject higher up? What is song?

I. That, I confess, is a question beyond my powers. That 's the way with us all. The memory is stored with words only, which we think we understand because we often use them and even apply them correctly, but in the mind we have only indefinite conceptions. When I use the word "song," I have no more definite idea of it than you and the majority of your kind have when you say reputation, disgrace, honor, vice, virtue, shame, propriety, mortification, ridicule.

He. Song is an imitation in tones, produced either by the voice or by instruments, of a scale invented by art, or if you will, established by nature; an imitation of physical sounds or passionate utterances; and you see, with proper alterations this definition could be made to fit painting, oratory, sculpture, and poetry. Now to come to your question, What is the model of the musician or of song? It is the declamation, when the model is alive or sensate; it is the tone, when the model is insensate. The declamation must be regarded as a line, and the music as another line which twines about it. The stronger and the more genuine is this declamation, this model of song, the more numerous the points at which the accompanying music intersects it, the more beautiful will it be. And this our younger composers have clearly perceived. When one hears "Je suis un pauvre diable," one feels that it is a miser's complaint. If he did n't sing, he would address the earth in the very same tones when he intrusts to its keeping his gold:

"O terre, reçois mon trésor." . . . In such works with the greatest variety of characters, there is a convincing truth of declamation that is unsurpassed. I tell you, go, go, and hear the aria where the young man who feels that he is dying, cries out, "Mon cœur s'en va." Listen to the air, listen to the accompaniment, and then tell me what difference there is between the true tones of a dying man and the handling of this music. You will see that the line of the melody exactly coincides with the line of declamation. I say nothing of the time, which is one of the conditions of song; I confine myself to the expression, and there is nothing truer than the statement which I have somewhere read, "Musices seminarium accentus," — the accent is the seed-plot of the melody. And for that reason, consider how difficult and important a matter it is to be able to write a good recitative. There is no beautiful aria out of which a beautiful recitative could not be made; no beautiful recitative out of which a clever man could not produce a beautiful aria. I will not assert that one who recites well will also be able to sing well, but I should be much surprised if a good singer could not recite well. And you may believe all that I tell you now, for it is true.

(And then he walked up and down and began to hum a few arias from the "Île des Fous," etc., exclaiming from time to time, with upturned eyes and hands upraised: —) "Is n't that beautiful, great heavens! is n't that beautiful? Is it possible to have a pair of ears on one's head and question its beauty?" Then as his enthusiasm rose he sang quite softly, then more loudly as he became more impassioned, then with gestures, grimaces, contortions of body. "Well," said I, "he is losing his mind, and I may expect a new scene." And in fact, all at once he burst out singing. . . . He passed from one aria to another, fully thirty of them, — Italian, French, tragic, comic, of every sort. Now with a deep bass he descended into hell; then, contracting his throat, he split the upper air with a falsetto, and in gait, mien, and action he imitated the different singers, by turns raving, commanding, mollified, scoffing. There was a little girl that wept, and he hit off all her pretty little ways. Then he was a priest, a king, a tyrant; he threatened, commanded, stormed; then he was a slave and submissive. He despaired, he grew tender, he lamented, he laughed, always in the tone, the time, the sense of the words, of the character, of the situation.

All the chess-players had left their boards and were gathered around him; the windows of the café were crowded with passers-by, attracted by the noise. There was laughter enough to bring down the ceiling. He noticed nothing, but went on in such a rapt state of mind, in an enthusiasm so close to madness, that I was uncertain whether he would recover, or if he would be thrown into a cab and taken straight to the madhouse; the while he sang the Lamentations of Jomelli.

With precision, fidelity, and incredible warmth he rendered one of the finest passages, the superb obligato recitative in which the prophet paints the destruction of Jerusalem; he wept himself, and the eyes of the listeners were moist. More could not be desired in delicacy of vocalization, nor in the expression of overwhelming grief. He dwelt especially on those parts in which the great composer has shown his greatness most clearly. When he was not singing, he took the part of the instruments; these he quickly dropped again, to return to the vocal part, weaving one into the other so perfectly that the connection, the unity of the whole, was preserved. He took possession of our souls and held them in the strangest suspense I have ever experienced. Did I admire him? Yes, I admired him. Was I moved and melted? I was moved and melted, and yet something of the ludicrous mingled itself with these feelings and modified their nature.

But you would have burst out laughing at the way he imitated the different instruments. With a rough muffled tone and puffed-out cheeks he represented horns and bassoon; for the oboe he assumed a rasping nasal tone; with incredible rapidity he made his voice run over the string instruments, whose tones he endeavored to reproduce with the greatest accuracy; the flute passages he whistled; he rumbled out the sounds of the German flute; he shouted and sang with the gestures of a madman, and so alone and unaided he impersonated the entire ballet corps, the singers, the whole orchestra, — in short, a complete performance, — dividing himself into twenty different characters, running, stopping, with the mien of one entranced, with glittering eyes and foaming mouth. . . . He was quite beside himself. Exhausted by his exertions, like a man awakening from a deep sleep or emerging from a long period of abstraction, he remained motionless, stupefied, astonished. He looked about him in bewilderment, like one trying to recognize the place in which he finds himself. He

awaited the return of his strength, of his consciousness; he dried his face mechanically. Like one who upon awaking finds his bed surrounded by groups of people, in complete oblivion and profound unconsciousness of what he had been doing, he cried, "Well, gentlemen, what's the matter? What are you laughing at? What are you wondering about? What's the matter?"

I. My dear Rameau, let us talk again of music. Tell me how it comes that with the facility you display for appreciating the finest passages of the great masters, for retaining them in your memory, and for rendering them to the delight of others with all the enthusiasm with which the music inspires you,—how comes it that you have produced nothing of value yourself?

(Instead of answering me, he tossed his head, and raising his finger towards heaven, cried:—)

The stars, the stars! When nature made Leo, Vinci, Pergolese, Duni, she wore a smile; her face was solemn and commanding when she created my dear uncle Rameau, who for ten years has been called the great Rameau, and who will soon be named no more. But when she scraped his nephew together, she made a face and a face and a face. — (And as he spoke he made grimaces, one of contempt, one of irony, one of scorn. He went through the motions of kneading dough, and smiled at the ludicrous forms he gave it. Then he threw the strange pagoda from him.) So she made me and threw me down among other pagodas, some with portly well-filled paunches, short necks, protruding goggle eyes, and an apoplectic appearance; others with lank and crooked necks and emaciated forms, with animated eyes and hawks' noses. These all felt like laughing themselves to death when they saw me, and when I saw them I set my arms akimbo and felt like laughing myself to death, for fools and clowns take pleasure in one another; seek one another out, attract one another. Had I not found upon my arrival in this world the proverb ready-made, that the money of fools is the inheritance of the clever, the world would have owed it to me. I felt that nature had put my inheritance into the purse of the pagodas, and I tried in a thousand ways to recover it.

I. I know these ways. You have told me of them. I have admired them. But with so many capabilities, why do you not try to accomplish something great?

He. That is exactly what a man of the world said to the

Abbé Le Blanc. The abbé replied : — " The Marquise de Pompadour takes me in hand and brings me to the door of the Academy ; then she withdraws her hand ; I fall and break both legs." — " You ought to pull yourself together," rejoined the man of the world, " and break the door in with your head." — " I have just tried that," answered the abbé, " and do you know what I got for it? A bump on the head." . . . (Then he drank a swallow from what remained in the bottle and turned to his neighbor.) Sir, I beg you for a pinch of snuff. That 's a fine snuff-box you have there. You are a musician ? No ! All the better for you. They are a lot of poor deplorable wretches. Fate made me one of them, me ! Meanwhile at Montmartre there is a mill, and in the mill there is perhaps a miller or a miller's lad, who will never hear anything but the roaring of the mill, and who might have composed the most beautiful of songs. Rameau, get you to the mill, to the mill ; it 's there you belong. . . . But it is half-past five. I hear the vesper bell which summons me too. Farewell. It 's true, is it not, philosopher, I am always the same Rameau ?

I. Yes, indeed. Unfortunately.

He. Let me enjoy my misfortune forty years longer. He laughs best who laughs last.

LAERTIUS DIOGENES.

DIOGENES, LAERTIUS, the biographer of the Greek philosophers, supposed by some to have received his surname from the town of Laerte, in Cilicia, where he was born, and by others from the Roman family of the Laertii, lived, as near as can be determined, just previous to 200 A. D.

Of his youth, education, and general circumstances of his life, very little is known. Even the period in which he wrote — probably during the reign of Septimius Severus (193–121) — is altogether a matter of conjecture, and his personal opinions are equally uncertain. Some good authorities claim that he was a Christian, but from recent researches it is more probable that he was an Epicurean. He is known to have been the author of a biographical work giving an account of the lives and sayings of the Greek philosophers. While the best that can be said of this work is that it is an uncritical and unphilosophical compilation, yet its value, in so far as it gives us an insight into the private life of the Greek sages, is great. The beginning of the work classes the philosophers into the Ionic and Italic Schools, the former class beginning with the biography of Anaximander and ending with Clitomachus, Theophrastus, and Chrysippus; the latter class beginning with Pythagoras and ending with Epicurus.

"The compilation of Diogenes is of incalculable value to us as a source of information concerning the history of Greek philosophy." "It contains a rich store of living features, which serve to illustrate the private life of the Greeks, and a considerable number of fragments of works which are lost."

LIFE OF SOCRATES.

(From the "Lives and Sayings of the Philosophers.")

SOCRATES was the son of Sophroniscus a sculptor and Phænarete a midwife [as Plato also states in the "Theætetus"], and an Athenian, of the deme Alopeke. He was believed to aid Euripides in composing his dramas. Hence Mnesimachus speaks thus: —

"This is Euripides's new play, the 'Phrygians:'
And Socrates has furnished him the sticks."

And again: —

"Euripides, Socratically patched."

Callias also in his "Captives," says: —

A — "Why art so solemn, putting on such airs?
B — Indeed I may; the cause is Socrates."

Aristophanes, in the "Clouds," again, remarks: —

"And this is he who for Euripides
Composed the talkative wise tragedies."

He was a pupil of Anaxagoras, according to some authorities, but also of Damon, as Alexander states in his "Successions." After the former's condemnation he became a disciple of Archelaus the natural philosopher. But Douris says he was a slave and carried stones. Some say, too, that the Graces on the Acropolis are his; they are clothed figures. Hence, they say, Timon in his "Silli" declares: —

"From them proceeded the stone-polisher,
Prater on law, enchanter of the Greeks,
Who taught the art of subtle argument,
The nose-in-air, mocker of orators,
Half Attic, the adept in irony."

For he was also clever in discussion. But the Thirty Tyrants, as Xenophon tells us, forbade him to teach the art of arguing. Aristophanes also brings him on in comedy, making the Worse Argument seem the better. He was moreover the first, with his pupil Æschines, to teach oratory. He was likewise the first who conversed about life, and the first of the philosophers who came to his end by being condemned to death. We are also told that he lent out money. At least, investing it, he would collect what was due, and then after spending it invest again. But Demetrius the Byzantine says it was Crito who, struck by the charm of his character, took him out of the workshop and educated him.

Realizing that natural philosophy was of no interest to men, it is said, he discussed ethics, in the workshops and in the agora, and used to say he was seeking

"Whatsoever is good in human dwellings, or evil."

And very often, we are told, when in these discussions he conversed too violently, he was beaten or had his hair pulled out, and was usually laughed to scorn. So once when he was kicked, and bore it patiently, some one expressed surprise; but he said, "If an ass had kicked me, would I bring an action against him?"

Foreign travel he did not require, as most men do, except when he had to serve in the army. At other times, remaining in Athens, he disputed in argumentative fashion with those who conversed with him, not so as to deprive them of their belief, but to strive for the ascertainment of truth. They say Euripides gave him the work of Heraclitus, and asked him, "What do you think of it?" And he said, "What I understood is fine; I suppose what I did not understand is, too; only it needs a Delian diver!" He attended also to physical training, and was in excellent condition. Moreover, he went on the expedition to Amphipolis, and when Xenophon had fallen from his horse in the battle of Delium he picked him up and saved him. Indeed, when all the other Athenians were fleeing he retreated slowly, turning about calmly, and on the lookout to defend himself if attacked. He also joined the expedition to Potidæa — by sea, for the war prevented a march by land; and it was there he was said once to have remained standing in one position all night. There too, it is said, he was pre-eminent in valor, but gave up the prize to Alcibiades, of whom he is stated to have been very fond. Ion of Chios says moreover that when young he visited Samos with Archelaus, and Aristotle states that he went to Delphi. Favorinus again, in the first book of his "Commentaries," says he went to the Isthmus.

He was also very firm in his convictions and devoted to the democracy, as was evident from his not yielding to Critias and his associates when they bade him bring Leon of Salamis, a wealthy man, to them to be put to death. He was also the only one who opposed the condemnation of the ten generals. When he could have escaped from prison, too, he would not. The friends who wept at his fate he reproved, and while in prison he composed those beautiful discourses.

He was also temperate and austere. Once, as Pamphila tells us in the seventh book of her "Commentaries," Alcibiades offered him a great estate, on which to build a house; and he said, "If I needed sandals, and you offered me a hide from which to make them for myself, I should be laughed at if I took it." Often, too, beholding the multitude of things for sale, he would say to

himself, "How many things I do not need!" He used constantly to repeat aloud these iambic verses: —

"But silver plate and garb of purple dye
To actors are of use, — but not in life."

He disdained the tyrants, — Archelaus of Macedon, Scopas of Crannon, Eurylochus of Melissa, — not accepting gifts from them nor visiting them. He was so regular in his way of living that he was frequently the only one not ill when Athens was attacked by the plague.

Aristotle says he wedded two wives, the first Xanthippe, who bore him Lamprocles, and the second Myrto, daughter of Aristides the Just, whom he received without dowry and by whom he had Sophroniscus and Menexenus. Some however say he married Myrto first; and some again that he had them both at once, as the Athenians on account of scarcity of men passed a law to increase the population, permitting any one to marry one Athenian woman and have children by another; so Socrates did this.

He was a man also able to disdain those who mocked him. He prided himself on his simple manner of living, and never exacted any pay. He used to say he who ate with best appetite had least need of delicacies, and he who drank with best appetite had least need to seek a draught not at hand; and that he who had fewest needs was nearest the gods. This indeed we may learn from the comic poets, who in their very ridicule covertly praise him. Thus Aristophanes says: —

"O thou who hast righteously set thy heart on attaining to noble wisdom,
How happy the life thou wilt lead among the Athenians and the Hellenes!
Shrewdness and memory both are thine, and energy unwearied
Of mind; and never art thou tired from standing or from walking.
By cold thou art not vexed at all, nor dost thou long for breakfast.
Wine thou dost shun, and gluttony, and every other folly."

Ameipsias also, bringing him upon the stage in the philosopher's cloak, says: —

"O Socrates, best among few men, most foolish of many, thou also
Art come unto us; thou'rt a patient soul; but where didst get that doublet?

That wretched thing in mockery was presented by the cobblers!
Yet though so hungry, he never however has stooped to flatter a mortal."

This disdain and arrogance in Socrates has also been exposed by Aristophanes, who says: —

"Along the streets you haughtily strut; your eyes roll hither and thither:
Barefooted, enduring discomforts, you go with countenance solemn among us."

And yet sometimes, suiting himself to the occasion, he dressed finely; as when for instance in Plato's "Symposium" he goes to Agathon's.

He was a man able both to urge others to action, and to dissuade them. Thus, when he conversed with Theætetus on Knowledge, he sent him away inspired, as Plato says. Again, when Euthyphron had indicted his own father for manslaughter, by conversing with him on piety Socrates turned him from his purpose. Lysis also by his exhortations he rendered a most moral man. He was moreover skilful in fitting his arguments to the circumstances. He changed the feeling of his son Lamprocles when he was enraged with his mother, as Xenophon somewhere relates. Plato's brother Glaucon, who wished to be active in politics, he dissuaded because of his inexperience, as Xenophon states; but Charmides on the other hand, who was well fitted, he urged on. He roused the spirit of Iphicrates the general also, pointing out to him the cocks of Midias the barber fighting those of Callias. He said it was strange that every man could tell easily how many sheep he had, but could not call by name the friends whom he had acquired, so negligent were men in that regard. Once seeing Euclid devoting great pains to captious arguments, he said, "O Euclid, you will be able to manage sophists — but men, never!" For he thought hair-splitting on such matters useless, as Plato also says in his "Euthydemus."

When Glaucon offered him some slaves so that he might make a profit on them, he did not take them.

He praised leisure as the best of possessions, as Xenophon also says in his "Symposium." He used to say, too, that there was but one good — knowledge; and one evil — ignorance. Wealth and birth, he said, had no value, but were on the contrary wholly an evil. So when some one told him Antisthenes's mother

was a Thracian, "Did you think," quoth he, "so fine a man must be the child of two Athenians?" When Phædo had been captured in war and shamefully enslaved, Socrates bade Crito ransom him, and made him a philosopher.

He also learned, when already an old man, to play the lyre, saying there was no absurdity in learning what one did not know. He used to dance frequently, too, thinking this exercise helpful to health. This Xenophon tells us in the "Symposium."

He used to say that his Dæmon foretold future events: and that he knew nothing, except that very fact that he did know nothing. Those who bought at a great price what was out of season, he said, had no hope of living till the season came around. Once being asked what was virtue in a young man, he said, "To avoid excess in all things." He used to say one should study geometry (surveying) just enough to be able to measure land in buying and selling it.

When Euripides in the "Auge" said of virtue: —

"These things were better left to lie untouched,"

he rose up and left the theatre, saying it was absurd to think it proper to seek for a slave if he was not to be found, but to let virtue perish unregarded. When his advice was asked whether to marry or not, he said, "Whichever you do, you will regret it!" He used to say that he marvelled that those who made stone statues took pains to make the stone as like the man as possible, but took none with themselves, that they might not be like the stone. He thought it proper for the young to look constantly in the mirror, so that if they had beauty they might prove themselves worthy of it, and if they were ugly, that they might conceal their ugliness by their accomplishments.

When he had invited rich friends to dinner, and Xanthippe was ashamed, he said, "Do not be troubled. If they are sensible, they will bear with us. If not, we shall care nothing for them." Most men, he said, lived to eat; but he ate to live. As to those who showed regard for the opinions of the ignoble multitude, he said it was as if a man should reject one tetradrachm [coin] as worthless, but accept a heap of such coins as good. When Æschines said, "I am poor and have nothing else, but I give you myself," he said, "Do you then not realize you are offering me the greatest of gifts?" To him who said, "The Athenians have condemned you to death," he responded, "And nature has condemned them also thereto:" though some ascribe this to Anax-

agoras. When his wife exclaimed, "You die innocent!" he answered, "Do you wish I were guilty?"

When a vision in sleep seemed to say: —

"Three days hence thou'lt come to the fertile region of Phthia,"

he said to Æschines, "On the third day I shall die." When he was to drink the hemlock, Apollodorus gave him a fine garment to die in: "But why," quoth he, "is this garment of mine good enough to live in, but not to perish in?" To him who said, "So-and-so speaks ill of you," he answered, "Yes, he has not learned to speak well." When Antisthenes turned the ragged side of his cloak to the light, he remarked, "I see your vanity through your cloak." He declared we ought to put ourselves expressly at the service of the comedy writers: "For if they say anything about us that is true, they will correct us; and if what they say be untrue, it does not concern us at all."

When Xanthippe had first reviled him, then drenched him with water, "Did n't I tell you," said he, "it was thundering and would soon rain?" To Alcibiades, who said Xanthippe's scolding was unbearable, he replied, "I am accustomed to it, as to a constantly creaking pulley. And you," he added, "endure the cackling of geese." Alcibiades said, "Yes, for they bring me eggs and goslings." "And Xanthippe," retorted Socrates, "bears me children." Once when she pulled off his cloak in the agora, his friends advised him to defend himself with force. "Yes," said he, "by Jove, so that as we fight, each of you may cry, 'Well done, Socrates!' 'Good for you, Xanthippe!'" He used to say he practised on Xanthippe just as trainers do with spirited horses. "Just as they if they master them are able to control any other horse, so I who am accustomed to Xanthippe shall get on easily with any one else."

It was for such words and acts as this that the Delphic priestess bore witness in his honor, giving to Chairephon that famous response: —

"Wisest of all mankind is Socrates."

He became extremely unpopular on account of this oracle; but also because he convicted of ignorance those who had a great opinion of themselves, particularly Anytus, as Plato also says in the "Meno." For Anytus, enraged at the ridicule Socrates brought upon him, first urged Aristophanes and the rest on to attack him, and then induced Meletus to join in indicting him for impi-

ety and for corrupting the young men. Plato in the "Apology" says there were three accusers, — Anytus, Lycon, and Meletus: Anytus being incensed at him in behalf of the artisans and politicians, Lycon for the orators, and Meletus for the poets, all of whom Socrates pulled to pieces. The sworn statement of the plaintiffs ran as follows; for it is still recorded, Favorinus says, in the State archives: — Socrates is guilty, not honoring the gods whom the State honors, but introducing other strange divinities; and he is further guilty of corrupting the young. Penalty, death."

When Lysias wrote a speech for his defence, he read it, and said, "A fine speech, Lysias, but not suited to me;" for indeed it was rather a lawyer's plea than a philosopher's. Lysias said, "But why, if the speech is a fine one, should it not be suitable for you?" Socrates replied, "Would not fine robes, then, and sandals, be unfitting for me?"

While he was on trial, it is stated that Plato ascended the bema and began, "Being the youngest, O men of Athens, of all who ever came upon the bema" — but at this point the judges cried out, "Come down! come down!" So he was convicted by two hundred and eighty-one votes more than were cast for his acquittal. And when the judges considered what penalty or fine he should receive, he said he would pay five-and-twenty drachmæ. Euboulides says he agreed to pay a hundred, but when the judges expressed their indignation aloud, he said, "For what I have done, I consider the proper return to be support at the public expense in the town hall." But they condemned him to death, the vote being larger than before by eighty.

Not many days later he drank the hemlock in the prison, after uttering many noble words, recorded by Plato in the "Phædo." According to some, he wrote a poem beginning —

"Greeting, Apollo of Delos, and Artemis, youthful and famous."

He also versified, not very successfully, a fable of Æsop's which began —

"Æsop once to the people who dwell in the city of Corinth
Said, 'Let virtue be judged not by the popular voice.'"

So he passed from among men; but straightway the Athenians repented of their action, so that they closed the gymnasia, and exiling the other accusers, put Meletus to death. Socrates they honored with a statue of bronze, the work of Lysippus,

which was set up in the Pompeion. Anytus in exile, entering Heraclea, was warned out of town that very day.

The Athenians have had the same experience not only in Socrates's case, but with many others. Indeed, it is stated that they fined Homer as a madman, and adjudged Tyrtæus to be crazy. Euripides reproves them in the "Palamedes," saying —

"Ye have slain, ye have slain the all-wise, the harmless nightingale of the Muses."

That is so. But Philochorus says Euripides died before Socrates.

Socrates and Euripides were both disciples of Anaxagoras. It appears to me, too, that Socrates did talk on natural philosophy. In fact, Xenophon says so, though he states that Socrates held discourse only upon moral questions. Plato indeed, in the "Apology," mentioning Anaxagoras and other natural philosophers, himself says of them things whereof Socrates denies any knowledge; yet it is all ascribed to Socrates.

Aristotle states that a certain mage from Syria came to Athens, and among other prophecies concerning Socrates foretold that his death would be a violent one.

The following verses upon him are our own: —

Drink, in the palace of Zeus, O Socrates, seeing that truly
Thou by a god wert called wise, who is wisdom itself.
Foolish Athenians, who to thee offered the potion of hemlock,
Through thy lips themselves draining the cup to the dregs!

Examples of Greek Wit and Wisdom.

BIAS.

Once he was on a voyage with some impious men. The vessel was overtaken by a storm, and they began to call upon the gods for aid. But Bias said, "Be silent, so they may not discover that you are aboard our ship!"

He declared it was pleasanter to decide a dispute between his enemies than between friends. "For of two friends," he explained, "one is sure to become my enemy; but of two enemies I make one friend."

PLATO.

It is said Socrates, in a dream, seemed to be holding on his knees a cygnet, which suddenly grew wings and flew aloft, singing sweetly. Next day Plato came to him; and Socrates said he was the bird.

It is told that Plato, once seeing a man playing at dice, reproved him. "The stake is but a trifle," said the other. "Yes, but," responded Plato, "the habit is no trifle."

Once when Xenocrates came into Plato's house, the latter bade him scourge his slave for him, explaining that he could not do it himself, because he was angry. Again he said to one of his slaves, "You would have had a beating if I were not angry."

ARISTIPPUS.

Dionysius once asked him why it is that the philosophers are seen at rich men's doors, not the rich men at the doors of the sages. Aristippus replied, "Because the wise realize what they lack, but the rich do not." On a repetition of the taunt on another occasion he retorted, "Yes, and physicians are seen at sick men's doors; yet none would choose to be the patient rather than the leech!"

Once when overtaken by a storm on a voyage to Corinth, he was badly frightened. Somebody said to him, "We ordinary folk are not afraid, but you philosophers play the coward." "Yes," was his reply, "we are not risking the loss of any such wretched life as yours."

Some one reproached him for his extravagance in food. He answered, "If you could buy these same things for threepence, would n't you do it?" — "Oh yes." — "Why, then, 't is not I who am too fond of the luxurious food, but you that are over-fond of your money!"

ARISTOTLE.

When asked, "What is Hope?" he answered, "The dream of a man awake." Asked what grows old quickest, he replied, "Gratitude." When told that some one had slandered him in his absence, he said, "He may beat me too — in my absence!" Being asked how much advantage the educated have over the ignorant, he replied, "As much as the living over the dead."

Some one asked him why we spend much time in the society of the beautiful. "That," he said, "is a proper question for a blind man!" [*Cf.* Emerson's "Rhodora."]

Once being asked how we should treat our friends, he said, "As we would wish them to treat us." Asked what a friend is, he answered, "One soul abiding in two bodies."

THEOPHRASTUS.

To a man who at a feast was persistently silent, he remarked, "If you are ignorant, you are acting wisely; if you are intelligent, you are behaving foolishly."

DEMETRIUS.

It was a saying of his that to friends in prosperity we should go when invited, but to those in misfortune unbidden.

When told that the Athenians had thrown down his statues, he answered, "But not my character, for which they erected them."

ANTISTHENES.

Some one asked him what he gained from philosophy. He replied, "The power to converse with myself."

He advised the Athenians to pass a vote that asses were horses. When they thought that irrational, he said, "But certainly your generals are not such because they have learned anything, but simply because you have elected them!"

DIOGENES.

He used to say that when in the course of his life he saw pilots, and physicians, and philosophers, he thought man the most sensible of animals; but when he saw interpreters of dreams, and soothsayers, and those who paid attention to them, and those puffed up by fame or wealth, he believed no creature was sillier than man.

Some said to him, "You are an old man. Take life easy now." He replied, "And if I were running the long-distance race, should I when nearing the goal slacken, and not rather exert myself?"

When he saw a child drink out of his hands, he took the cup out of his wallet and flung it away, saying, "A child has beaten me in simplicity."

He used to argue thus, "All things belong to the gods. The wise are the friends of the gods. The goods of friends are common property. Therefore all things belong to the wise."

To one who argued that *motion* was impossible, he made no answer, but rose and walked away.

When the Athenians urged him to be initiated into the Mys-

teries, assuring him that in Hades those who were initiated have the front seats, he replied, "It is ludicrous, if Agesilaus and Epaminondas are to abide in the mud, and some ignoble wretches who are initiated are to dwell in the Isles of the Blest!"

Plato made the definition "Man is a two-footed featherless animal," and was much praised for it. Diogenes plucked a fowl and brought it into his school, saying, "This is Plato's man!" So the addition was made to the definition, "with broad nails."

When a man asked him what was the proper hour for lunch, he said, "If you are rich, when you please; if you are poor, when you can get it."

He used often to shout aloud that an easy life had been given by the gods to men, but they had covered it from sight in their search for honey-cakes and perfumes and such things.

The musician who was always left alone by his hearers he greeted with "Good morning, cock!" When the other asked him the reason, he said, "Because your music starts everybody up."

When an exceedingly superstitious man said to him, "With one blow I will break your head!" he retorted, "And with a sneeze at your left side I will make you tremble."

When asked what animal had the worst bite, he said, "Of wild beasts the sycophant; and of tame creatures the flatterer."

Being asked when was the proper time to marry, he responded, "For young men, not yet; and for old men, not at all."

When he was asked what sort of wine he enjoyed drinking, he answered, "Another man's." [Of a different temper was Dante, who knew too well "how salt the bread of others tastes!"]

Some one advised him to hunt up his runaway slave. But he replied, "It is ridiculous if Manes lives without Diogenes, but Diogenes cannot without Manes."

When asked why men give to beggars, but not to philosophers, he said, "Because they expect themselves to become lame and blind; but philosophers, never!"

ISAAC DISRAELI.

Disraeli, Isaac, an English writer; born at Enfield, near London, in 1766; died in 1848. His father, a Venetian, moved to England in 1748. Isaac was intended for commercial pursuits, and he was sent to a college at Amsterdam, from which he returned at the age of eighteen, prepared to publish a poem against commerce. His parents then sent him to travel in France. He spent much of the time in libraries and with literary men, and on his return, in 1789, published a satire, "On the Abuse of Satire." Through the influence of Mr. Pye, the elder Disraeli was persuaded to cease opposing the literary tastes of his son, who, in 1790, produced a "Defence of Poetry," of which he afterward destroyed all the copies he could obtain. In 1791–1834 he published "The Curiosities of Literature," in six volumes. "Miscellanies, or Literary Recreations," appeared in 1796. This work was followed by "Vaurien, or Sketches of the Times" (1797); "Romances," a volume of prose tales (1799); "Narrative Poems" (1803); "Flimflams, or the Life and Errors of my Uncle and the Amours of my Aunt" (1805); "Despotism, or the Fall of the Jesuits," a novel (1811); "The Calamities of Authors" (1812–13); "The Quarrels of Authors" (1814); and "The Literary Character, or the History of Men of Genius" (1795). "The Life and Reign of Charles I." (1828–31) gained for him from Oxford the degree of D. C. L. A selection from his manuscripts was published in 1841 under the title of "The Amenities of Literature."

Palingenesis.

(From "Curiosities of Literature.")

Never was a philosophical imagination more beautiful than that exquisite *Palingenesis*, as it has been termed from the Greek, or a re-generation: or rather, the apparitions of animals, and plants. Shoot, Kircher, Gaffarel, Borelli, Digby, and the whole of that admirable school, discovered in the ashes of plants their primitive forms, which were again raised up by the force of heat. Nothing, they say, perishes in nature; all is but a con-

tinuation, or a revival. The *semina* of resurrection are concealed in extinct bodies, as in the blood of man; the ashes of roses will again revive into roses, though smaller and paler than if they had been planted; unsubstantial and unodoriferous, they are not roses which grow on rose-trees, but their delicate apparitions; and like apparitions, they are seen but for a moment! The process of the *Palingenesis*, this picture of immortality, is described. These philosophers having burnt a flower, by calcination disengaged the salts from its ashes, and deposited them in a glass phial; a chemical mixture acted on it, till in the fermentation they assumed a bluish and spectral hue. This dust, thus excited by heat, shoots upward into its primitive forms; by sympathy the parts unite, and while each is returning to its destined place, we see distinctly the stalk, the leaves, and the flower arise; it is the pale spectre of a flower coming slowly forth from its ashes. The heat passes away, the magical scene declines, till the whole matter again precipitates itself into the chaos at the bottom. This vegetable phœnix lies thus concealed in its cold ashes, till the presence of heat produces its resurrection — in its absence it returns to its death.

The Necessity of Solitude to Genius.

(From the "Literary Character.")

It is, however, only in solitude that the genius of eminent men has been formed. There their first thoughts sprang, and there it will become them to find their last: for the solitude of old age — and old age must be often in solitude — may be found the happiest with the literary character. Solitude is the nurse of enthusiasm, and enthusiasm is the true parent of genius. In all ages solitude has been called for, has been flown to. No considerable work was ever composed, till its author, like an ancient magician, first retired to the grove, or to the closet, to invocate. When genius languishes in an irksome solitude among crowds — that is the moment to fly into seclusion and meditation. There is a society in the deepest solitude; in all the men of genius of the past

"First of your kind, Society divine!"

and in themselves; for there only can they indulge in the romances of their soul, and there only can they occupy themselves in their dreams and their vigils, and, with the morning

fly without interruption to the labor they had reluctantly quitted. If there be not periods when they shall allow their days to melt harmoniously into each other, if they do not pass whole weeks together in their study, without intervening absences, they will not be admitted into the last recess of the Muses. Whether their glory comes from researches, or from enthusiasm, Time, with not a feather ruffled on his wings, Time alone opens discoveries and kindles meditation. This desert of solitude, so vast and so dreary to the man of the world, to the man of genius is the magical garden of Armida, whose enchantments arose amidst solitude, while solitude was everywhere among those enchantments.

Whenever Michelangelo, that "divine madman," as Richardson once wrote on the back of one of his drawings, was meditating on some great design, he closed himself up from the world. "Why do you lead so solitary a life?" asked a friend. "Art," replied the sublime artist, "Art is a jealous god; it requires the whole and entire man." During his mighty labor in the Sistine Chapel he refused to have any communication with any person even at his own house. Such undisturbed and solitary attention is demanded even by undoubted genius as the price of performance. How then shall we deem of that feebler race who exult in occasional excellence, and who so often deceive themselves by mistaking the evanescent flashes of genius for that holier flame which burns on its altar, because the fuel is incessantly applied?

We observe men of genius, in public situations, sighing for this solitude. Amidst the impediments of the world, they are doomed to view their intellectual banquet often rising before them like some fairy delusion, never to taste it.

The great Verulam often complained of the disturbances of his public life, and rejoiced in the occasional retirement he stole from public affairs. "And now, because I am in the country, I will send you some of my country fruits, which with me are good meditations; when I am in the city, they are choked with business."

Lord Clarendon, whose life so happily combined the contemplative with the active powers of man, dwells on three periods of retirement which he enjoyed; he always took pleasure in relating the great tranquillity of spirit experienced during his solitude at Jersey, where, for more than two years, employed on his history, he daily wrote "one sheet of large paper with his own hand." At the close of his life, his literary labors in

his other retirements are detailed with a proud satisfaction. Each of his solitudes occasioned a new acquisition; to one he owed the Spanish, to another the French, and to a third the Italian literature. The public are not yet acquainted with the fertility of Lord Clarendon's literary labors.

It was not vanity that induced Scipio to declare of solitude, that it had no loneliness for him, since he voluntarily retired amidst a glorious life to his Linternum. Cicero was uneasy amid applauding Rome, and has distinguished his numerous works by the title of his various villas. Aulus Gellius marked his solitude by his "Attic Nights." The "Golden Grove" of Jeremy Taylor is the produce of his retreat at the Earl of Carberry's seat in Wales; and the "Diversions of Purley" preserved a man of genius for posterity.

Voltaire had talents, well adapted for society; but at one period of his life he passed five years in the most secret seclusion, and indeed usually lived in retirement. Montesquieu quitted the brilliant circles of Paris for his books and his meditations, and was ridiculed by the gay triflers he deserted; "but my great work," he observes in triumph, "*avance à pas de géant.*" Harrington, to compose his "Oceana," severed himself from the society of his friends. Descartes, inflamed by genius, hires an obscure house in an unfrequented quarter of Paris, and there he passes two years unknown to his acquaintances. Adam Smith, after the publication of his first work, withdrew into a retirement that lasted ten years; even Hume rallies him for separating himself from the world; but by this means the great political inquirer satisfied the world by his great work. And thus it was with men of genius long ere Petrarch withdrew to his Valchiusa.

Poets, Philosophers, and Artists made by Accident.

(From "Curiosities of Literature.")

Accident has frequently occasioned the most eminent geniuses to display their powers. It was at Rome, says Gibbon, on the fifteenth of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind.

Father Malebranche, having completed his studies in philosophy and theology without any other intention than devot-

ing himself to some religious order, little expected the celebrity his works acquired for him. Loitering in an idle hour in the shop of a bookseller, and turning over a parcel of books, "L'Homme de Descartes" fell into his hands. Having dipt into some parts, he read with such delight that the palpitations of his heart compelled him to lay the volume down. It was this circumstance that produced those profound contemplations which made him the Plato of his age.

Cowley became a poet by accident. In his mother's apartment he found, when very young, Spenser's "Fairy Queen," and by a continual study of poetry he became so enchanted of the Muse that he grew irrecoverably a poet.

Dr. Johnson informs us that Sir Joshua Reynolds had the first fondness of his art excited by the perusal of Richardson's Treatise.

Vaucanson displayed an uncommon genius for mechanics. His taste was first determined by an accident: when young, he frequently attended his mother to the residence of her confessor; and while she wept with repentance, he wept with weariness! In this state of disagreeable vacation, says Helvetius, he was struck with the uniform motion of the pendulum of the clock in the hall. His curiosity was roused; he approached the clock-case, and studied its mechanism; what he could not discover he guessed at. He then projected a similar machine, and gradually his genius produced a clock. Encouraged by this first success, he proceeded in his various attempts; and the genius which thus could form a clock, in time formed a fluting automaton.

If Shakespeare's imprudence had not obliged him to quit his wool trade and his town; if he had not engaged with a company of actors, and at length, disgusted with being an indifferent performer, he had not turned author, the prudent wool-seller had never been the celebrated poet.

Accident determined the taste of Molière for the stage. His grandfather loved the theatre, and frequently carried him there. The young man lived in dissipation; the father, observing it, asked in anger if his son was to be made an actor. "Would to God," replied the grandfather, "he was as good an actor as Montrose." The words struck young Molière; he took a disgust to his tapestry trade; and it is to this circumstance France owes her greatest comic writer.

Corneille loved; he made verses for his mistress, became a

poet, composed "Mélite," and afterwards his other celebrated works. The discreet Corneille had remained a lawyer.

Thus it is that the devotion of a mother, the death of Cromwell, deer-stealing, the exclamation of an old man, and the beauty of a woman, have given five illustrious characters to Europe.

We owe the great discovery of Newton to a very trivial accident. When a student at Cambridge, he had retired during the time of the plague into the country. As he was reading under an apple-tree, one of the fruit fell, and struck him a smart blow on the head. When he observed the smallness of the apple, he was surprised at the force of the stroke. This led him to consider the accelerating motion of falling bodies; from whence he deduced the principle of gravity, and laid the foundation of his philosophy.

Ignatius Loyola was a Spanish gentleman, who was dangerously wounded at the siege of Pampeluna. Having heated his imagination by reading the "Lives of the Saints," which were brought to him in his illness instead of a romance, he conceived a strong ambition to be the founder of a religious order; whence originated the celebrated society of the Jesuits.

Rousseau found his eccentric powers first awakened by the advertisement of the singular annual subject which the Academy of Dijon proposed for that year, in which he wrote his celebrated Declamation against the arts and sciences; a circumstance which determined his future literary efforts.

La Fontaine, at the age of twenty-two, had not taken any profession or devoted himself to any pursuit. Having accidentally heard some verses of Malherbe, he felt a sudden impulse, which directed his future life. He immediately bought a Malherbe, and was so exquisitely delighted with this poet that, after passing the nights in treasuring his verses in his memory, he would run in the daytime to the woods, where, concealing himself, he would recite his verses to the surrounding dryads.

Flamsteed was an astronomer by accident. He was taken from school on account of his illness, when Sacrobosco's book "De Sphæra" having been lent to him, he was so pleased with it that he immediately began a course of astronomic studies.

Pennant's first propensity to natural history was the pleasure he received from an accidental perusal of Willoughby's work on birds; the same accident, of finding on the table of

his professor Reaumur's "History of Insects," — of which he read more than he attended to the lecture, — and having been refused the loan, gave such an instant turn to the mind of Bonnet that he hastened to obtain a copy, but found many difficulties in procuring this costly work. Its possession gave an unalterable direction to his future life: this naturalist indeed lost the use of his sight by his devotion to the microscope.

Dr. Franklin attributes the cast of his genius to a similar accident. "I found a work of Defoe's, entitled an 'Essay on Projects,' from which perhaps I derived impressions that have since influenced some of the principal events of my life."

I shall add the incident which occasioned Roger Ascham to write his "Schoolmaster," one of the most curious and useful treatises among our elder writers.

At a dinner given by Sir William Cecil during the plague in 1563, at his apartments at Windsor, where the Queen had taken refuge, a number of ingenious men were invited. Secretary Cecil communicated the news of the morning, that several scholars at Eton had run away on account of their master's severity, which he condemned as a great error in the education of youth. Sir William Petre maintained the contrary; severe in his own temper, he pleaded warmly in defence of hard flogging. Dr. Wootton, in softer tones, sided with the Secretary. Sir John Mason, adopting no side, bantered both. Mr. Haddon seconded the hard-hearted Sir William Petre, and adduced as an evidence that the best schoolmaster then in England was the hardest flogger. Then was it that Roger Ascham indignantly exclaimed that if such a master had an able scholar it was owing to the boy's genius and not the preceptor's rod. Secretary Cecil and others were pleased with Ascham's notions. Sir Richard Sackville was silent; but when Ascham after dinner went to the Queen to read one of the orations of Demosthenes, he took him aside, and frankly told him that though he had taken no part in the debate he would not have been absent from that conversation for a great deal; that he knew to his cost the truth Ascham had supported, for it was the perpetual flogging of such a schoolmaster that had given him an unconquerable aversion to study. And as he wished to remedy this defect in his own children, he earnestly exhorted Ascham to write his observations on so interesting a topic. Such was the circumstance which produced the admirable treatise of Roger Ascham.

SYDNEY THOMPSON DOBELL.

Dobell, Sydney Thompson, an English poet, born at Cranbrook, Kent, April 5, 1824; died at Nailsworth, Gloucester, August 22, 1874. In 1850 he published his first poem, "The Roman," under the *nom de plume* of "Sydney Yendys." This was followed in 1854 by "Balder." These poems found numerous admirers, and the author was looked upon for a while by many as the coming poet of his day. Mr. Dobell's subsequent productions were: "Sonnets on the War," in conjunction with Alexander Smith (1885); "England in Time of War," (1856); and "England's Day" (1871).

Dobell occupied a foremost place among the modern minor poets of England. His writings are marked by passionate love of nature and political liberty, originality, and an absence of humor.

How's my Boy?

"Ho, sailor of the sea!
How's my boy — my boy?" —
"What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what good ship sailed he?"

"My boy John —
He that went to sea —
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from the sea,
And not know my John?
I might as well have asked some landsman,
Yonder down in the town.
There's not an ass in all the parish
But knows my John.

"How's my boy — my boy?
And unless you let me know,
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no —
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no —

"Sure, his ship was the 'Jolly Briton'—"
"Speak low, woman, speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud
I'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?"—
"That good ship went down."

"How 's my boy — my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor?
I was never aboard her.
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I 'll be bound
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how 's my John?"—
"Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her."

"How 's my boy — my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I 'm not their mother.
How 's my boy — my boy?
Tell me of him and no other!
How 's my boy — my boy?"

The Sailor's Return.

This morn I lay a-dreaming,
This morn, this merry morn;
When the cock crew shrill from over the hill,
I heard a bugle horn.

And through the dream I was dreaming,
There sighed the sigh of the sea,
And through the dream I was dreaming,
This voice came singing to me:—

"High over the breakers,
Low under the lee,
Sing ho!
The billow,
And the lash of the rolling sea!

"Boat, boat, to the billow,
Boat, boat, to the lee!
Love, on thy pillow,
Art thou dreaming of me?

"Billow, billow, breaking,
Land us low on the lee!
For sleeping or waking,
Sweet love, I am coming to thee!

"High, high, o'er the breakers,
Low, low, on the lee,
Sing ho!
The billow
That brings me back to thee!"

Afloat and Ashore.

"Tumble and rumble, and grumble and snort,
Like a whale to starboard, a whale to port;
Tumble and rumble, and grumble and snort,
And the steamer steams thro' the sea, love!"

"I see the ship on the sea, love;
I stand alone
On this rock;
The sea does not shock
The stone:
The waters around it are swirled,
But under my feet
I feel it go down
To where the hemispheres meet
At the adamant heart of the world.
Oh that the rock would move!
Oh that the rock would roll
To meet thee over the sea, love!
Surely my mighty love
Should fill it like a soul,
And it should bear me to thee, love;
Like a ship on the sea, love,
Bear me, bear me, to thee, love!"

"Guns are thundering, seas are sundering, crowds are wondering,
Low on our lee, love.
Over and over the cannon-clouds cover brother and lover, but over
and over

The whirl-wheels trundle the sea, love;
And on through the loud pealing pomp of her cloud
The great ship is going to thee, love,
Blind to her mark, like a world through the dark,
Thundering, sundering, to the crowds wondering,
Thundering over to thee, love."

"I have come down to thee coming to me, love;
I stand, I stand
On the solid sand;
I see thee coming to me, love;
The sea runs up to me on the sand:
I start — 't is as if thou hadst stretched thine hand
And touched me through the sea, love.
I feel as if I must die,
For there 's something longs to fly,
Fly and fly, to thee, love.
As the blood of the flower ere she blows
Is beating up to the sun,
And her roots do hold her down,
And it blushes and breaks undone
In a rose,
So my blood is beating in me, love!
I see thee nigh and nigher;
And my soul leaps up like sudden fire,
My life 's in the air
To meet thee there,
To meet thee coming to me, love!
Over the sea,
Coming to me,
Coming, and coming to me, love!"

"The boats are lowered: I leap in first,
Pull, boys, pull! or my heart will burst!
More! more! — lend me an oar! —
I' m thro' the breakers! I' m on the shore!
I see thee waiting for me, love!"

"A sudden storm
Of sighs and tears,
A clenching arm,
A look of years.
In my bosom a thousand cries,
A flash like light before my eyes,
And I am lost in thee, love!"

The Soul.

(From "Balder.")

And as the mounting and descending bark,
Borne on exulting by the under deep,
Gains of the wild wave something not the wave,
Catches a joy of going and a will
Resistless, and upon the last lee foam
Leaps into air beyond it, — so the soul
Upon the Alpine ocean mountain-tossed,
Incessant carried up to heaven, and plunged
To darkness, and, still wet with drops of death,
Held into light eternal, and again
Cast down, to be again uplift in vast
And infinite succession, cannot stay
The mad momentum.

To America.

No force nor fraud shall sunder us! O ye,
Who North or South, on East or Western land,
Native to noble sounds, say Truth for truth,
  Freedom for freedom, Love for love, and God
For God; O ye who in eternal youth
  Speak, with a living and creative flood,
This universal English, and do stand
Its breathing book! live worthy of that grand
  Heroic utterance — parted, yet a whole,
Far, yet unsevered — children brave and free,
Of the great mother-tongue; and ye shall be
  Lords of an empire wide as Shakespeare's soul,
Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme,
And rich as Chaucer's speech, and fair as Spenser's dream.

HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON.

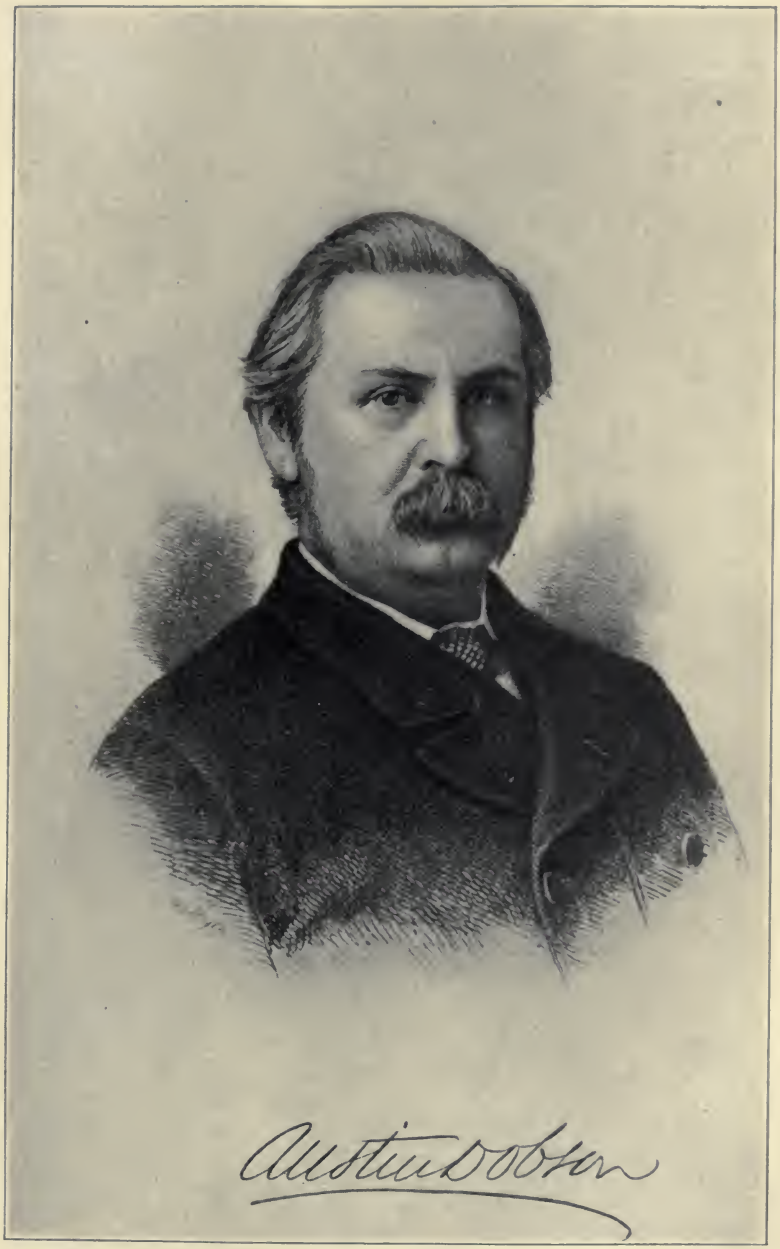
Dobson, Henry Austin, English critic, poet, and biographer, born at Plymouth, January 18, 1840. He was educated partly in England, partly in France and Germany, with the purpose of becoming a civil engineer; but at the age of sixteen he was appointed to a clerkship in the Board of Trade. His writings are exceedingly clever and graceful; his verses particularly showing a cultivated imagination and much tenderness of expression. In 1873 he collected his scattered lyrics into a volume entitled "Vignettes in Rhyme and Vers de Société," which was followed in 1877 by "Proverbs in Porcelain." His principal prose work is the "Life of Fielding." He has also written many biographical and critical sketches, of Hogarth, Prior, Praed, Gay, and Hood. Among his best works are: "After Sedan," "The Dead Letter," and "The young Musician." Among his later works are "Thomas Bewick and his Pupils" (1884); "Life of Steele" (English Worthies, 1886); "Life of Goldsmith" (Great Writers, 1888); "Memoir of Horace Walpole" (1890); "Four French Women," essays (1890); an enlarged edition of "Life of Hogarth" (1891); "Eighteenth Century Vignettes" (1892), a second series (1894).

More Poets Yet.

"More Poets yet?" I hear him say,
Arming his heavy hand to slay;
"Despite my skill and 'swashing blow,'
They seem to sprout where'er I go;
I killed a host but yesterday!"

Slash on, O Hercules! You may:
Your task 's at best a Hydra-fray;
And, though you cut, not less will grow
More Poets yet!

Too arrogant! For who shall stay
The first blind motions of the May?
Who shall outblot the morning glow,
Or stem the full heart's overflow?
Who? There will rise, till Time decay,
More Poets yet!


Austin Dobson

Angel Visitants.

Once at the Angelus (ere I was dead),
Angels all glorious came to my bed:
Angels in blue and white, crowned on the head.

One was the friend I left stark in the snow;
One was the wife that died long, long ago;
One was the love I lost — how could she know?

One had my mother's eyes, wistful and mild;
One had my father's face; one was a child:
All of them bent to me; bent down and smiled.

Give us but Yesterday.

Princes! and you most valorous,
Nobles and Barons of all degrees!
Hearken awhile to the prayer of us,
Prodigals driven by the Destinies!
Nothing we ask or of gold or fees;
Harry us not with the hounds, we pray;
Lo — for the surcoat's hem we seize;
"Give us — ah! give us — but Yesterday!"

Dames most delicate, amorous!
Damosels blithe as the belted bees!
Beggars are we that pray you thus;
Beggars outworn of miseries!
Nothing we ask of the things that please;
Weary are we, and old, and gray;
Lo — for we clutch, and we clasp your knees;
"Give us — ah! give us but Yesterday!"

Damosels, Dames, be piteous!
(But the Dames rode fast by the roadway trees.)
Hear us, O Knights magnanimous!
(But the Knights pricked on in their panoplies.)
Nothing they gat of hope or ease,
But only to beat on the breast and say:
"Life we drank to the dregs and lees;
Give us — ah! give us — but Yesterday!"

Youth, take heed to the prayer of these!
Many there be by the dusty way,
Many that cry to the rocks and seas,
"Give us — ah! give us but Yesterday!"

A Song of the Four Seasons.

When Spring comes laughing, by vale and hill,
By wind-flower walking, and daffodil,
Sing stars of morning, sing morning skies,
Sing of blue speedwell, and my Love's eyes.

When comes the Summer, full-leaved and strong,
And gay birds gossip, the orchard long,
Sing hid, sweet honey, that no bee sips;
Sing red, red roses, and my Love's lips.

When Autumn scatters the leaves again,
And piled sheaves bury the broad-wheeled wain,
Sing flutes of harvests, where men rejoice;
Sing rounds of reapers, and my Love's voice.

But when comes Winter, with hail and storm,
And red fire roaring, and ingle warm,
Sing first sad going of friends that part;
Then sing glad meeting, and my Love's heart.

On a Nankin Plate.

VILLANELLE.

"Ah me, but it might have been!
Was there ever so dismal a fate?"
Quoth the little blue mandarin.

"Such a maid as was never seen:
She passed, tho' I cried to her, 'Wait,'—
Ah me, but it might have been!

"I cried, 'O my Flower, my Queen,
Be mine!'—'T was precipitate,"
Quoth the little blue mandarin.

"But then . . . she was just sixteen,—
Long-eyed, as a lily straight,—
Ah me, but it might have been!

"As it was, from her palankeen
She laughed—'You 're a week too late!'"
Quoth the little blue mandarin.

"That is why, in a mist of spleen
I mourn on this Nankin Plate.
Ah me, but it might have been!"
Quoth the little blue mandarin.

Before Sedan.

"*The dead hand clasped a letter.*"

Special Correspondence.

Here, in this leafy place,
Quiet he lies,
Cold, with his sightless face
Turned to the skies;
'T is but another dead;
All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence, —
Kings must have slaves;
Kings climb to eminence
Over men's graves:
So this man's eye is dim; —
Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched,
There, at his side?
Paper his hand had clutched
Tight ere he died; —
Message or wish, may be; —
Smooth the folds out and see.

Hardly the worst of us
Here could have smiled! —
Only the tremulous
Words of a child; —
Prattle, that has for stops
Just a few ruddy drops.

Look. She is sad to miss,
Morning and night,
His — her dead father's — kiss;
Tries to be bright,
Good to mamma, and sweet.
That is all. "Marguerite."

Ah, if beside the dead
Slumbered the pain!
Ah, if the hearts that bled
Slept with the slain!
If the grief died, — but no;
Death will not have it so.

A Gentleman of the Old School.

He lived in that past Georgian day,
When men were less inclined to say
That "Time is Gold," and overlay
With toil their pleasure;
He held some land, and dwelt thereon, —
Where, I forget, — the house is gone;
His Christian name, I think, was John, —
His surname, Leisure.

Reynolds has painted him, — a face
Filled with a fine, old-fashioned grace,
Fresh-colored, frank, with ne'er a trace
Of trouble shaded;
The eyes are blue, the hair is drest
In plainest way, — one hand is prest
Deep in a flapped canary vest,
With buds brocaded.

He wears a brown old Brunswick coat,
With silver buttons, — round his throat,
A soft cravat; — in all you note
An elder fashion, —
A strangeness, which to us who shine
In shapely hats, — whose coats combine
All harmonies of hue and line,
Inspires compassion.

He lived so long ago, you see;
Men were untravelled then, but we,
Like Ariel, post o'er land and sea
With careless parting;
He found it quite enough for him
To smoke his pipe in "garden trim,"
And watch, about the fish tank's brim,
The swallows darting.

He liked the well-wheel's creaking tongue, —
He liked the thrush that stopped and sung, —
He liked the drone of flies among
His netted peaches;
He liked to watch the sunlight fall
Athwart his ivied orchard wall;
Or pause to catch the cuckoo's call
Beyond the beeches.

His were the times of Paint and Patch,
And yet no Ranelagh could match
The sober doves that round his thatch
Spread tails and sidled;
He liked their ruffling, puffed content, —
For him their drowsy wheelings meant
More than a Mall of Beaux that bent,
Or Belles that bridled.

Not that, in truth, when life began
He shunned the flutter of the fan;
He too had maybe "pinked his man"
In Beauty's quarrel;
But now his "fervent youth" had flown
Where lost things go; and he was grown
As staid and slow-paced as his own
Old hunter, Sorrel.

Yet still he loved the chase, and held
That no composer's score excelled
The merry horn, when Sweetlip swelled
Its jovial riot;
But most his measured words of praise
Caressed the angler's easy ways, —
His idly meditative days, —
His rustic diet.

Not that his "meditating" rose
Beyond a sunny summer doze;
He never troubled his repose
With fruitless prying;
But held, as law for high and low,
What God withholds no man can know,
And smiled away inquiry so,
Without replying.

We read — alas, how much we read! —
The jumbled strifes of creed and creed
With endless controversies feed
Our groaning tables;
His books — and they sufficed him — were
Cotton's "Montaigne," "The Grave" of Blair,
A "Walton" — much the worse for wear,
And "Æsop's Fables."

One more, — "The Bible." Not that he
Had searched its page as deep as we;
No sophistries could make him see
Its slender credit;
It may be that he could not count
The sires and sons to Jesse's fount, —
He liked the "Sermon on the Mount,"
And more, he read it.

Once he had loved, but failed to wed,
A red-cheeked lass who long was dead;
His ways were far too slow, he said,
To quite forget her;
And still when time had turned him gray,
The earliest hawthorn buds in May
Would find his lingering feet astray,
Where first he met her.

"*In Cœlo Quies*" heads the stone
On Leisure's grave, — now little known,
A tangle of wild-rose has grown
So thick across it;
The "Benefactions" still declare
He left the clerk an elbow-chair,
And "12 Pence Yearly to Prepare
A Christmas Posset."

Lie softly, Leisure! Doubtless you,
With too serene a conscience drew
Your easy breath, and slumbered through
The gravest issue;
But we, to whom our age allows
Scarce space to wipe our weary brows,
Look down upon your narrow house,
Old friend, and miss you!

A Gentlewoman of the Old School.

She lived in Georgian era too.
Most women then, if bards be true,
Succumbed to Routs and Cards, or grew
Devout and acid.
But hers was neither fate. She came
Of good west-country folk, whose fame
Has faded now. For us her name
Is "Madam Placid."

Patience or Prudence, — what you will,
Some prefix faintly fragrant still
As those old musky scents that fill
Our grandams' pillows;
And for her youthful portrait take
Some long-waist child of Hudson's make,
Stiffly at ease beside a lake
With swans and willows.

I keep her later semblance placed
Beside my desk, — 't is lawned and laced,
In shadowy sanguine stipple traced
By Bartolozzi;
A placid face, in which surprise
Is seldom seen, but yet there lies
Some vestige of the laughing eyes
Of arch Piozzi.

For her e'en Time grew debonair.
He, finding cheeks unclaimed of care,
With late-delayed faint roses there,
And lingering dimples,
Had spared to touch the fair old face,
And only kissed with Vauxhall grace
The soft white hand that stroked her lace,
Or smoothed her wimples.

So left her beautiful. Her age
Was comely as her youth was sage,
And yet she once had been the rage; —
It hath been hinted,
Indeed, affirmed by one or two,
Some spark at Bath (as sparks will do)
Inscribed a song to "Lovely Prue,"
Which Urban printed.

I know she thought; I know she felt;
Perchance could sum, I doubt she spelt,
She knew as little of the Celt
As of the Saxon;
I know she played and sang, for yet
We keep the tumble-down spinet
To which she quavered ballads set
By Arne or Jackson.

Her tastes were not refined as ours,
She liked plain food and homely flowers,
Refused to paint, kept early hours,
Went clad demurely;
Her art was sampler-work design,
Fireworks for her were "vastly fine,"
Her luxury was elder-wine, —
She loved that "purely."

She was renowned, traditions say,
For June conserves, for curds and whey,
For finest tea (she called it "tay"),
And ratafia;
She knew, for sprains, what bands to choose,
Could tell the sovereign wash to use
For freckles, and was learned in brews
As erst Medea.

Yet studied little. She would read,
On Sundays, "Pearson on the Creed,"
Though, as I think, she could not heed
His text profoundly;
Seeing she chose for her retreat
The warm west-looking window-seat,
Where, if you chanced to raise your feet,
You slumbered soundly.

This 'twixt ourselves. The dear old dame,
In truth, was not so much to blame;
The excellent divine I name
Is scarcely stirring;
Her plain-song piety preferred
Pure life to precept. If she erred,
She knew her faults. Her softest word
Was for the erring.

If she had loved, or if she kept
Some ancient memory green, or wept
Over the shoulder-knot that slept
Within her cuff-box,
I know not. Only this I know,
At sixty-five she 'd still her beau,
A lean French exile, lame and slow,
With monstrous snuff-box.

Younger than she, well-born and bred.
She 'd found him in St. Giles', half dead
Of teaching French for nightly bed
And daily dinners;
Starving, in fact, 'twixt want and pride;
And so, henceforth, you always spied
His rusty "pigeon-wings" beside
Her Mechlin pinners.

He worshipped her, you may suppose.
She gained him pupils, gave him clothes,
Delighted in his dry bon-mots
And cackling laughter;
And when, at last, the long duet
Of conversation and picquet
Ceased with her death, of sheer regret
He died soon after.

Dear Madam Placid! Others knew
Your worth as well as he, and threw
Their flowers upon your coffin too,
I take for granted.
Their loves are lost; but still we see
Your kind and gracious memory
Bloom yearly with the almond tree
The Frenchman planted.

The Drama of the Doctor's Window.

IN THREE ACTS, WITH A PROLOGUE.

"*A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,*
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."
— Midsummer-Night's Dream.

Prologue.

"Well, I must wait!" The Doctor's room,
Where I used this expression,
Wore the severe official gloom
Attached to that profession;

Rendered severer by a bald
And skinless Gladiator,
Whose raw robustness first appalled
The entering spectator.

No one would call "The Lancet" gay, —
Few could avoid confessing
That Jones "On Muscular Decay"
Is, as a rule, depressing:
So, leaving both, to change the scene,
I turned toward the shutter,
And peered out vacantly between
A water-butt and gutter.

Below, the Doctor's garden lay,
If thus imagination
May dignify a square of clay
Unused to vegetation,
Filled with a dismal-looking swing —
That brought to mind a gallows —
An empty kennel, mouldering,
And two dyspeptic aloes.

No sparrow chirped, no daisy sprung,
About the place deserted;
Only across the swing-board hung
A battered doll, inverted,
Which sadly seemed to disconcert
The vagrant cat that scanned it,
Sniffed doubtfully around the skirt,
But failed to understand it.

A dreary spot! And yet, I own,
Half hoping that, perchance, it
Might, in some unknown way, atone
For Jones and for "The Lancet,"
I watched; and by especial grace,
Within this stage contracted,
Saw presently before my face
A classic story acted.

Ah, World of ours, are you so gray
And weary, World, of spinning,
That you repeat the tales to-day
You told at the beginning?

For lo! the same old myths that made
The early "stage successes"
Still "hold the boards," and still are played,
"With new effects and dresses."

Small, lonely, "three-pair-backs" behold,
To-day, Alcestis dying;
To-day, in farthest Polar cold,
Ulysses' bones are lying;
Still in one's morning "Times" one reads
How fell an Indian Hector;
Still clubs discuss Achilles' steeds,
Briseis' next protector;—

Still Menelaus brings, we see,
His oft remanded case on;
Still somewhere sad Hypsipyle
Bewails a faithless Jason;
And here, the Doctor's sill beside,
Do I not now discover
A Thisbe, whom the walls divide
From Pyramus, her lover?

Act the First.

Act I. began. Some noise had scared
The cat, that like an arrow
Shot up the wall and disappeared;
And then across the narrow,
Unweeded path, a small dark thing,
Hid by a garden-bonnet,
Passed wearily towards the swing,
Paused, turned, and climbed upon it.

A child of five, with eyes that were
At least a decade older,
A mournful mouth, and tangled hair
Flung careless round her shoulder,
Dressed in a stiff ill-fitting frock,
Whose black uncomely rigor
Seemed to sardonically mock
The plaintive, slender figure.

What was it? Something in the dress
That told the girl unmothered;
Or was it that the merciless
Black garb of mourning smothered

Life and all light? — but rocking so,
In the dull garden-corner,
The lonely swinger seemed to grow
More piteous and forlorner.

Then, as I looked, across the wall
Of "next-door's" garden, that is —
To speak correctly — through its tall
Surmounting fence of lattice,
Peeped a boy's face, with curling hair,
Ripe lips half drawn asunder,
And round, bright eyes, that wore a stare
Of frankest childish wonder.

Rounder they grew by slow degrees,
Until the swinger, swerving,
Made, all at once, alive to these
Intentest orbs observing,
Gave just one brief, half-uttered cry,
And — as with gathered kirtle,
Nymphs fly from Pan's head suddenly
Thrust through the budding myrtle —

Fled in dismay. A moment's space,
The eyes looked almost tragic;
Then, when they caught my watching face,
Vanished as if by magic;
And, like some sombre thing beguiled
To strange, unwonted laughter,
The gloomy garden, having smiled,
Became the gloomier after.

Act the Second.

Yes: they were gone, the stage was bare, —
Blank as before; and therefore,
Sinking within the patient's chair,
Half vexed, I knew not wherefore,
I dozed; till, startled by some call,
A glance sufficed to show me,
The boy again above the wall,
The girl erect below me.

The boy, it seemed, to add a force
To words found unavailing,
Had pushed a striped and spotted horse
Half through the blistered paling,

Where now it stuck, stiff-legged and straight,
While he, in exultation,
Chattered some half-articulate
Excited explanation.

Meanwhile, the girl, with upturned face,
Stood motionless, and listened;
The ill-cut frock had gained a grace,
The pale hair almost glistened;
The figure looked alert and bright,
Buoyant as though some power
Had lifted it, as rain at night
Uplifts a drooping flower.

The eyes had lost their listless way, —
The old life, tired and faded,
Had slipped down with the doll that lay
Before her feet, degraded;
She only, yearning upward, found
In those bright eyes above her
The ghost of some enchanted ground
Where even Nurse would love her.

Ah, tyrant Time! you hold the book,
We, sick and sad, begin it;
You close it fast, if we but look
Pleased for a meagre minute;
You closed it now, for, out of sight,
Some warning finger beckoned;
Exeunt both to left and right; —
Thus ended Act the Second.

Act the Third.

Or so it proved. For while I still
Believed them gone forever,
Half raised above the window sill,
I saw the lattice quiver;
And lo, once more appeared the head,
Flushed, while the round mouth pouted,
"Give Tom a kiss," the red lips said,
In style the most undoubted.

The girl came back without a thought,
Dear Muse of Mayfair, pardon,
If more restraint had not been taught
In this neglected garden;

For these your code was all too stiff,
So, seeing none dissented,
Their unfeigned faces met as if
Manners were not invented.

Then on the scene, — by happy fate,
When lip from lip had parted,
And, therefore, just two seconds late, —
A sharp-faced nurse-maid darted;
Swooped on the boy, as swoops a kite
Upon a rover chicken,
And bore him sourly off, despite
His well directed kicking.

The girl stood silent, with a look
Too subtle to unravel,
Then, with a sudden gesture took,
The torn doll from the gravel;
Hid the whole face, with one caress,
Under the garden-bonnet,
And, passing in, I saw her press
Kiss after kiss upon it.

Exeunt omnes. End of play.
It made the dull room brighter,
The Gladiator almost gay,
And e'en "The Lancet" lighter.

An Autumn Idyll.

"*Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.*"
— Spenser.

Lawrence. Frank. Jack.

Lawrence.

Here, where the beech-nuts drop among the grasses,
Push the boat in, and throw the rope ashore.
Jack, hand me out the claret and the glasses;
Here let us sit. We landed here before.

Frank.

Jack's undecided. Say, *formose puer*,
Bent in a dream above the "water wan,"
Shall we row higher, for the reeds are fewer,
There by the pollards, where you see the swan?

JACK.

Hist! That 's a pike. Look — nose against the river
Gaunt as a wolf, — the sly old privateer!
Enter a gudgeon. Snap, — a gulp, a shiver; —
Exit the gudgeon. Let us anchor here.

FRANK (*in the grass*).

Jove, what a day! Black Care upon the crupper
Nods at his post, and slumbers in the sun;
Half of Theocritus, with a touch of Tupper,
Churns in my head. The frenzy has begun!

LAWRENCE.

Sing to us then. Damœtas in a choker,
Much out of tune, will edify the rooks.

FRANK.

Sing you again. So musical a croaker
Surely will draw the fish upon the hooks.

JACK.

Sing while you may. The beard of manhood still is
Faint on your cheeks, but I, alas! am old.
Doubtless you yet believe in Amaryllis; —
Sing me of Her, whose name may not be told.

FRANK.

Listen, O Thames! His budding beard is riper,
Say— by a week. Well, Lawrence, shall we sing?

LAWRENCE.

Yes, if you will. But ere I play the piper,
Let him declare the prize he has to bring.

JACK.

Hear, then, my Shepherds. Lo, to him accounted
First in the song, a Pipe I will impart; —
This, my Belovèd, marvellously mounted,
Amber and foam, — a miracle of art.

LAWRENCE.

Lordly the gift. O Muse of many numbers,
Grant me a soft alliterative song!

FRANK.

Me too, O Muse! And when the Umpire slumbers
Sting him with gnats a summer evening long.

LAWRENCE.

Not in a cot, begarlanded of spiders,
Not where the brook traditionally "purls," —
No, in the Row, supreme among the riders,
Seek I the gem, — the paragon of girls.

FRANK.

Not in the waste of column and of coping,
Not in the sham and stucco of a square, —
No, on a June-lawn, to the water sloping,
Stands she I honor, beautifully fair.

LAWRENCE.

Dark-haired is mine, with splendid tresses plaited
Back from the brows, imperially curled;
Calm as a grand, far-looking Caryatid,
Holding the roof that covers in a world.

FRANK.

Dark-haired is mine, with breezy ripples swinging
Loose as a vine-branch blowing in the morn;
Eyes like the morning, mouth for ever singing,
Blithe as a bird new risen from the corn.

LAWRENCE.

Best is the song with music interwoven:
Mine 's a musician, — musical at heart, —
Throbs to the gathered grieving of Beethoven,
Sways to the light coquetting of Mozart.

FRANK.

Best? You should hear mine trilling out a ballad,
Queen at a pic-nic, leader of the glees,
Not too divine to toss you up a salad,
Great in Sir Roger danced among the trees.

LAWRENCE.

Ah, when the thick night flares with drooping torches,
Ah, when the crush-room empties of the swarm,
Pleasant the hand that, in the gusty porches,
Light as a snow-flake, settles on your arm.

FRANK.

Better the twilight and the cherry chatting, —
  Better the dim, forgotten garden-seat,
Where one may lie, and watch the fingers tatting,
  Lounging with Bran or Bevis at her feet,

LAWRENCE.

All worship mine. Her purity doth hedge her
  Round with so delicate divinity that men,
Stained to the soul with money-bag and ledger,
  Bend to the goddess, manifest again.

FRANK.

None worship mine. But some, I fancy, love her,
  Cynics to boot. I know the children run,
Seeing her come, for naught that I discover,
  Save that she brings the summer and the sun.

LAWRENCE.

Mine is a Lady, beautiful and queenly,
  Crowned with a sweet, continual control,
Grandly forbearing, lifting life serenely
  E'en to her own nobility of soul.

FRANK.

Mine is a Woman, kindly beyond measure,
  Fearless in praising, faltering in blame;
Simply devoted to other people's pleasure, —
  Jack's sister Florence, — now you know her name.

LAWRENCE.

"Jack's sister Florence"! Never, Francis, never.
  Jack, do you hear? Why, it was she I meant.
She like the country! Ah, she 's far too clever —

FRANK.

There you are wrong. I know her down in Kent.

LAWRENCE.

You 'll get a sunstroke, standing with your head bare.
  Sorry to differ. Jack, — the word 's with you.

FRANK.

How is it, Umpire? Though the motto 's threadbare,
  "*Cœlum, non animum*" is, I take it, true.

JACK.

"*Souvent femme varie,*" as a rule, is truer;
Flattered, I'm sure, — but both of you romance.
Happy to further suit of either wooer,
Merely observing — you have n't got a chance.

LAWRENCE.

Yes. But the Pipe —

FRANK.

The Pipe is what we care for, —

JACK.

Well, in this case, I scarcely need explain,
Judgment of mine were indiscreet, and therefore, —
Peace to you both. The Pipe I shall retain.

THE CHILD-MUSICIAN.

HE had played for his lordship's levee,
He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said — too late — "He is wéary!
He shall rest for, at least, to-night!"

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
As they watched in the silent room,
With the sound of a strained cord breaking,
A something snapped in the gloom.

'T was a string of his violoncello,
And they heard him stir in the bed: —
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God! — " was the last that he said.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Doddridge, Philip, an English clergyman; born in London, June 26, 1702; died at Lisbon, Portugal, October 26, 1751. In 1719 he entered the Dissenting Academy at Kibworth. In 1729 he was placed in charge of the academy, which he removed from Kibworth to Northampton, where he had been invited to become pastor. He filled these positions with great success for twenty years, when, his health failing, he sailed for Lisbon, hoping to derive benefit from a milder climate, but died only five days after his arrival. The Works of Doddridge are very numerous. They consist of Sermons, Treatises, and Lectures on theological and religious topics, Miscellanies, Hymns, "The Family Expositor," "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul" (the most popular of all his books), and several volumes of Correspondence, published eighty years after his death. A complete edition of his Works was published in 1802–1805.

Vindication of His Religious Opinions.

(From Letter to the Rev. Mr. Bourne, 1742.)

Had the letter which I received from you so many months ago been merely an address of common friendship, I hope no hurry of business would have led me to delay so long the answer which civility and gratitude would in that case have required; or had it been to request any service in my power to you, sir, or to any of your family or friends, I would not willingly have neglected it so many days or hours; but when it contained nothing material, except an unkind insinuation that you esteemed me a dishonest man, who, out of a design to please a party, had written what he did not believe, or, as you thought fit to express yourself, had "trimmed it a little with the gospel of Christ," I thought all that was necessary — after having fully satisfied my own conscience on that head, which, I bless God, I very easily did — was to forgive and pray for the mistaken brother who had done me the injury, and to endeavor to forget

it, by turning my thoughts to some more pleasant, important, and useful subject. . . . But I have been certainly informed that you, interpreting my silence as an acknowledgment of the justice of your charge, have sent copies of your letter to several of your friends, who have been industrious to propagate them far and near. . . .

Though it was unkind readily to entertain the suspicions you express, I do not so much complain of your acquainting me with them; but on what imaginable humane or Christian principle could you communicate such a letter, and grant copies of it? With what purpose could it be done, but with a design of aspersing my character? and to what purpose could you desire my character to be reproached? Are you sure, sir, that I am not intending the honor of God, and the good of souls, by my various labors of one kind and another — so sure of it, that you will venture to maintain at the bar of Christ, before the throne of God, that I was a person whom it was your duty to endeavor to discredit? for, considering me as a Christian, a minister, and a tutor, it could not be merely an indifferent action; nay, considering me as a man, if it was not a duty, it was a crime.

I will do you the justice, sir, to suppose you have really an ill opinion of me, and believe I mean otherwise than I write; but let me ask, what reason have you for that opinion? Is it because you cannot think me a downright fool, and conclude that every one who is not, must be of your opinion, and is a knave if he does not declare that he is so? or is it from anything particular which you apprehend you know of my sentiments contrary to what my writings declare? He that searches my heart, is witness that what I wrote on the very passage you except against, I wrote as what appeared to me most agreeable to truth, and most subservient to the purposes of His glory and the edification of my readers; and I see no reason to alter it in a second edition, if I should reprint my Exposition, though I had infinitely rather the book should perish than advance anything contrary to the tenor of the gospel, and subversive to the souls of men. I guard against apprehending Christ to be a mere creature, or another God, inferior to the Father, or co-ordinate with him. And you will maintain that I believe him to be so; from whence, sir, does your evidence of that arise? If from my writings, I apprehend it must be in consequence of some inference you draw from them, of laying any just foundation for which I am not at present aware; nor did I ever intend, I am sure, to say or intimate anything of

the kind. If from report, I must caution you against rashly believing such reports. I have heard some stories of me, echoed back from your neighborhood, which God knows to be as false as if I had been reported to have asserted the divine authority of the Alcoran! or to have written Hobbes's "Leviathan;" and I can account for them in no other way than by supposing, either that coming through several hands, every one mistook a little, or else that some people have such vivid dreams, that they cannot distinguish them from realities, and so report them as facts; though how to account for their propagating such reports so zealously, on any principles of Christianity or common humanity, especially considering how far I am from having offered them any personal injury, would amaze me, if I did not know how far *party* zeal debases the understandings of those who in other matters are wise and good. All I shall add with regard to such persons is, that I pray God this evil may not be laid to their charge. I have seriously reflected with myself whence it should come that such suspicions should arise of my being in what is generally called the Arian scheme, and the chief causes I can discover are these two: my not seeing the arguments which some of my brethren have seen against it in some disputed texts, and my tenderness and regard to those who, I have reason to believe, do espouse it, and whom I dare not in conscience raise a popular cry against! Nor am I at all fond of urging the controversy, lest it should divide churches, and drive some who are wavering, as indeed I myself once was, to an extremity to which I should be sorry to see such worthy persons, as some of them are, reduced.

Hark, the Glad Sound.

Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song! . . .

He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyelids of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor. . . .

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And Heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

Awake, ye Saints.

Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year!

Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes!

Ye wheels of nature, speed your course!
Ye mortal powers, decay!
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day!

Ye Golden Lamps.

Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feebler light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed!
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light
  Shall there his beams display,
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
  With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief
  Shall swell into mine eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline
  Amid those brighter skies.

There all the millions of his saints
  Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
  With infinite delight.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

Dole, Nathan Haskell, an American miscellaneous writer; born in Massachusetts, 1852. One of his most notable works is a variorum edition of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. He is the author of "Not Angels Quite;" "History of the Turko-Russian War of 1877–78;" "On the Point, a Summer Idyl;" "Flowers from Foreign Gardens;" "The Hawthorn Tree, and other Poems;" "Omar the Tent-Maker." He has translated Tolstoi and other Russian authors.

The Mysterious Ruby.

Inquisitive friends and even strangers have often besieged me with questions regarding a ruby ring that I wear. I have always evaded a direct answer as to its origin, because I have a reputation for honesty and veracity to sustain, and the circumstances attending its transfer into my possession were so mysterious and extraordinary that credence would seem to be almost impossible. A man may relate an event and believe that he is telling the truth regarding it, and yet he may be the victim of a delusion. Men under the influence of alcohol or opium have dreams that afterwards seem to them realities. But I have never smoked or tasted opium in any form, and my life-long stand on the total abstinence question ought, at least, to spare me from innuendoes upon my sobriety. As for insanity, a long line of ancestors on both sides have been distinguished for their sound health, bodily and mental, and their priceless heritage has been received by me, who have every hope of transmitting it to my own descendants. I have never lost a day by illness since I was a boy.

I must confess, however, that only the possession of the gem enables me to realize that I was not the dupe of some tricksy dream. But there is the ring on my finger, and its wonderful powers have never as yet failed to respond to their legitimate use. You can imagine with what solicitous care I guard the talisman; for, were it lost or stolen, I should not only be de-

prived of my dearest treasure, but, in all probability, be driven into some mental disorder by the removal of the chief prop of my faith.

I have decided that it is best, while the ring still bears witness to my story, to gratify the curiosity of the world and to relieve my breast of a heavy secret. Let me only add that I am of the most prosaic and matter-of-fact nature. Ideality exists in me only in my passion for music. Not that I am a musician; the circle of that Art reflects on my mind only a short arc; I can neither produce nor reproduce the melodies and harmonies which so thrill and entrance my spirit. But I go to many concerts, and often regret that I cannot be in two or three places at once, so as to hear all that is going on.

A year ago, on an extremely cold winter's evening, I went to the opera alone. I was provided with two tickets, but at the last moment my wife was prevented from accompanying me. I dislike to go without her, and almost decided to forego the pleasure of hearing a new light opera billed for that evening. She urged me to use the ticket, and my inborn Yankee hatred of waste seconded her argument. So, putting on my fur-lined overcoat, I sallied forth. The audience was particularly large and brilliant, and as I sat alone next the unoccupied seat, the check for which I held, I felt twinges of conscience for my selfishness in not inviting some one of the "standees" that packed the back of the theatre to share my comfort. I said to myself that during the first *entr'acte* I would try to find some congenial person and give him the seat. Having thus decided, I gave myself up to my enjoyment of the music.

Suddenly I became aware that the vacant place was occupied. I had not noticed that the usher brought any one down the aisle, nor was there any disturbance in crowding by the three or four listeners in the row.

I was so amazed at the audacity of the stranger that for a moment I lost all knowledge of the action on the stage; then I became still more amazed at the appearance of my uninvited guest, and finally even more amazed that no one near us seemed amazed. I was the only person who seemed to see him at all.

I am not very observing, and I am still less gifted with the power of describing what I have seen. My wife often reproaches me with my inability to tell her what such and such ladies have worn at parties where she was absent. I am always impressed with anything inharmonious, but, on the contrary, if the general

effect of a lady's attire is artistic I do not afterwards recall the specific colors or style of her gown.

The stranger who so distracted my attention from the opera was positively the ugliest man I ever saw. He was perfectly bald save for two little tufts of yellowish-gray hair growing like horns just back of his enormously long and wrinkled ears. An iron-gray ledge of shaggy eyebrows overhung his small, keen, penetrating greenish-gray eyes. His mouth was large but not repulsive; the nose shapeless, wide and squat; the chin massive and square; the cheeks had an ashen tint, with not a suspicion of that apple-rosiness sometimes seen in old age. I instantly thought of the Wandering Jew; the impression of immense age made itself felt palpably. Not a century but a millennium seemed to have flung its immemorial spell over him. So might Methuselah have appeared to his youngest generations of descendants just before he was about to vanish from earth. But this aged person was not Jewish. The Greek attire was that of Athens during her prime, but he wore no sandals. His wrinkled feet were bare.

I have purposely left to the last, mention of the one feature that more than all else filled me with uncanny wonder, — on the forefinger of his right hand he wore a ring like a coiled serpent, the head of which was made of a small but extremely brilliant ruby, — a glowing, palpitating, fiery red ruby.

A cold shiver ran down my back. Was I the only person in that crowded auditorium that saw this apparition? Was I losing my mind? I was alarmed at this suggestion, and all the more by the evident fact that my nearest neighbor, a lady with whom I had a bowing acquaintance, seemed to be struck with the oddity of my behavior and looked sharply at me several times. I noticed that she seemed not to see my aged seat-mate, but rather to look right through him.

What was my terror, as the first act ended and the curtain fell, to discover that the apparition had vanished, and that this friendly lady of my acquaintance, after remarking upon certain peculiarities of the music, asked me point blank why I kept waving my ruby over my vacant seat.

"It must be a very brilliant jewel," she added, "for it flashed into my eyes several times."

You may imagine that now I even doubted my own ears. Was I the victim of some terrible hallucination in which all my seven senses were conspiring to ruin me? I pinched myself, I

took account of my faculties. Yes, there were the members of the orchestra returning to their places from the door under the stage. Casting my eyes about over the audience, I saw and recognized many familiar faces. Harry Barton, dressed faultlessly as usual, was talking with the beautiful Miss Dunbar. I could see the diamonds flash as they rose and fell on her lovely breast. There were the usual group of musical critics comparing notes, — in a menagerie such a group of fierce claw-and-teeth-gifted animals would be sarcastically termed "the happy family;" the wolf, the bear, the lion, the fox, and the crocodile were represented. No, I had no reason to be alarmed for my sanity.

The second act passed without repetition of the mystery, but about the middle of the last act I saw that my seat was once more occupied. This time the aged visitor spoke to me in a loud tone of voice. I forgot the duty of youth toward age, and putting up my finger hastily uttered a warning *sh-h-h-sh*. The prima donna, who was struggling with a high note, heard it, and thought that I was hissing her. It confused her so that she almost broke down. I was utterly overwhelmed by the disapproving glances of the audience. Some applauded to encourage the actress; others hissed to express their opinion of my rudeness. It was evident that not even my nearest neighbor had heard a word spoken. When I thought it over, I myself could not remember that the stranger, though his voice sounded so loud and distinct, had spoken a word; or at least I could not for the life of me tell whether he spoke in English or in some foreign tongue.

The ballet came upon the stage. I remembered how Emerson and Margaret Fuller found even religion in the evolutions of the ballerina, and I trust that I used my opera-glass with the same lofty and spiritual intent. Again the voice of my strange visitor came to the ears — yes, I will risk the absurdity and say what I mean — came to the ears of my brain, and I knew that he said: —

"I also, formerly, O friend, was accustomed to dance naked in my garden at Athens. No true education can be acquired without rhythm. Music — harmony — "

"Socrates?" I exclaimed loud enough to be heard across the aisle, but fortunately for me a crescendo from the orchestra drowned my voice, and my neighbors scarcely noticed it; or, if they did, attributed it to the fact of one of the premières catch-

ing her toe and almost precipitating herself through a trap. A number of people in the same way uttered half breathless exclamations.

But the figure next me went on calmly : —

"Thou needst not speak with thy material tongue. I am perfectly able to converse with thee through ideas only, and be not surprised at my appearance again. It is permitted to me twice more to enjoy thy company, and my sole desire is to confer some benefit upon thee. . . . I will answer thy question. . . . No, I am not Socrates. Such a person as Socrates once existed in Athens, and he, like me, was not gifted with that physical beauty which the Greeks so much worshipped. But the modern concept of Socrates is mainly derived from the fictions of Plato and Xenophon. I confess that I contributed no little to suggest to those immortal writers their picture of the man who perished by drinking hemlock four hundred years before Christ. He had his daimon or familiar spirit of Wisdom to guide him. I, as you see, am gifted with the Ruby of Discrimination, which was found under the dark prophecy tree when the land of Teridu was ravaged, and the famous tree was torn up by the roots. Thence, when set in this ring, it came to Śakuntalá. It hath ever been my blessing. But more anon."

I was looking at him with open-mouthed wonder when he grew dimmer and dimmer and vanished away. Only the glow of the ruby for an instant lingered, as the red lingers in the loop of an incandescent light after the current is turned off. Then that vanished also. I could not have been mistaken about the matter, because after the opera was over at least a dozen persons asked me regarding that brilliant ring which I had been flourishing about during the opera. I avoided all reply by turning the conversation to the opera itself, though I must confess that my ideas of the work as a whole were exceedingly confused. But my disgust may be imagined when I read in the society columns of a gossipy Sunday newspaper an item animadverting on my display of a new ruby ring at the opera, and my evident desire that the audience should mark its brilliancy. My wife saw it first in the paper: the reference was obvious, and I had some difficulty in making her believe my absolute denial of the charge, especially when the very next day Mrs. St. John Jones (who had been my immediate neighbor at the theatre), meeting my wife at an afternoon tea, remarked on the beautiful ruby which she had seen me wear.

Several weeks passed, and there was no sign or symptom of my prehistoric visitant. The circumstances began to grow visionary in my recollection, and I asked myself more than once if I had not dreamed the whole story. One night we were to have company to dinner. It had been a lovely forenoon, but a sudden and very violent storm of snow and wind came on about noon, and our expected guests failed to appear. The table was all set, and my wife and I sat down in solitary state to devour our disappointment and our extra nice roast.

"Our Mediterranean oysters were far smaller than these," said a very distinct voice at my left. Again I could not have told the next instant whether the words were English or German or Greek.

But I was intent on squeezing a half lemon on the fat and luscious Blue Points, and did not think but that I had misunderstood some remark made by my wife.

"Excuse me," said I, "please repeat what you said."

"I did not say anything at all, but I should like to feel satisfied about that ruby ring," she rejoined. "I met Ned Parker at market this morning" (my wife, angel that she is, does all the marketing for my establishment), "and he remarked having seen it flashing that night at the opera."

Before I had a chance to protest, I discovered that the armchair at one side of the table was occupied. A faint odor as of very delicately spiritualized attar of roses came to my nostrils.

"Yes, I am here," said the voice that was not a voice; and across it, yet not in the least degree interrupting it, I heard my wife saying: —

"Did you bring me home some roses? What a delicious scent!"

"I am here," said the voice, "and in a moment you will be enabled to see me distinctly, but I will beg you not to betray my presence to your wife. It will require peculiar tact on your part."

Now, I was not at that time remarkably gifted with that divine quality, and I trembled for the consequences in case my wife should see the ruby which was beginning to glow in the air like an evening star at sunset.

"How strangely you act!" exclaimed my wife, with a shade of acerbity in her voice. "Are you going crazy?"

I had deliberately filled a plate with cream-of-celery soup and placed it in front of our invisible guest.

"There is the baby crying," I replied.

My wife looked at me scornfully. "Bridget is perfectly capable of pacifying the baby, but perhaps *you* had better go."

"No, thank you, baby-tending is not my forte, I prefer to leave it to the weaker sex," I replied loftily.

"I think you are perfectly horrid, and I will not eat dinner with such a man," exclaimed my wife, rising from her seat and rushing from the room with her handkerchief at her eyes. I knew that she was crying as much from disappointment at having her fine dinner wasted as at my rudeness, and I felt immensely relieved to be free of her presence during the trying scene with my mysterious guest.

He was now perfectly distinct to me; but, except for the ruby that adorned his index finger, I should not have recognized him as the same individual. If before he wore a Greek peplon and was bald and barefooted, he now had an abundance of curly dark hair, and wore a Roman toga. If I had met him in an Art Museum, I should instantly have recognized him as a statue of Cato endowed with life.

He immediately answered my unspoken question: —

"Just as you appear on various occasions in evening dress or cutaway or Prince Albert, so *we* may manifest ourselves to mortal vision in any of our previous incarnations. I make use of many, but chiefly those two which you have already seen, and on especial occasions that of the Sage Bharata, from whom, by Śakuntalá, I once (as Bharata) received with the maternal blessing the famous lost ring that so long separated Śakuntalá from her loving lord, Dushanta. The ruby with its wondrous power serves as the connecting link in my identities. It is one of the world-jewels, historic in every age. It has a talismanic influence. Thus worn as you see it, I am warned by it of danger. When I am pleased, it shares my pleasure and glows with increased energy. As I told you before, it has in it the virtue of the 'dark prophecy-tree of Teridu.' If consulted aright, it tells the future. It told me that your wife would leave the room long enough for me to inform you that I am connected with your happiness and prosperity. Even if the ruby should pass from my possession into yours, I should be content, for, in a sense, we — you and I — are one. But here comes your wife."

I saw that he was vanishing.

"I implore thee, tell me," I cried, "have you been speaking in Greek, in Latin, or in Sanskrit?"

I was staring so fixedly at the ruby, growing fainter and fainter, that I did not hear my wife's footfall on the inlaid floor. I was wakened rudely by my wife exclaiming: —

"Greek, Latin, or Sanskrit? What do you mean? I am becoming afraid of you," she continued anxiously. "I wish your brother would come in. But why did you eat two plates of soup when we are going to have such a nice roast?"

I had eaten only one shallow plateful of soup, but the one which I had put in front of my friend of the many incarnations was dry as though a cat had lapped it. I knew it could not have evaporated. Consequently I felt that this circumstance established my sanity. I felt safe.

My gayety returned. I quickly convinced my wife that I had not meant to offend her, and the dinner passed off as happily as though it were the first of our honeymoon.

I knew now that I should once more see my immemorial kinsman, and I was constantly alert to catch the first gleam of that marvellous ruby. The time came.

I am not superstitious. My wife is. One night as we were going out she discovered a long and curiously elaborated heavy silken scarf tied into a wonderfully intricate knot on the pillow of my bed: it illustrated the powers of the fourth dimension in three dimensional space.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "What is the meaning of this? Did you bring it to me?"

I was in my dressing-room, and seeing that I had a fair chance of retaliation for many charges of craziness, though, as I have said, I am one of the most methodical and prosaic of men, I replied to my wife's exclamation by saying: —

"Bring what? I have not brought you anything! Are you losing your senses?"

"Come here, quick!" she cried.

I went into her room, but before I fairly saw what she was examining, the gas suddenly went out.

"What did you do that for?" she asked, with tears in her voice.

"Do what for?" said I, "I have not done anything. It was only the gas went out."

"Well, please light it again."

I struck a match and went to the bracket. *The stop-cock had been turned: the gas had been shut off.* But we were the only persons in the room! I instantly lighted the gas, but the silken

scarf had disappeared. My wife fainted dead away, and we had to forego a concert from which we had anticipated great pleasure.

The following evening I heard my wife scream, and rushed to her room. The scarf, as before, lay on the pillow, woven and twisted into the strangest knot that eye of man ever saw. Once more the gas went out.

"What a strange flash of ruby light just went through the room," said my wife, in trembling tones. "I believe we are *both* going mad."

I now saw standing by the gas-bracket a tall figure with an Indian turban on its head and an aspect of more than regal majesty. And the ears of my mind distinctly heard tones that conveyed to my brain this impression of speech: —

"I bring the sacred sash of Śakuntalá to thy wife: to-morrow the ruby will be thine."

I lighted the gas as if nothing had happened, and took the sash from the bed, saying to my wife, whose nerves were somewhat unstrung, and who certainly would have swooned again if the sash had been wanting: —

"This is a present for you. It is a beautiful specimen of East Indian work, and very ancient. Those characters woven into it are Sanskrit, and the person from whom I got it says it means, 'The belt that girdles the lily waist of Śakuntalá, pearl of India, best and loveliest of women.'"

Those words were *put* into my mouth, and I could no more help saying them than I could resist the loving kiss that cut them short.

The next day the ruby came into my possession, but under circumstances so *bizarre* that I hesitate to relate the story.

I went to the French restaurant to get my usual noon luncheon. It was capital but very simple, and unaccompanied by wine of any description. In this statement I shall be borne out by two acquaintances who tried to tempt me with a glass of sparkling moselle. After luncheon I walked into the reading-room. I found no one there. A large plate-glass mirror oddly decorates the reverse of an apparent door, giving, of course, a full-length reflection of the person standing in front of it.

I am not vain, but as I was alone I ventured to survey myself in this glass. I remember quoting with approbation Scripture words to the effect that a man who regards himself in a mirror goes away and quickly forgetteth what manner of man he is.

As I stood there quite contented with the general fit of my winter clothes, and the serenity of my face smoothed of care by

the consciousness of repletion, I became aware that *in the mirror* I had a companion. Just beside my image stood a figure that had not been there a moment before. I looked around. I was absolutely alone. I stepped up close to the glass and examined it carefully: my reflection advanced to meet me. Its companion *in the mirror* stood motionless a short distance back of the light-engendered reflection. Again I scrutinized the room. It was perfectly silent, perfectly vacant of human beings beside myself. I heard the rumble of the streets outside. I heard the fire crackling in the grate. I was not deceived. The figure in the mirrored room opened its mouth to speak, and, just as its mouth seemed immaterial though real, so the voice that proceeded from the glass to my brain was a *silent voice*. I recognized the same tones that I had heard twice before: —

"I have come to bid you farewell. We shall never meet again under terrestrial conditions. I am you and you are I, and we have always been and always shall be interdependent. Every person is a duality: I am the many-times incarnated personality of your oversoul. It has existed through the ages, and will exist when this earth shall cease to be. I leave with you the ruby ring which has been found and lost, not once, but a score of times, since it glittered on the finger of Śakuntalá's king and lord. It will warn you of danger; it will grow bright in the presence of friends, and turn turbid when an enemy approaches. Consult it as an oracle, and it will tell you when your course is right or wrong. And now, farewell!"

As I watched the glass I saw what seemed to be a procession of strange and yet strangely familiar figures and faces. One after the other they came to the inner edge of the mirror, gave me an inquiring and recognizing look, bowed, spoke mute words of farewell in what may have been a dozen different languages. Yet I understood them all. Singularly identical, yet dissimilar, were the individuals composing the train, and the most marvellous thing about it was that in spite of its length it took no more time to pass than it takes a drowning person to review all the events of his life, or for one in a dream to live through a lifetime of agony or joy. And on the finger of each sparkled the jewel that I knew was descending to me.

I heard a ringing sound on the floor. The ring came through the glass without shattering or even scratching it; and at my feet lay this splendid jewel, which I have since worn, and which I shall carry with me to the grave. After that the mirror re-

gained its ordinary appearance. But how bitterly I regretted not making better use of my opportunities and learning more about the unseen world! Now the chance is gone forever. But I have the ring. What effect it has had for the better on my character I will not say. But my fortunes, since I began to wear it, have distinctly mended. Offices of trust have come to me, and I have filled them, so I am told, acceptably. I have related the story with no garniture of imagination, simply as it happened. It seems to *me* almost incredible, but, kind friends, and you, my dear wife, regard the ring. Is it not indeed curiously wrought? Does it not silently by its undimmed and even enhanced glow confirm my veracity? Do you acquit me of deception, of exaggeration? — I thank you!

How Hans Pickel saw the Brooklyn Bridge.

(A TRUE STORY.)

Hans Pickel vas mine fat'er's name; Hans Pickel, id vas mine;
He kvit der fat'erland mit me in achtzen-forty-nine.
I vas a liddle bubchen denn, and now I'm olt und gray,
Und schtill don' spik die English vell, I'm very zad to zay.
Die poys I spielt mit almost all vas liddle Cherman poys,
Egcept die liddle Cherman girls who helpt to maig die noise;
Und von of dem now pears mine name — I gall her mine schweet Pickel,
Und such a shoak id maig her laugh und say dat I'm ridickel.
I vent to school a year or doo, und denn I learnt mine drade;
I vas a gleffer blumber, und a vortune I haf made.
Bud all dis dime of doil und moil I schtuck right straight to peesness,
Und neffer vonce haf took a day but Zundays for mine ease-ness.
Now Elspet (dat's mine frau) she zay I'd ought to haf a schange,
Und zo to go avay a vile I manetch to arrange.
I pought a dicket for New York, and had a lofly ride,
Und zaw die level landschaft all dat schmiled on efery zide;
Bud venn I reach die zitty I vas marvel at her zize —
I neffer zee such hurrying growds, such schplendit pildings rise.
I velt dat I vas almost lost, dough I veigh zwei-hundret pound!
Mine poor olt ears vas deafened by die Niagára zound.
'T vas most of all dat Prooklyn Pritch I vantet to peholt,
For of her vondrous maknitut I'd many dimes peen tolt.
Und zo I vent down Vulton schtreet, und kvickly bay mine vare,
To see it vrom beneat' at first, zoospended in die air.

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

New York

A ferry-poat yoost loaded vas tree-four feet vrom der schlip —
I had zo liddle dime to schpare, I gould not lose dat trip.
Und zo I run mit all mine strengt' und gif a mighty schump!
Vot say you? Miss it? Ach! not zo! I landet all kaflump.
I schtruck a pird-gage, und mine veight vas too much, on mine vord:
It crush it flatter denn mine hat, und kilt dat liddle pird.
Und denn against die gabin-door I rollt und schmasht it t'rough —
I neffer, neffer zaw die vay dose proken klasses flew!
Zwei purly teck-hants krapt me, und, t'inking me inzane,
Pegan to bound me mit deir fists mit all deir might und main.
I lose mine demper, I gonfess, und knockt dose zwei men down;
I do teclare I vas in troot der angr'est man in town.
Die voman of der pird-gage she game und zaid I 'd bay
For gilling of her liddle pird, before I vent avay.
Der gaptain of der ferry-poat he game und schvore profane,
Und dolt me I must go to schail or mend dat proken pane.
Die teck-hants schrampled to deir veet, und schoutet to egsplain:
I moss pe trunk pecause I run und gif dat fearful leap,
Und lantet on der pird-gage in such a glumsy heap.
Und zo to schpare more droupple, I dakes mine roll of pills,
Und hands den tollars to der frau whose liddle pird I gills.
I gifs den tollars to dose men whose nose I make to pleed
(Mine frau, she dells me aftervords I bay more as vas need)
Und I gifs der gaptain twenty-von to mend dat proken door —
Ach! 't vas a gostly trip I had, und I schpoilt die glose I vore.
Und denn as I did look me round, die beoples all did krin:
"Vat vas die hurry?" zo dey ask, "*die poat vas goming in!*"

But denn I zaw die Prooklyn Pritch, for ven der poat vent beck,
I schtoot upon der ferry ent und almost straint mine neck
Und saw dat schplendit arch of schteel dat crosses t'rough die schky,
As kraceful as der regen-bow und, ach! zo proad und high!
Ach ja! es freut me dat I vent; I do not krudge die gost, —
I might haf schpent it besser, but I gan not gount it lost;
For I learnt a lot of visdom vrom der droupple I vas bin —
Since denn I neffer hurries venn die poat is goming in!

How Hans Pickel's Dog had Himself Photographed.

Ve haf a gunnink leedle tog —
So schmall ve galls him Pollyvog,
Der prightest, glefferest, schmartest vellow,
Mit vur of zomedimes plack unt yellow,
Unt zooch a gomigal tvistet dail
Dat zu ontvist vere no afail.

Unt leedle goal-plack tvingling eyes
Like zwei tvin tog-schtars in der schkies.
Mein Frau on dot schmall tog schoost doats
Unt qvite-zu-much schpare dime devotes
In maiging vonny golored goats
For him zu vear in vintry vedder;
Und ven dey goes to valluk zugedder
She 's halluf der dime in zad anxiety
Dot he should schoose die low soziety
Off some blebeian mongrel cur
Inschtead of schtickink clos't py her: —
She iss not happy tay or night
Ven Pollyvog iss out off zight.

She 's drained him zo dot he vould schpring
Right t'rough a leedle vooden ring,
Und ven she tolds him he moos zing
He 'll schtand on der piano-schair
Und baw die geys unt howl an air
Not wholly Bach or Wagner wholly,
Bud you vould zay dot id vos *bully!*
He had a dutzend dricks so vonny
Dot on der schtage 't would made him money.

Von tay mein Frau she maig me laff.
"I vant," say she, "die photograph
Of dot schmall tog pefore he ties."
"Vot an idea!" I kvick replies;
"Vait dill he 's tead und haff him schtuft."
Mein Frau she vould not pe repuft.
"Subbose," says she, "dot some von schtole him!"
"Ach! den," says I, "meminisse olim" —
(Mein leedle knowledge of die Latin
In dis gonnection game qvite pat in) —
"A din-dype vill do schoost as petter
Und du canst zend him in a letter."
Dot ferry tay mein Frau vent town
To our ald photográpher Braun;
She dold him vot a tog vos he
As zubschects for phodography.
She dried to maig him do his dricks
But he vos schtubborn — vould do nix.
Unt denn she bosed him in a schair
Unt dolt him he muss schtay right dere.
But Pollyvog vos up to meeschief
Unt vould not bose; I tink dot *his* chief

Indention vos zu blague his mistress
Unt gause her schust a leedle distress.
Zix dimes she bosed dot tog und more;
Each dimes he schumpt down on der floor;
Schust as der man had fixt die focus
Dot tog schtirred up ein hocus-pocus.
At last mein Frau loose all her patience
(Unt she *gan* schold on such oggasions;
Zu oftendimes dey gomes I fear) —
"*Du bist ein schlechtes kleines Tier!*
Nach Hause! Geh! Was thust Du hier?"
She schpoke in Cherman mit zeferity,
Und home dot tog vlew mit celerity;
His gorkschrew dail for vonce almost
Ungurled; he hung his head; he loast
Dot saucy look, his broaudest poast;
Und t'rough die door vent like a ghost.
All tay dot tog vould nottings eat;
He actet zif he hat peen peat;
Und ven der Morgen game he vanisht,
Und no von knew how he had manesht.
Mein boor olt Frau vos unconsolable;
Mein schmal poy's krief vos uncontrollable:
Ve mourned dot tog as he vos died,
Ve t'ought he 'd c'mitted suicide.
But as die Uhr vos schtrikink tvelve
In game dot Pollyvog himselve.
A happier Hund you neffer saw.
His dail vagged like a dynamo;
He gut up effery gind of gaper;
Unt round his neck he vore a paper —
Ja! you haff guessed it: — 't vos his bild —
A din-dype ass mein Frau had villed,
In yoost der ferry attitut
In vich she bosed him: — It vos gut!
Der photográpher afdervord
Dolt vot a foony t'ing oggurred.
"Dot Morgen," said he, "venn I game
To peesness early schtood dis zame
Schmall tog avaiting for me dere,
Unt zeemed to vant to get up schtair.
I made pelief bay no addention: —
Ach! he 's a tog of vise invention:
He schumpt up on der schtool unt schtood
Yoost as his mistress dolt he schould,

Und den schumpt down unt parked at me
Unt gampeld rount yoost frantic'ly;
Unt ven at last I t'ought I 'd dry it,
He bosed himsellve unt schtood so kviet
Dot in zen minute he vos done:
I neffer had a petter von!"

Mein Frau vas broud enuf pefore;
But now she 's broud six dimes as more,
Unt ven she effer gets a schence
She dells apout dot tog's fine sense,
Unt many beobles often laught
To hear how he vas photographt.

Sunset Comfort.

Golden clouds in radiance shining
  Guard the portals of the West,
Where the glorious sun declining
  Enters to enjoy his rest.

Yet those clouds are damp and chilling
  As they drift in from the sea.
And the spirit is unwilling
  To be wrapt in misery.

From the clouds then comfort borrow!
  Let them give thee peace and calm!
Memory will brighten sorrow,
  Setting suns will pour their balm.

ALFRED DOMETT.

Domett, Alfred, an English poet; born at Camberwell Grove, Surrey, May 20, 1811; died Nov. 2, 1887. He entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1829, but left without a degree. He travelled in America for a couple of years, returning to England in 1836, and subsequently resided in Italy and Switzerland. In 1841 he was called to the bar at Middle Temple. In 1842 he went to New Zealand, where he resided until 1871. He is understood to be the hero of Robert Browning's poem "Waring." He put forth several volumes of poems; the earliest appearing in 1833; then appeared "Venice" (1839). After his return from New Zealand he published "Ranolf and Amohia" (1872), a poem descriptive of the scenery of New Zealand and its aboriginal inhabitants. In 1877 he made a collection of his poems under the title of "Flotsam and Jetsam, Rhymes Old and New." His "Christmas Hymn," the most admired of all his poems, appeared originally in "Blackwood's Magazine" in 1837.

A Christmas Hymn.

I.

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was Queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars,
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars,
Held undisturbed their ancient reign
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

II.

'T was in the calm and silent night!
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home;

Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago?

III.

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor:
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He passed, for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought —
The air, how calm, and cold and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

IV.

O strange indifference! — low and high
Drows'd over common joys and cares:
The earth was still — but knew not why;
The world was listening — unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment none would heed;
Man's doom was link'd, no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

V.

It is the calm and silent night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness — charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn —
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

JOHN DONNE.

DONNE, JOHN, an eminent English clergyman and poet; born in London in 1573; died there in 1631. He studied at Oxford and Cambridge, being designed for the legal profession, but in his nineteenth year he abandoned law for theology. In 1610 he wrote the "Pseudo-Martyr," which procured him the favor of James I., who persuaded him to take holy orders, and about 1614 made him one of his chaplains. He distinguished himself as a preacher, and was later made Dean of St. Paul's. Donne wrote sermons, devotional and controversial treatises, poetical satires, elegies and epigrams. A complete edition of his works was issued in 1839, under the editorial care of Dean Alford. A collection of his sermons, with a memoir, was issued in 1897 by Augustus Jessopp. Donne was the first and Cowper the second of the school which Johnson denominated "metaphysical" poets, who labored after conceits and novel turns of thought.

THE SOUL'S FLIGHT TO HEAVEN.

THINK in how poor a prison thou didst lie; . . .
But think that death hath now enfranchised thee! . . .
And think this slow-paced Soul, which late did cleave
To a body, and went but by that body's leave,
Twenty, perchance, or thirty miles a day,
Dispatches in a minute all the way
'Twixt heaven and earth! She stays not in the air,
To look what meteors there themselves prepare;
She carries no desire to know, nor sense,
Whether the air's middle region be intense
For the element of fire, she doth not know
Whether she passed by such a place or no;
She baits not at the moon, nor cares to try
Whether in that new world men live and die;
Venus retards her not to inquire how she
Can — being one star — Hesper and Vesper be.
He that charmed Argus's eyes, sweet Mercury,
Works not on her who now is grown all eye;

Who, if she meet the body of the Sun,
Goes through, not staying till her course be run;
Who finds in Mars's camp no corps of guard;
Nor is by Jove, nor by his Father barred;
But, ere she can consider how she went,
At once is at, and through, the firmament:
And, as these stars were but so many beads
Strung on one string, speed undistinguished leads
Her through those spheres, as through those beads a string,
Whose quick succession makes it still one thing;
As doth the pith which, lest our bodies slack,
Strings fast the little bones of neck and back,
So by the Soul doth Death string Heaven and Earth.

Sonnet to Death.

Death, be not proud, though some have callèd thee
  Mighty and dreadful; for thou art not so:
  For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not — poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From Rest and Sleep, which but thy picture be,
  Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow.
  And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery!
  Thou 'rt slave to Fate, Chance, Kings, and desperate Men,
And dost with Poison, War, and Sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
  And better, than thy stroke: Why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt die!

Elegy on Mistress Elizabeth Drury.

She who had here so much essential joy,
As no chance could distract, much less destroy;
Who with God's presence was acquainted so
(Hearing and speaking to him) as to know
His face in any natural stone or tree
Better than when in images they be;
Who kept, by diligent devotion
God's image in such reparation
Within her heart, that what decay was grown
Was her first Parents' fault, and not her own;

Who being solicited to any act,
Still heard God pleading his safe pre-contract;
Who by a faithful confidence was here
Betrothed to God, and now is married there;
Whose twilights were more clear than our midday;
Who dreamed devoutlier than most use to pray;
Who, being here filled with grace, yet strove to be,
Both where more grace and more capacity
At once is given. She to heaven is gone,
Who made this world in some proportion
A heaven, and here became unto us all
Joy (as our joys admit) essential.

A Valediction Forbidding Mourning.

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go;
Whilst some of their sad friends do say
The breath goes now — and some say, No;

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods nor sigh-tempests move;
'T were profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love. . . .

Our two souls, therefore — which are one —
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two:
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if the other do.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like the other foot, obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

The Will.

Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great Love, some legacies: Here I bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see;
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee;

My tongue to Fame; to Ambassadors mine ears;
To Women, or the Sea, my tears;
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore,
By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none but such as had too much before.

My constancy I to the Planets give:
My truth to them who at Court do live;
Mine ingenuity and openness
To Jesuits; to Buffoons my pensiveness;
My silence to any who abroad have been;
My money to a Capuchin;
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there where no love received can be,
Only to give to such as have no good capacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics;
All my good works unto the Schismatics
Of Amsterdam; my best civility
And courtship to an University;
My modesty I give to Soldiers bare;
My patience let Gamesters share;
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my Friends; mine industry to Foes;
To Schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness,
My sickness to Physicians, or Excess;
To Nature all that I in rhyme have writ;
And to my Company my wit.
Thou, Love, by making me adore
Her who begot this love in me before,
Taught'st me to make as though I gave, when I do but restore.

To him for whom the Passing-bell next tolls
I give my physic-books; my written rolls
Of moral councils I do to Bedlam give;
My brazen medals unto them which live
In Want of Bread; to them which pass among
All Foreigners, my English tongue.
Thou, Love, by making me love one
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I 'll give no more, but I 'll undo
The world by dying, because love dies too.
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in mines, where none doth draw it forth:
And all your graces no more use shall have
  Than a sun-dial in a grave.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,
To practise this one way to annihilate all three.

The Undertaking.

I have done one braver thing
  Than all the Worthies did,
And yet a braver thence doth spring,
  Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madness now t' impart
  The skill of specular stone,
When he which can have learned the art
  To cut it, can find none.

So, if I now should utter this,
  Others (because no more
Such stuff to work upon there is)
  Would love but as before:

But he who loveliness within
  Hath found, all outward loathes;
For he who color loves, and skin,
  Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also do
  Virtue attired in woman see,
And dare love that and say so too,
  And forget the He and She;

And if this love, though placèd so,
  From profane men you hide,
Which will no faith on this bestow,
  Or, if they do, deride;

Then you have done a braver thing
  Than all the Worthies did,
And a braver thence will spring,
  Which is, to keep that hid.

FEODOR MIKHAILOVITCH DOSTOYEVSKY.

Dostoyevsky, Feodor Mikhailovitch, a Russian novelist and journalist, was born at Moscow, November 11, 1822; died at St. Petersburg, February 9, 1881. His first novel, entitled "Poor Folk," issued in 1846, is a vivid and pathetic description of the life of the Russian poor. In 1849 he was arrested and condemned to death; but on the very scaffold a commutation reached him, and he was sent to Siberia for six years; arriving home four years later. He then recommenced, penniless, the life of an author writing for bread. The "Downtrodden and Oppressed" appeared within a year after his return. "Evil Hearts" was published in 1867; and "Crime and Punishment" the same year. His later works include, "The Idiot" (1869); "Podrostok" (1875); "The Brothers Karamazov" (1875); "Krotkaia" (1875); "The Underground Spirit" (1875); "An Author's Journal," a periodical which Dostoyevsky founded in 1876, and of which he was editor and publisher.

The Bible Reading

(From "Crime and Punishment.")

Raskolnikoff went straight to the water-side, where Sonia was living. The three-storied house was an old building, painted green. The young man had some difficulty in finding the dvornik, and got from him vague information about the quarters of the tailor Kapernasumoff. After having discovered in a corner of the yard the foot of a steep and gloomy staircase, he ascended to the second floor, and followed the gallery facing the court-yard. Whilst groping in the dark, and asking himself how Kapernasumoff's lodgings could be reached, a door opened close to him; he seized it mechanically.

"Who is there?" asked a timid female voice.

"It is I. I am coming to see you," replied Raskolnikoff, on entering a small anteroom. There on a wretched table stood a candle, fixed in a candlestick of twisted metal.

"Is that you? Good heavens!" feebly replied Sonia, who seemed not to have strength enough to move from the spot.

"Where do you live? Is it here?" And Raskolnikoff passed quickly into the room, trying not to look the girl in the face.

A moment afterwards Sonia rejoined him with the candle, and remained stock still before him, a prey to an indescribable agitation. This unexpected visit had upset her — nay, even frightened her. All of a sudden her pale face colored up, and tears came into her eyes. She experienced extreme confusion, united with a certain gentle feeling. Raskolnikoff turned aside with a rapid movement and sat down on a chair, close to the table. In the twinkling of an eye he took stock of everything in the room.

This room was large, with a very low ceiling, and was the only one let out by the Kapernasumoffs; in the wall, on the left-hand side, was a door giving access to theirs. On the opposite side, in the wall on the right, there was another door, which was always locked. That was another lodging, having another number. Sonia's room was more like an outhouse, of irregular rectangular shape, which gave it an uncommon character. The wall, with its three windows facing the canal, cut it obliquely, forming thus an extremely acute angle, in the back portion of which nothing could be seen, considering the feeble light of the candle. On the other hand, the other angle was an extremely obtuse one. This large room contained scarcely any furniture. In the right-hand corner was the bed; between the bed and the door, a chair; on the same side, facing the door of the next set, stood a deal table, covered with a blue cloth; close to the table were two rush chairs. Against the opposite wall, near the acute angle, was placed a small chest of drawers of unvarnished wood, which seemed out of place in this vacant spot. This was the whole of the furniture. The yellowish and worn paper had everywhere assumed a darkish color, probably the effect of the damp and coal smoke. Everything in the place denoted poverty. Even the bed had no curtains. Sonia silently considered the visitor, who examined her room so attentively and so unceremoniously.

. . . . . .

"Her lot is fixed," thought he, — "a watery grave, the madhouse, or a brutish existence!" This latter contingency was

especially repellent to him, but skeptic as he was, he could not help believing it a possibility. "Is it possible that such is really the case?" he asked himself. "Is it possible that this creature, who still retains a pure mind, should end by becoming deliberately mire-like? Has she not already become familiar with it, and if up to the present she has been able to bear with such a life, has it not been so because vice has already lost its hideousness in her eyes? Impossible again!" cried he, on his part, in the same way as Sonia had cried a moment ago. "No, that which up to the present has prevented her from throwing herself into the canal has been the fear of sin and its punishment. May she not be mad after all? Who says she is not so? Is she in full possession of all her faculties? Is it possible to speak as she does? Do people of sound judgment reason as she reasons? Can people anticipate future destruction with such tranquillity, turning a deaf ear to warnings and forebodings? Does she expect a miracle? It must be so. And does not all this seem like signs of mental derangement?"

To this idea he clung obstinately. Sonia mad! Such a prospect displeased him less than the other ones. Once more he examined the girl attentively. "And you — you often pray to God, Sonia?" he asked her.

No answer. Standing by her side, he waited for a reply. "What could I be, what should I be without God?" cried she in a low-toned but energetic voice, and whilst casting on Raskolnikoff a rapid glance of her brilliant eyes, she gripped his hand.

"Come, I was not mistaken!" he muttered to himself.— "And what does God do for you?" asked he, anxious to clear his doubts yet more.

For a long time the girl remained silent, as if incapable of reply. Emotion made her bosom heave. "Stay, do not question me! You have no such right!" exclaimed she, all of a sudden, with looks of anger.

"I expected as much!" was the man's thought.

"God does everything for me!" murmured the girl rapidly, and her eyes sank.

"At last I have the explanation!" he finished mentally, whilst eagerly looking at her.

He experienced a new, strange, almost unhealthy feeling on watching this pale, thin, hard-featured face, these blue and soft eyes which could yet dart such lights and give utterance to such passion; in a word, this feeble frame, yet trembling with indig-

nation and anger, struck him as weird, — nay, almost fantastic. "Mad! she must be mad!" he muttered once more. A book was lying on the chest of drawers. Raskolnikoff had noticed it more than once whilst moving about the room. He took it and examined it. It was a Russian translation of the Gospels, a well-thumbed leather-bound book.

"Where does that come from?" asked he of Sonia, from the other end of the room.

The girl still held the same position, a pace or two from the table. "It was lent me," replied Sonia somewhat loth, without looking at Raskolnikoff.

"Who lent it you?"

"Elizabeth — I asked her to!"

"Elizabeth. How strange!" he thought. Everything with Sonia assumed to his mind an increasingly extraordinary aspect. He took the book to the light, and turned it over. "Where is mention made of Lazarus?" asked he abruptly.

Sonia, looking hard on the ground, preserved silence, whilst moving somewhat from the table.

"Where is mention made of the resurrection of Lazarus? Find me the passage, Sonia."

The latter looked askance at her interlocutor. "That is not the place — it is the Fourth Gospel," said she dryly, without moving from the spot.

"Find me the passage and read it out!" he repeated, and sitting down again rested his elbow on the table, his head on his hand, and glancing sideways with gloomy look, prepared to listen.

Sonia at first hesitated to draw nearer to the table. The singular wish uttered by Raskolnikoff scarcely seemed sincere. Nevertheless she took the book. "Have you ever read the passage?" she asked him, looking at him from out the corners of her eyes. Her voice was getting harder and harder.

"Once upon a time. In my childhood. Read!"

"Have you never heard it in church?"

"I — I never go there. Do you go often yourself?"

"No," stammered Sonia.

Raskolnikoff smiled. "I understand, then, you won't go to-morrow to your father's funeral service?"

"Oh, yes! I was at church last week. I was present at a requiem mass."

"Whose was that?"

"Elizabeth's. She was assassinated by means of an axe."

Raskolnikoff's nervous system became more and more irritated. He was getting giddy. "Were you friends with her?"

"Yes. She was straightforward. She used to come and see me — but not often. She was not able. She used to read and chat. She sees God."

Rasolnikoff became thoughtful. "What," asked he himself, "could be the meaning of the mysterious interview of two such idiots as Sonia and Elizabeth? Why, I should go mad here myself!" thought he. "Madness seems to be in the atmosphere of the place! — Read!" he cried all of a sudden, irritably.

Sonia kept hesitating. Her heart beat loud. She seemed afraid to read. He considered "this poor demented creature" with an almost sad expression. "How can that interest you, since you do not believe?" she muttered in a choking voice.

"Read! I insist upon it! Used you not to read to Elizabeth?"

Sonia opened the book and looked for the passage. Her hands trembled. The words stuck in her throat. Twice did she try to read without being able to utter the first syllable.

"Now a certain man was sick, named Lazarus, of Bethany,"

she read at last, with an effort; but suddenly, at the third word, her voice grew wheezy, and gave way like an overstretched chord. Breath was deficient in her oppressed bosom. Raskolnikoff partly explained to himself Sonia's hesitation to obey him; and in proportion as he understood her better, he insisted still more imperiously on her reading. He felt what it must cost the girl to lay bare to him, to some extent, her heart of hearts. She evidently could not, without difficulty, make up her mind to confide to a stranger the sentiments which probably since her teens had been her support, her *viaticum* — when, what with a sottish father and a stepmother demented by misfortune, to say nothing of starving children, she heard nothing but reproach and offensive clamor. He saw all this, but he likewise saw that notwithstanding this repugnance, she was most anxious to read, — to read to him, and that now, — let the consequences be what they may! The girl's look, the agitation to which she was a prey, told him as much, and by a violent effort over herself Sonia conquered the spasm which parched her throat, and continued to read the eleventh chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. She thus reached the nineteenth verse: —

"And many of the Jews came to Martha and Mary, to comfort them concerning their brother. Then Martha, as soon as she heard that Jesus was coming, went and met him; but Mary sat still in the house. Then said Martha unto Jesus, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But I know that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee."

Here she paused, to overcome the emotion which once more caused her voice to tremble.

"Jesus saith unto her, Thy brother shall rise again. Martha saith unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus said unto her, I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this? She saith unto him," —

and although she had difficulty in breathing, Sonia raised her voice, as if in reading the words of Martha she was making her own confession of faith: —

"Yea, Lord: I believe that thou art the Christ, the son of God, which should come into the world."

She stopped, raised her eyes rapidly on him, but cast them down on her book, and continued to read. Raskolnikoff listened without stirring, without turning toward her, his elbows resting on the table, looking aside. Thus the reading continued till the thirty-second verse.

"Then when Mary was come where Jesus was, and saw him, she fell down at his feet, saying unto him, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, he groaned in the spirit and was troubled, and said, Where have ye laid him? They said unto him, Lord, come and see. Jesus wept. Then said the Jews, Behold how he loved him. And some of them said, Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?"

Raskolnikoff turned towards her and looked at her with agitation. His suspicion was a correct one. She was trembling in all her limbs, a prey to fever. He had expected this. She was getting to the miraculous story, and a feeling of triumph was taking possession of her. Her voice, strengthened by joy, had a metallic ring. The lines became misty to her troubled eyes, but fortunately she knew the passage by heart. At the last line,

"Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind—" she lowered her voice, emphasizing passionately the doubt, the blame, the reproach of these unbelieving and blind Jews, who a moment after fell as if struck by lightning on their knees, to sob, and to believe. "Yes," thought she, deeply affected by this joyful hope, "yes, he — he who is blind, who dares not believe — he also will hear — will believe in an instant, immediately, now, this very moment!"

"Jesus therefore, again groaning in himself, cometh to the grave. It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it. Jesus said, Take ye away the stone. Martha, the sister of him that was dead, saith unto him, Lord, by this time he stinketh: for he hath been dead four days."

She strongly emphasized the word *four*.

"Jesus saith unto her, Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God? Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid. And Jesus lifted up his eyes, and said, Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me. And I knew that thou hearest me always; but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me. And when he thus had spoken, he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth. *And he that was dead came forth,*"

(on reading these words Sonia shuddered, as if she herself had been witness to the miracle)

"bound hand and foot with grave-clothes; and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him, and let him go. *Then many of the Jews which came to Mary, and had seen the things which Jesus did, believed on him.*"

She read no more, — such a thing would have been impossible to her, — closed the book, and briskly rising, said in a low-toned and choking voice, without turning toward the man she was talking to, "So much for the resurrection of Lazarus." She seemed afraid to raise her eyes on Raskolnikoff, whilst her feverish trembling continued. The dying piece of candle dimly lit up this low-ceiled room, in which an assassin and a harlot had just read the Book of books.

DR. CONAN DOYLE

A. CONAN DOYLE.

Doyle, A. Conan, British physician and novelist; born at Edinburgh in 1859. He was carefully trained for a physician, but went to London at twenty and adopted literature as a profession. His first book was "The Mystery of the Sassassa Valley," published at the age of nineteen. His greatest success was won with the series of detective tales known as the Sherlock Holmes stories: "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," etc. In 1894 Mr. Doyle visited the United States, where his books are very popular, and lectured in the principal cities. Doyle has, published: "Mystery of Cloomber" and "Study in Scarlet" (1888); "Micah Clarke, His Statement to His Three Grandchildren" (1889); "Captain of the Polestar, and Other Tales, Mysteries, and Adventures," and "Sign of Four" (1890); "White Company" (1891); "Adventure of Sherlock Holmes," "Doings of Raffles Haw," "Firm of Girdlestone," "Great Shadow," and "Gully of Bluemansdyke, and Other Stories" (1892); "Beyond the City" and "Refugees, a Tale of Two Continents" (1893); "An Actor's Duel," "The Winning Shot," "The Parasite," "Round the Red Lamp" and "The Slapping Sal, and Other Tales" (1894); "The Adventures of Brigadier Gerard" (1895); "The Stark-Munro Letters" (1895), and "Uncle Bernac" (1897).

Our Perilous Adventure on the Plain.

(From "Micah Clarke.")

We were not half a mile from the town before the roll of kettledrums and the blare of bugles swelling up musically through the darkness announced the arrival of the regiment of horse which our friends at the inn had been expecting.

"It is as well, perhaps," said Saxon, "that we gave them the slip, for that young springald might have smelt a rat and played us some ill turn. Have you chanced to see my silken kerchief?"

"Not I," I answered.

"Nay, then, it must have fallen from my bosom during our ruffle. I can ill afford to leave it, for I travel light in such

matters. Eight hundred men, quoth the major, and three thousand to follow. Should I meet this same Oglethorpe or Ogilvy when the little business is over, I shall read him a lesson on thinking less of chemistry and more of the need of preserving military precautions. It is well always to be courteous to strangers, and to give them information, but it is well, also, that the information should be false."

"As his may have been," I suggested.

"Nay, nay, the words came too glibly from his tongue. So ho, Chloe, so ho! She is full of oats, and would fain gallop, but it is so plaguy dark that we can scarce see where we are going."

We had been trotting down the broad high-road, shimmering vaguely white in the gloom, with the shadowy trees dancing past us on either side, scarce outlined against the dark background of cloud. We were now coming upon the eastern edge of the great plain which extends forty miles one way and twenty the other, over the greater part of Wiltshire and past the boundaries of Somersetshire. The main road to the west skirts this wilderness, but we had agreed to follow a less important track, which would lead us to our goal though in a more tedious manner. Its insignificance would, we hoped, prevent it from being guarded by the king's horse. We had come to the point where this by-road branches off from the main highway, when we heard the clatter of horses' hoofs behind us.

"Here comes some one who is not afraid to gallop," I remarked.

"Halt here in the shadow!" cried Saxon, in a short, quick whisper. "Have your blade loose in the scabbard. He must have a set errand who rides so fast o' night."

Looking down the road, we could make out, through the darkness, a shadowy blur, which soon resolved itself into man and horse. The rider was well-nigh abreast of us before he was aware of our presence, when he pulled up his steed in a strange, awkward fashion and faced round in our direction.

"Is Micah Clarke there?" he said, in a voice which was strangely familiar to my ears.

"I am Micah Clarke," said I.

"And I am Reuben Lockarby," cried our pursuer, in a mock-heroic voice. "Ah, Micah, lad, I'd embrace you were it not that I should assuredly fall out of the saddle if I at-

tempted it, and perchance drag you along. That sudden pull up well-nigh landed me on the roadway. I have been sliding off and clambering on ever since I bade good-bye to Havant. Sure, such a horse for slipping from under one was never bestridden by man."

"Good heavens, Reuben!" I cried, in amazement, "what brings you all this way from home?"

"The very same cause which brings you, Micah, and also Don Decimo Saxon, late of the Solent, whom methinks I see in the shadow behind you. How fares it, O illustrious one?"

"It is you, then, young cock of the woods!" growled Saxon, in no very overjoyed voice.

"No less a person," said Reuben. "And now, my gay cavalieros, round with your horses and trot on your way, for there is no time to be lost. We ought all to be at Taunton to-morrow."

"But, my dear Reuben," said I, "it cannot be that you are coming with us to join Monmouth. What would your father say? This is no holiday jaunt, but one that may have a sad and stern ending. At the best, victory can only come through much bloodshed and danger. At the worst, we are as like to wind up upon a scaffold as not."

"Forward, lads, forward!" cried he, spurring on his horse. "It is all arranged and settled. I am about to offer my august person, together with a sword which I borrowed and a horse which I stole, to his most Protestant highness, James, Duke of Monmouth."

"But how comes it all?" I asked, as we rode on together. "It warms my very heart to see you, but you were never concerned either in religion or in politics. Whence, then, this sudden resolution?"

"Well, truth to tell," he replied, "I am neither a king's man, nor a duke's man, nor would I give a button which sat upon the throne. I do not suppose that either one or the other would increase the custom of the Wheatsheaf, or want Reuben Lockarby for a councillor. I am a Micah Clarke man, though, from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet; and, if he rides to the wars, may the plague strike me if I don't stick to his elbow!" He raised his hand excitedly as he spoke, and, instantly losing his balance, he shot into a dense clump of bushes by the roadside, whence his legs flapped helplessly in the darkness.

"That makes the tenth," said he, scrambling out and clambering into his saddle once more. "My father used to tell me not to sit a horse too closely. 'A gentle rise and fall,' said the old man. Egad! there is more fall than rise, and it is anything but gentle."

"Odd's truth!" exclaimed Saxon. "How, in the name of all the saints in the calendar, do you expect to keep your seat in the presence of an enemy if you lose it on a peaceful high-road?"

"I can but try, my illustrious," he answered, rearranging his ruffled clothing. "Perchance the sudden and unexpected character of my movements may disconcert the said enemy."

"Well, well, there may be more truth in that than you are aware of," quoth Saxon, riding upon Lockarby's bridle arm, so that there was scarce room for him to fall between us. "I had sooner fight a man like that young fool at the inn, who knew a little of the use of his weapon, than one like Micah here, or yourself, who know nothing. You can tell what the one is after, but the other will invent a system of his own which will serve his turn for the nonce. Ober-hauptmann Muller was reckoned to be the finest player at the small-sword in the kaiser's army, and could for a wager snick any button from an opponent's vest without cutting the cloth. Yet was he slain in an encounter with Fahnführer Zollner, who was a cornet in our own Pandour corps, and who knew as much of the rapier as you do of horsemanship. For the rapier, be it understood, is designed to thrust, and not to cut, so that no man wielding it ever thinks of guarding a side-stroke. But Zollner, being a long-armed man, smote his antagonist across the face with his weapon, as though it had been a cane, and then, ere he had time to recover himself, fairly pinked him. Doubtless, if the matter were to do again, the ober-hauptmann would have got his thrust in sooner, but as it was, no explanation or excuse could get over the fact that the man was dead."

"If want of knowledge maketh a dangerous swordsman," quoth Reuben, "then am I even more deadly than the unpronounceable gentleman whom you have mentioned. To continue my story, however, which I broke off in order to step down from my horse, I found out early in the morning that ye were gone, and Zachary Palmer was able to tell me whither. I made up my mind, therefore, that I would out into the world also. To this end I borrowed a sword from Solomon Sprent,

and, my father having gone to Gosport, I helped myself to the best nag in his stables — for I have too much respect for the old man to allow one of his flesh and blood to go ill-provided to the wars. All day I have ridden, since early morning, being twice stopped on suspicion of being ill-affected, but having the good luck to get away each time. I knew that I was close at your heels, for I found them searching for you at the Salisbury inn."

Decimus whistled. "Searching for us?" said he.

"Yes. It seems that they had some notion that ye were not what ye professed to be, so the inn was surrounded as I passed, but none knew which road ye had taken."

"Said I not so?" cried Saxon. "That young viper hath stirred up the regiment against us. We must push on, for they may send a party on our track."

"We are off the main road now," I remarked: "even should they pursue us, they would be unlikely to follow this side-track."

"Yet it would be wise to show them a clean pair of heels," said Saxon, spurring his mare into a gallop. Lockarby and I followed his example, and we all three rode swiftly along the rough moorland track.

We passed through scattered belts of pinewood, where the wildcat howled and the owl screeched, and across broad stretches of fenland and moor, where the silence was only broken by the booming cry of the bittern or the fluttering of wild ducks far above our heads. The road was, in parts, overgrown with brambles, and was so deeply rutted and so studded with sharp and dangerous hollows that our horses came more than once upon their knees. In one place the wooden bridge which led over a stream had broken down, and no attempt had been made to repair it, so that we were compelled to ride our horses girth deep through the torrent. At first some scattered lights had shown that we were in the neighborhood of human habitations, but these became fewer as we advanced, until the last died away, and we found ourselves upon the desolate moor, which stretched away in unbroken solitude to the shadowy horizon. The moon had broken through the clouds, and now shone hazily through wreaths of mist, throwing a dim light over the wild scene, and enabling us to keep to the track, which was not fenced in in any way, and could scarce be distinguished from the plain around it.

We had slackened our pace, under the impression that all fear of pursuit was at an end, and Reuben was amusing us by an account of the excitement which had been caused in Havant by our disappearance, when, through the stillness of the night, a dull, muffled rat-tat-tat struck upon my ear. At the same moment Saxon sprang from his horse and listened intently, with sidelong head.

"Boot and saddle!" he cried, springing into his seat again. "They are after us, as sure as fate. A dozen troopers, by the sound. We must shake them off, or good-bye to Monmouth."

"Give them their heads," I answered, and, striking spurs into our steeds, we thundered on through the darkness. Covenant and Chloe were as fresh as could be wished, and soon settled down into a long, springy gallop. Our friend's horse, however, had been travelling all day, and its long-drawn, labored breathing showed that it could not hold out for long. Through the clatter of our horses' hoofs I could still, from time to time, hear the ominous murmur from behind us.

"This will never do, Reuben," said I, anxiously, as the weary creature stumbled, and the rider came perilously near to shooting over its head.

"The old horse is nearly foundered," he answered, ruefully. "We are off the road now, and the rough ground is too much for her."

"Yes, we are off the track," cried Saxon, over his shoulder —for he led us by a few paces. "Bear in mind that the Bluecoats have been on the march all day, so that their horses may also be blown. How in Himmel came they to know which road we took?"

As if in answer to his ejaculation, there rose out of the still night behind us a single clear, bell-like note, swelling and increasing in volume, until it seemed to fill the whole air with its harmony.

"A bloodhound!" cried Saxon.

A second, sharper, keener note, ending in an unmistakable howl, answered the first.

"Another of them," said he. "They have loosed the brutes that we saw near the cathedral. Gad! we little thought when we peered over the rails at them, a few hours ago, that they would so soon be on our track. Keep a firm knee and a steady seat, for a slip now would be your last."

"Holy mother!" cried Reuben, "I had steeled myself to

die in battle — but to be dog's-meat! It is something outside the contract."

"They hold them in leash," said Saxon, between his teeth; "else they would outstrip the horses and be lost in the darkness. Could we but come on running water, we might put them off our track."

"My horse cannot hold on at this pace for more than a very few minutes," Reuben cried. "If I break down do ye go on, for ye must remember that they are upon your track and not mine. They have found cause for suspicion of the two strangers of the inn, but none of me."

"Nay, Reuben, we shall stand or fall together," said I, sadly, for at every step his horse grew more and more feeble. "In this darkness they will make little distinction between persons."

"Keep a good heart," shouted the old soldier, who was now leading us by twenty yards or more. "We can hear them because the wind blows from that way, but it's odds whether they have heard us. Methinks they slacken in their pursuit."

"The sound of their horses has indeed grown fainter," said I, joyfully.

"So faint that I can hear it no longer," my companion cried.

We reined up our panting steeds and strained our ears, but not a sound could we hear save the gentle murmur of the breeze among the whin-bushes, and the melancholy cry of the night-jar. Behind us the broad, rolling plain, half light and half shadow, stretched away to the dim horizon without sign of life or movement.

"We have either outstripped them completely, or else they have given up the chase," said I. "What ails the horses that they should tremble and snort?"

"My poor beast is nearly done for," Reuben remarked, leaning forward and passing his hand down the creature's reeking neck.

"For all that, we cannot rest," said Saxon. "We may not be out of danger yet. Another mile or two may shake us clear. But I like it not."

"Like not what?"

"These horses and their terrors. The beasts can at times both see and hear more than we, as I could show by divers examples drawn from my own experience on the Danube and

in the Palatinate, were the time and place more fitting. Let us on, then, before we rest."

The weary horses responded bravely to the call, and struggled onwards over the broken ground for a considerable time. At last we were thinking of pulling up in good earnest, and of congratulating ourselves upon having tired out our pursuers, when of a sudden a bell-like baying broke upon our ears far louder than it had been before — so loud, indeed, that it was evident that the dogs were close upon our heels.

"The accursed hounds!" cried Saxon, putting spurs to his horse and shooting ahead of us; "I feared as much. They have freed them from the leash. There is no escape from the devils, but we can choose the spot where we shall make our stand."

"Come on, Reuben," I shouted. "We have only to reckon with the dogs now. Their masters have let them loose, and turned back for Salisbury."

"Pray Heaven they break their necks before they get there!" he cried. "They set dogs on us as though we were rats in a cock-pit. Yet they call England a Christian country! It 's no use, Micah. Poor Dido can't stir another step."

As he spoke, the sharp, fierce bay of the hounds rose again, clear and stern, on the night air, swelling up from a low, hoarse growl, to a high, angry yelp. There seemed to be a ring of exultation in their wild cry, as though they knew that their quarry was almost run to earth.

"Not another step!" said Reuben Lockarby, pulling up and drawing his sword. "If I must fight I shall fight here."

"There could be no better place," I replied. Two great, jagged rocks rose before us, jutting abruptly out of the ground, and leaving a space of twelve or fifteen feet between them. Through this gap we rode, and I shouted loudly for Saxon to join us. His horse, however, had been steadily gaining upon ours, and at the renewed alarm had darted off again, so that he was already some hundred yards from us. It was useless to summon him, even could he hear our voices, for the hounds would be upon us before he could return.

"Never heed him," I said hurriedly. "Do you rein your steed behind that rock, and I behind this. They will serve to break the force of the attack. Dismount not, but strike down and strike hard!"

On either side in the shadow of the rock we waited in silence for our terrible pursuers. Looking back at it, my dear

children, I cannot but think it was a great trial on such young soldiers as Reuben and myself to be put, on the first occasion of drawing our swords, into such a position. For I have found, and others have confirmed my opinion, that of all dangers that a man is called upon to face, that arising from savage and determined animals is the most unnerving. For with men there is ever the chance that some trait of weakness or of want of courage may give you an advantage over them, but with fierce beasts there is no such hope. We knew that the creatures to whom we were opposed could never be turned from our throats while there was breath in their bodies. One feels in one's heart, too, that the combat is an unequal one, for your life is precious, at least to your friends, while their lives, what are they? All this and a great deal more passed swiftly through our minds as we sat with drawn swords, soothing our trembling horses as best we might, and waiting for the coming of the hounds.

Nor had we long to wait. Another long, deep, thunderous bay sounded in our ears, followed by a profound silence, broken only by the quick, shivering breathing of the horses. Then, suddenly and noiselessly, a great tawny brute, with its black muzzle to the earth, its overhung cheeks flapping on either side, sprang into the band of moonlight between the rocks, and on into the shadow beyond. It never paused or swerved for an instant, but pursued its course straight onwards without a glance to right or to left. Close behind it came a second and behind that a third, all of enormous size, and looking even larger and more terrible than they were in the dim, shifting light. Like the first they took no notice of our presence, but bounded on along the trail left by Decimus Saxon.

The first and second I let pass, for I hardly realized that they so completely overlooked us. When the third, however, sprang out into the moonlight, I drew my right-hand pistol from its holster, and resting its long barrel across my left forearm, I fired at it as it passed. The bullet struck the mark, for the brute gave a fierce howl of rage and pain, but, true to the scent, it never turned or swerved. Lockarby fired also, as it disappeared among the brushwood, but with no apparent effect. So swiftly and so noiselessly did the great hounds pass that they might have been grim, silent spirits of the night, the phantom dogs of Herne the Hunter, but for that one fierce yelp which followed my shot.

"What brutes!" my companion ejaculated: "what shall we do, Micah?"

"They have clearly been laid on Saxon's trail," said I. "We must follow them up, or they will be too many for him. Can you hear anything of our pursuers?"

"Nothing."

"They have given up the chase, then, and let the dogs loose as a last resource. Doubtless the creatures are trained to return to the town. But we must push on, Reuben, if we are to help our companion."

"One more spurt, then, little Dido," cried Reuben; "can you muster strength for one more? Nay, I have not the heart to put spurs to you. If you can do it, I know you will."

The brave mare snorted, as though she understood her rider's words, and stretched her weary limbs into a gallop. So stoutly did she answer the appeal that, though I pressed Covenant to his topmost speed, she was never more than a few strides behind him.

"He took this direction," said I, peering anxiously out into the darkness. "He can scarce have gone far, for he spoke of making a stand. Or, perhaps, finding that we are not with him, he may trust to the speed of his horse."

"What chance hath a horse of outstripping these brutes?" Reuben answered. "They must run him to earth, and he knows it. Hullo! what have we here?"

A dark, dim form lay stretched in the moonlight in front of us. It was the dead body of a hound — the one, evidently, at which I had fired.

"There is one of them disposed of," I cried, joyously; "We have but two to settle with now."

As I spoke we heard the crack of two pistol-shots some little distance to the left. Heading our steeds in that direction, we pressed on at the top of our speed. Presently out of the darkness in front of us there arose such a roaring and a yelping as sent our hearts in our mouths. It was not a single cry, such as the hounds had uttered when they were on the scent, but a continuous, deep-mouthed uproar, so fierce and so prolonged that we could not doubt that they had come to the end of their run.

"Pray God that they have not got him down!" cried Reuben, in a faltering voice.

The same thought had crossed my own mind, for I have heard a similar though lesser din come from a pack of otter

hounds when they had overtaken their prey and were tearing it to pieces. Sick at heart, I drew my sword with the determination that, if we were too late to save our companion, we should at least revenge him upon the four-footed fiends. Bursting through a thick belt of scrub and tangled gorse bushes, we came upon a scene so unlike what we expected that we pulled up our horses in astonishment.

A circular clearing lay in front of us, brightly illuminated by the silvery moonshine. In the centre of this rose a giant stone, one of those high, dark columns which are found all over the plain, and especially in the parts round Stonehenge. It could not have been less than fifteen feet in height, and had doubtless been originally straight, but wind and weather or the crumbling of the soil had gradually suffered it to tilt over until it inclined at such an angle that an active man might clamber up to the summit. On the top of this ancient stone, cross-legged and motionless, like some strange, carved idol of former days, sat Decimus Saxon, puffing sedately at the long pipe which was ever his comfort in moments of difficulty. Beneath him, at the base of the monolith, as our learned men call them, the two great bloodhounds were rearing and springing, clambering over each other's backs in their frenzied and futile eagerness to reach the impassive figure perched above them, while they gave vent to their rage and disappointment in the hideous uproar which had suggested such terrible thoughts to our mind.

We had little time, however, to gaze at this strange scene, for upon our appearance the hounds abandoned their helpless attempts to reach Saxon, and flew, with a fierce snarl of satisfaction, at Reuben and myself. One great brute, with flaring eyes and yawning mouth, his white fangs glistening in the moonlight, sprang at my horse's neck; but I met him fair with a single sweeping cut, which shore away his muzzle and left him wallowing and writhing in a pool of blood. Reuben, meanwhile, had spurred his horse forward to meet his assailant; but the poor, tired steed flinched at the sight of the fierce hound, and pulled up suddenly, with the result that her rider rolled headlong into the very jaws of the animal. It might have gone ill with Reuben had he been left to his own resources. At the most he could only have kept the cruel teeth from his throat for a very few moments; but, seeing the mischance, I drew my remaining pistol, and springing from my horse, discharged it full into the creature's flank while it struggled with my friend.

With a last yell of rage and pain it brought its fierce jaws together in one wild, impotent snap, and then sank slowly over upon its side, while Reuben crawled from beneath it, scared and bruised, but none the worse otherwise for his perilous adventure.

"I owe you one for that, Micah," he said gratefully. "I may live to do as much for you."

"And I owe ye both one," said Saxon, who had scrambled down from his place of refuge. "I pay my debts, too, whether for good or evil. I might have stayed up there until I had eaten my jack-boots, for all the chance I had of ever getting down again. Sancta Maria! but that was a shrewd blow of yours, Clarke! The brute's head flew in halves like a rotten pumpkin. No wonder that they stuck to my track, for I have left both my spare girth and my kerchief behind me, which would serve to put them on Chloe's scent as well as mine own."

"And where is Chloe?" I asked, wiping my sword.

"Chloe had to look out for herself. I found the brutes gaining on me, you see, and I let drive at them with my barkers; but with a horse flying at twenty miles an hour, what chance is there for a single slug finding its way home? Things looked black then, for I had no time to reload; and the rapier, though the king of weapons in the duello, is scarce strong enough to rely upon on an occasion like this. As luck would have it, just as I was fairly puzzled, what should I come across but this handy stone which the good priests of old did erect, as far as I can see, for no other purpose than to provide worthy cavalieros with an escape from such ignoble and scurvy enemies. I had no time to escape in clambering up it, for I had to tear my heel out of the mouth of the foremost of them, and might have been dragged down by it had he not found my spur too tough a morsel for his chewing. But surely one of my bullets must have reached its mark." Lighting the touch-paper in his tobacco-box, he passed it over the body of the hound which had attacked me, and then of the other.

"Why, this one is riddled like a sieve," he cried. "What do you load your petronels with, good Master Clarke?"

"With two leaden slugs."

"Yet two leaden slugs have made a score of holes at least! And, of all things in this world, here is the neck of a bottle stuck in the brute's hide!"

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "I remember. My dear

mother packed a bottle of Daffy's Elixir in the barrel of my pistol."

"And you have shot it into the bloodhound!" roared Reuben. "Ho! ho! When they hear that tale at the tap of the Wheatsheaf, there will be some throats dry with laughter. Saved my life by shooting a dog with a bottle of Daffy's Elixir!"

"And a bullet as well, Reuben, though I dare warrant the gossips will soon contrive to leave that detail out. It is a mercy the pistol did not burst. But what do you propose to do now, Master Saxon?"

"Why, to recover my mare if it can anywise be done," said the adventurer. "Though on this vast moor, in the dark, she will be as difficult to find as a Scotchman's breeches or a flavorless line in 'Hudibras.'"

"And Reuben Lockarby's steed can go no farther," I remarked, "But do mine eyes deceive me, or is there a glimmer of light over yonder?"

"A will-o'-the wisp," said Saxon.

> "'An *ignis fatuus* that bewitches,
> And leads men into pools and ditches.'

Yet I confess that it burns steady and clear, as though it came from lamp, candle, rushlight, lantern, or other human agency."

"Where there is light there is life," cried Reuben. "Let us make for it, and see what chance of shelter we may find there."

"It cannot come from our dragoon friends," remarked Decimus. "A murrain on them! how came they to guess our true character; or was it on the score of some insult to the regiment that that young Fahnführer has set them on our track? If I have him at my sword's point again, he shall not come off so free. Well, do ye lead your horses, and we shall explore this light, since no better course is open to us."

Picking our way across the moor, we directed our course for the bright point which twinkled in the distance; and as we advanced we hazarded a thousand conjectures as to whence it could come. If it were a human dwelling, what sort of being could it be who, not content with living in the heart of this wilderness, had chosen a spot so far removed from the ordinary tracks which crossed it? The roadway was miles behind us, and

it was probable that no one save those driven by such a necessity as that which had overtaken us would ever find themselves in that desolate region. No hermit could have desired an abode more completely isolated from all communion of his kind.

As we approached we saw that the light did indeed come from a small cottage, which was built in a hollow, so as to be invisible from any quarter save that from which we approached it. In front of this humble dwelling a small patch of ground had been cleared of shrub, and in the centre of this little piece of sward our missing steed stood grazing at her leisure upon the scanty herbage. The same light which had attracted us had doubtless caught her eye, and drawn her towards it by hopes of oats and of water. With a grunt of satisfaction Saxon resumed possession of his lost property, and leading her by the bridle, approached the door of the solitary cottage.

Strange Doings in the Boteler Dungeon.

(From "Micah Clarke.")

"Take down this fellow's statement," said the duke to his scrivener. "Now, sirrah, it may not be known to you that his gracious majesty the king hath conferred plenary powers upon me during these troubled times, and that I have his warrant to deal with all traitors without either jury or judge. You do bear a commission, I understand, in the rebellious body which is here described as Saxon's regiment of Wiltshire Foot? Speak the truth for your neck's sake."

"I will speak the truth for the sake of something higher than that, your grace," I answered. "I command a company in that regiment."

"And who is this Saxon?"

"I will answer all that I may concerning myself," said I, "but not a word which may reflect upon others."

"Ha!" he roared, hot with anger. "Our pretty gentleman must needs stand upon the niceties of honor after taking up arms against his king. I tell you, sir, that your honor is in such a parlous state already that you may well throw it over and look to your safety. The sun is sinking in the west. Ere it set your life, too, may have set forever."

"I am the keeper of my own honor, your grace," I answered. "As to my life, I should not be standing here this

moment if I had any great dread of losing it. It is right that I should tell you that my colonel hath sworn to exact a return for any evil that may befall me on you or any of your household who may come into his power. This I say, not as a threat, but as a warning, for I know him to be a man who is like to be as good as his word."

"Your colonel, as you call him, may find it hard enough to save himself soon," the duke answered, with a sneer. "How many men hath Monmouth with him?"

I smiled and shook my head.

"How shall we make this traitor find his tongue?" he asked, furiously, turning to his council.

"I should clap on the thumbkins," said one fierce-faced old soldier.

"I have known a lighted match between the fingers work wonders," another suggested. "Sir Thomas Dalzell hath in the Scottish war been able to win over several of the most stubborn and hardened race, the Western Covenanters, by such persuasion."

"Sir Thomas Dalzell," said a gray-haired gentleman, clad in black velvet, "hath studied the art of war among the Muscovites, in their barbarous and bloody encounters with the Turks. God forbid that we Christians of England should seek our examples among the skin-clad idolaters of a savage country."

"Sir William would like to see war carried out on truly courteous principles," said the first speaker. "A battle should be like a stately minuet, with no loss of dignity or of etiquette."

"Sir," the other answered, hotly, "I have been in battles when you were in your baby-linen, and I handled a battoon when you could scarce shake a rattle. In leaguer or onfall a soldier's work is sharp and stern, but I say that the use of torture, which the law of England hath abolished, should also be laid aside by the law of nations."

"Enough, gentlemen, enough!" cried the duke, seeing that the dispute was like to wax warm. "Your opinion, Sir William, hath much weight with us, and yours also, Colonel Hearn. We shall discuss this at greater length in privacy. Halberdiers, remove the prisoner, and let a clergyman be sent to look to his spiritual needs!"

"Shall we take him to the strong room, your grace?" asked the captain of the guard.

"No, to the old Boteler dungeon," he replied: and I heard the next name upon the list called out, while I was led through a side door with a guard in front and behind me. We passed through endless passages and corridors, with heavy step and clank of arms, until we reached the ancient wing. Here, in the corner turret, was a small bare room, mouldy and damp, with a high, arched roof, and a single long slit in the outer wall to admit light. A small wooden couch and a rude chair formed the whole of the furniture. Into this I was shown by the captain, who stationed a guard at the door and then came in after me and loosened my wrists. He was a sad-faced man, with solemn, sunken eyes and a dreary expression, which matched ill with his bright trappings and gay sword-knot.

"Keep your heart up, friend," said he, in a hollow voice. "It is but a choke and a struggle. A day or two since we had the same job to do, and the man scarcely groaned. Old Spender, the duke's marshal, hath as sure a trick of tying and as good judgment in arranging a drop as hath Dun of Tyburn. Be of good heart, therefore, for you shall not fall into the hands of a bungler."

"I would that I could let Monmouth know that his letters were delivered," I exclaimed, seating myself on the side of the bed.

"I' faith, they were delivered. Had you been the penny postman of Mr. Robert Murray, of whom we heard so much in London last spring, you could not have handed it in more directly. Why did you not talk the duke fair? He is a gracious nobleman and kind of heart, save when he is thwarted or angered. Some little talk as to the rebel's number and dispositions might have saved you."

"I wonder that you, as a soldier, should speak or think of such a thing," said I, coldly.

"Well, well! Your neck is your own. If it pleases you to take a leap into nothing it were a pity to thwart you. But his grace commanded that you should have the chaplain. I must away to him."

"I prythee do not bring him," said I. "I am one of a dissenting stock, and I see that there is a Bible in yonder recess. No man can aid me in making my peace with God."

"It is well," he answered, "for Dean Hewby hath come over from Chippenham, and he is discoursing with our good

chaplain on the need of self-denial, moistening his throat the while with a flask of the prime tokay. At dinner I heard him put up thanks for what he was to receive and in the same breath ask the butler how he dared to serve a deacon of the church with a pullet without truffle dressing. But perhaps you would desire Dean Hewby's spiritual help? No? Well, what I can do for you in reason shall be done, since you will not be long upon our hands. Above all, keep a cheery heart."

He left the cell, but presently unlocked the door and pushed his dismal face round the corner. "I am Captain Sinclair, of the duke's household," he said, "should you have occasion to ask for me. You had best have spiritual help, for I do assure you that there hath been something worse than either warder or prisoner in this cell."

"What then?" I asked.

"Why, marry, nothing less than the devil," he answered, coming in and closing the door. "It was in this way," he went on, sinking his voice: "Two years agone Hector Marot, the highwayman, was shut up in this very Boteler dungeon. I was myself on guard in the corridor that night, and saw the prisoner at ten o'clock sitting on that bed, even as you are now. At twelve I had occasion to look in, as my custom is, with the hope of cheering his lonely hours, when lo, he was gone! Yes, you may well stare. Mine eyes had never been off the door, and you can judge what chance there was of his getting through the windows. Walls and floor are both solid stone, which might be solid rock for the thickness. When I entered there was a plaguy smell of brimstone, and the flame of my lantern burned blue. Nay it is no smiling matter. If the devil did not run away with Hector Marot, pray who did? for sure I am that no angel of grace could come to him as to Peter of old. Perchance the Evil One may desire a second bird out of the same cage, and so I tell you this that you may be on your guard against his assaults."

"Nay, I fear him not," I answered.

"It is well," croaked the captain. "Be not cast down!" His head vanished, and the key turned in the creaking lock. So thick were the walls that I could hear no sound after the door was closed. Save for the sighing of the wind in the branches of the trees outside the narrow window, all was as silent as the grave within the dungeon.

Thus left to myself, I tried to follow Captain Sinclair's ad-

vice as to the keeping up of my heart, though his talk was far from being of a cheering nature. In my young days, more particularly among the sectaries with whom I had been brought most in contact, a belief in the occasional appearance of the Prince of Darkness, and his interference in bodily form with the affairs of men, was widespread and unquestioning. Philosophers in their own quiet chambers may argue learnedly on the absurdity of such things, but in a dim-lit dungeon cut off from the world, with the gray gloaming creeping down, and one's own fate hanging in the balance, it becomes a very different matter. The escape, if the captain's story were true, appeared to border upon the miraculous. I examined the walls of the cell very carefully. They were formed of great square stones cunningly fitted together. The thin slit or window was cut through the centre of a single large block. All over, as high as the hand could reach, the face of the walls was covered with letters and legends cut by many generations of captives. The floor was composed of old foot-worn slabs, firmly cemented together. The closest search failed to show any hole or cranny where a rat could have escaped, far less a man.

It is a very strange thing, my dears, to sit down in cold blood, and think that the chances are that within a few hours your pulses will have given their last throb, and your soul have sped away upon its final errand. Strange and very awesome! The man who rideth down into the press of the battle with his jaw set and his grip tight upon rein and sword-hilt cannot feel this, for the human mind is such that one emotion will ever push out another. Neither can the man who draws slow and catching breaths upon the bed of deadly sickness be said to have experience of it, for the mind weakened with disease can but submit without examining too closely that which it submits to. When, however, a young and hale man sits alone in quiet and sees present death hanging over him, he hath such food for thought that, should he survive and live to be gray-headed, his whole life will be marked and altered by those solemn hours, as a stream is changed in its course by some rough bank against which it hath struck. Every little fault and blemish stands out clear in the presence of death, as the dust specks appear when the sunbeam shines into the darkened room. I noted them then, and I have, I trust, noted them ever since.

I was seated with my head bowed upon my breast, deeply buried in this solemn train of thoughts, when I was startled by

hearing a sharp click, such as a man might give who wished to attract attention. I sprang to my feet and gazed round in the gathering gloom without being able to tell whence it came. I had well-nigh persuaded myself that my senses had deceived me, when the sound was repeated louder than before, and casting my eye upwards I saw a face peering in at me through the slit, or a part of a face rather, for I could but see the eyes and corner of the cheek. Standing on my chair I made out that it was none other than the farmer who had been my companion upon the road.

"Hush, lad!" he whispered, with a warning forefinger pushed through the narrow crack. "Speak low, or the guard may chance to hear. What can I do for you?"

"How did you come to know where I was?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Whoy, mun," he answered, "I know as much of this 'ere house as Beaufort does himsel'. Afore Badminton was built, me and my brothers has spent many a day in climbing over the old Boteler tower. It 's not the first time that I have spoke through this window. But, quick; what can I do for you?"

"I am much beholden to you, sir," I answered, "but I fear that there is no help which you can give me, unless, indeed, you could convey news to my friends in the army of what hath befallen me."

"I might do that," whispered Farmer Brown. "Hark ye in your ear, lad, what I never breathed to man yet. Mine own conscience pricks me at times over this bolstering up of a Papist to rule over a Protestant nation. Let like rule like, say I. At the 'lections I rode to Sudbury, and I put in my vote for Maister Evans, of Turnford, who was in favor o' the Exclusionists. Sure enough, if that same bill had been carried, the duke would be sitting on his father's throne. The law would have said yes. Now, it says nay. A wonderful thing is the law, with its yea, yea, and nay, nay, like Barclay, the Quaker man, that came down here in a leather suit, and ca'd the parson a steepleman. There 's the law. It 's no use shootin' at it, or passin' pikes through it, no, nor chargin' at it wi' a troop of horses. If it begins by saying nay, it will say nay to the end of the chapter. Ye might as well fight wi' the book o' Genesis. Let Monmouth get the law changed, and it will do more for him than all the dukes in England. For all that, he 's a Protestant, and I would do what I might to serve him."

"There is a Captain Lockarby, who is serving in Colonel Saxon's regiment, in Monmouth's army," said I. "Should things go wrong with me, I would take it as a great kindness if you would bear him my love, and ask him to break it gently, by word or by letter, to those at Havant. If I were sure that this would be done, it would be a great ease to my mind."

"It shall be done, lad," said the good farmer. "I shall send my best man and fleetest horse this very night, that they may know the straits in which you are. I have a file here if it would help you."

"Nay," I answered, "human aid can do little to help me here."

"There used to be a hole in the roof. Look up and see if you can see aught of it."

"It arches high above my head," I answered looking upwards; "but there is no sign of any opening."

"There was one," he repeated. "My brother Roger hath swung himself down wi' a rope. In the old time the prisoners were put in so, like Joseph into the pit. The door is but a new thing."

"Hole or no hole, it cannot help me," I answered. "I have no means of climbing to it. Do not wait longer, kind friend, or you may find yourself in trouble."

"Good-bye, then, my brave heart," he whispered, and the honest gray eye and corner of ruddy cheek disappeared from the casement. Many a time during the course of the long evening I glanced up with some wild hope that he might return, and every creak of the branches outside brought me on to the chair, but it was the last that I saw of Farmer Brown.

This kindly visit, short as it was, relieved my mind greatly, for I had a trusty man's word that, come what might, my friends should, at least have some news of my fate. It was now quite dark, and I was pacing up and down the little chamber, when the key turned in the door, and the captain entered with a rush-light and a great bowl of bread and milk.

"Here is your supper, friend," said he. "Take it down, appetite or no, for it will give you strength to play the man at the time ye wot of. They say it was beautiful to see my Lord Russell die upon Tower Hill. Be of good cheer! Folk may say as much of you. His grace is in a terrible way. He walketh up and down, and biteth his lips, and clencheth his hands like one who can scarce contain his wrath. It may not be against you, but I know not what else can have angered him."

I made no answer to this Job's comforter, so he presently left me, placing the bowl upon the chair with the rushlight beside it. I finished the food, and, feeling the better for it, stretched myself upon the couch and fell into a heavy and dreamless sleep. This may have lasted three or four hours, when I was suddenly awakened by a sound like the creaking of hinges. Sitting up on the pallet, I gazed around me. The rushlight had burned out, and the cell was impenetrably dark. A grayish glimmer at one end showed dimly the position of the aperture, but all else was thick and black. I strained my ears, but no further sound fell upon them. Yet I was certain that I had not been deceived and that the noise which had aroused me was within my very chamber. I rose and felt my way slowly round the room, passing my hand over the walls and door. Then I paced backwards and forwards to test the flooring. Neither around me nor beneath me was there any change. Whence did the sound come from, then? I sat down upon the side of the bed and waited patiently in the hope of hearing it once again.

Presently it was repeated, a low groaning and creaking, as though a door or shutter long disused was being slowly and stealthily opened. At the same time a dull yellow light streamed down from above, issuing from a thin slit in the centre of the arched roof above me. Slowly as I watched it, this slit widened and extended, as if a sliding panel were being pulled out, until a good sized hole was left, through which I saw a head, looking down at me, outlined against the misty light behind it. The knotted end of a rope was passed through this aperture, and came dangling down to the dungeon floor. It was a good stout piece of hemp, strong enough to bear the weight of a heavy man, and I found, upon pulling at it, that it was firmly secured above. Clearly it was the desire of my unknown benefactor that I should ascend by it, so I went up hand over hand, and after some difficulty in squeezing my shoulders through the hole I succeeded in reaching the room above. While I was still rubbing my eyes after the sudden change from darkness into light, the rope was swiftly whisked up and the sliding shutter closed once more. To those who were not in the secret there was nothing to throw light upon my disappearance.

I found myself in the presence of a stout, short man clad in a rude jerkin and leather breeches, which gave him somewhat

the appearance of a groom. He wore a broad felt hat drawn down very low over his eyes, while the lower part of his face was swathed round with a broad cravat. In his hand he bore a horn lantern, by the light of which I saw that the room in which we were was of the same size as the dungeon beneath, and differed from it only in having a broad casement which looked out upon the park. There was no furniture in the chamber, but a great beam ran across it, to which the rope had been fastened by which I ascended.

"Speak low, friend," said the stranger. "The walls are thick, and the doors are close, yet I would not have your guardians know by what means you have been spirited away."

"Truly, sir," I answered, "I can scarce credit that it is other than a dream. It is wondrous that my dungeon should be so easily broken into, and more wondrous still that I should find a friend who would be willing to risk so much for my sake."

"Look there!" quoth he, holding down his lantern so as to cast its light on the part of the floor where the panel was fitted. "Can you not see how old and crumbled is the stone-work which surrounds it? This opening in the roof is as old as the dungeon itself, and older far than the door by which you were led into it. For this was one of those bottle-shaped cells or oubliettes which hard men of old devised for the safe keeping of their captives. Once lowered through this hole into the stone-girt pit a man might eat his heart out, for his fate was sealed. Yet you see that the very device which once hindered escape has now brought freedom within your reach."

"Thanks to your clemency, your grace," I answered, looking keenly at my companion.

"Now out on these disguises!" he cried, peevishly pushing back the broad-edged hat and disclosing, as I expected, the features of the duke. "Even a blunt soldier lad can see through my attempts at concealment. I fear, captain, that I should make a bad plotter, for my nature is as open — well as thine is. I cannot better the simile."

"Your grace's voice once heard is not easily forgot," said I.

"Especially when it talks of hemp and dungeons," he answered with a smile. "But if I clapped you into prison you must confess that I have made you amends by pulling you out again at the end of my line like a minnow out of a bottle. But

how came you to deliver such papers in the presence of my council?"

"I did what I could to deliver them in private," said I, "I sent you a message to that effect."

"It is true," he answered, "but such messages come in to me from every soldier who wishes to sell his sword, and every inventor who hath a long tongue and a short purse. How could I tell that the matter was of real import?"

"I feared to let the chance slip, lest it might never return," said I. "I hear that your grace hath little leisure during these times."

"I cannot blame you," he answered, pacing up and down the room. "But it was untoward. I might have hid the despatches, yet it would have roused suspicions. Your errand would have leaked out. There are many who envy my lofty fortunes, and who would seize upon a chance of injuring me with King James. Sunderland or Somers would, either of them, blow the least rumor into a flame which might prove unquenchable. There was nought for it, therefore, but to show the papers and to turn a harsh face on the messenger. The most venomous tongue could not find fault in my conduct. What course would you have advised under such circumstances?"

"The most direct," I answered.

"Aye, aye, Sir Honesty. Public men have, however, to pick their steps as best they may, for the straight path would lead too often to the cliff-edge. The Tower would be too scanty for its guests were we all to wear our hearts upon our sleeves. But to you in this privacy I can tell my real thoughts without fear of betrayal or misconstruction. On paper I will not write one word. Your memory must be the sheet which bears my answer to Monmouth. And first of all, erase from it all that you have heard me say in the council-room. Let it be as though it never were spoken. Is that done?"

"I understand that it did not really represent your grace's thoughts."

"Very far from it, captain. But prythee tell me what expectation of success is there among the rebels themselves? You must have heard your colonel and others discuss the question or noted by their bearing which way their thoughts lay. Have they good hopes of holding out against the king's troops?"

"They have met with nought but success hitherto," I answered.

"Against the militia. But they will find it another thing when they have trained troops to deal with. And yet — and yet! — one thing I know, that any defeat of Feversham's army would cause a general rising throughout the country. On the other hand, the king's party are active. Every post brings news of some fresh levy. Albemarle still holds the militia together in the west. The Earl of Pembroke is in Wiltshire. Lord Lumley is moving from the east with the Sussex forces. The Earl of Abingdon is up in Oxfordshire. At the university the caps and gowns are all turning into head-pieces and steel fronts. James's Dutch regiments have sailed from Amsterdam. Yet Monmouth hath gained two fights, and why not a third? They are troubled waters — troubled waters!" The duke paced backward and forward with brows drawn down, muttering all this to himself rather than to me, and shaking his head like one in the sorest perplexity.

"I would have you tell Monmouth," he said at last, "that I thank him for the papers which he hath sent me, and that I will duly read and weigh them. Tell him also that I wish him well in his enterprise, and would help him were it not that I am hemmed in by those who watch me closely, and who would denounce me were I to show my true thoughts. Tell him that, should he move his army into these parts, I may then openly declare myself; but to do so now would be to ruin the fortunes of my house without in any way helping him. Can you bear him that message?"

"I shall do so, your grace."

"Tell me," he asked, "how doth Monmouth bear himself in this enterprise?"

"Like a wise and gallant leader," I answered.

"Strange," he murmured; "it was ever the jest at court that he had scarce energy or constancy enough to finish a game of ball, but would ever throw his racquet down ere the winning-point was scored. His plans were like a weather-vane, altered by every breeze. He was constant only in his inconstancy. It is true that he led the king's troops in Scotland, but all men knew that Dundee and Dalzell were the real conquerors at Bothwell Bridge. Methinks he resembles that Brutus in Roman history who feigned weakness of mind as a cover to his ambition."

The duke was once again conversing with himself rather than with me, so that I made no remark, save to observe that Monmouth had won the hearts of the lower people.

"There lies his strength," said Beaufort. "The blood of his mother runs in his veins. He doth not think it beneath him to shake the dirty paw of Jerry the tinker or to run a race against a bumpkin on the village green. Well, events have shown that he hath been right. These same bumpkins have stood by him when nobler friends have held aloof. I would I could see into the future. But you have my message, captain, and I trust that, if you change it in the delivery, it will be in the direction of greater warmth and kindliness. It is time now that you depart, for within three hours the guard is changed, and your escape will be discovered."

"But how depart?" I asked.

"Through here," he answered, pushing open the casement and sliding the rope along the beam in that direction. "The rope may be a foot or two short, but you have extra inches to make matters even. When you have reached the ground, take the gravel path which turns to the right, and follow it until it leads you to the high trees which skirt the park. The seventh of these hath a bough which shoots over the boundary wall. Climb along the bough, drop over upon the other side, and you will find my own valet waiting with your horse. Up with you, and ride, haste, haste, post haste for the south. By morn you should be well out of danger's way."

"My sword?" I asked.

"All your property is there. Tell Monmouth what I have said, and let him know that I have used you as kindly as was possible."

"But what will your grace's council say when they find that I am gone?" I asked.

"Pshaw, man! Never fret about that! I will off to Bristol at daybreak, and give my council enough to think of without their having time to devote to your fate. The soldiers will but have another instance of the working of the Father of evil, who hath long been thought to have a weakness for that cell beneath us. Faith, if all we hear be true, there have been horrors enough acted there to call up every devil out of the pit. But time presses. Gently through the casement! So! Remember the message."

"Adieu, your grace!" I answered, and, seizing the rope,

slipped rapidly and noiselessly to the ground, upon which he drew it up and closed the casement. As I looked round my eye fell upon the dark, narrow slit which opened into my cell, and through which honest Farmer Brown had held converse with me. Half an hour ago I had been stretched upon the prison pallet without a hope or a thought of escape. Now I was out in the open, with no hand to stay me, breathing the air of freedom, with the prison and the gallows cast off from me, as the waking man casts off his evil dreams. Such changes shake a man's soul, my children. The heart that can steel itself against death is softened by the assurance of safety. So I have known a worthy trader bear up manfully when convinced that his fortunes had been engulfed in the ocean, but lose all philosophy on finding that the alarm was false, and that they had come safely through the danger. For my own part, believing as I do that there is nothing of chance in the affairs of this world, I felt that I had been exposed to this trial in order to dispose me to serious thought, and that I had been saved that I might put those thoughts into effect. As an earnest of my endeavor to do so I knelt down on the green sward, in the shadow of the Boteler turret, and I prayed that I might come to be of use on the earth, and that I might be helped to rise above my own wants and interests, to aid forward whatever of good or noble might be stirring in my days. It is well-nigh fifty years, my dears, since I bowed my spirit before the Great Unknown in the moon-tinted park of Badminton, but I can truly say that from that day to this the aims which I laid down for myself have served me as a compass over the dark waters of life — a compass which I may perchance not always follow — for flesh is weak and frail, but which hath, at least, been ever present, that I might turn to it in seasons of doubt and of danger.

The path to the right led through groves and past carp ponds for a mile or more, until I reached the line of trees which skirted the boundary wall. Not a living thing did I see upon my way, save a herd of fallow-deer, which scudded away like swift shadows through the shimmering moonshine. Looking back, the high turrets and gables of the Boteler wing stood out, dark and threatening, against the starlit sky. Having reached the seventh tree, I clambered along the projecting bough which shot over the park wall, and dropped down upon the other side, where I found my good old dapple-gray awaiting

me in the charge of a groom. Springing to my saddle, I strapped my sword once more to my side, and galloped off, as fast as the four willing feet could carry me, on my return journey.

All that night I rode hard, without drawing bridle, through sleeping hamlets, by moon-bathed farmhouses, past shining, stealthy rivers, and over birch-clad hills. When the eastern sky deepened from pink into scarlet, and the great sun pushed his rim over the blue North Somerset hills, I was already far upon my journey. It was a Sabbath morning, and from every village rose the sweet tinkling and calling of the bells. I bore no dangerous papers with me now, and might, therefore, be more careless as to my route. At one point I was questioned by a keen-eyed toll-keeper as to whence I came, but my reply that I was riding direct from his grace of Beaufort put an end to his suspicions. Farther down, near Axbridge, I overtook a grazier who was jogging into Wells upon his sleek cob. With him I rode for some time, and learned that the whole of North Somerset, as well as South, was now in open revolt, and that Wells, Shepton Mallet, and Glastonbury were held by armed volunteers for King Monmouth. The royal forces had all retired west or east until help should come. As I rode through the villages I marked the blue flag upon the church towers, and the rustics drilling upon the green, without any sign of trooper or dragoon to uphold the authority of the Stuarts.

My road lay through Shepton Mallet, Piper's Inn, Bridgewater, and North Petherton, until in the cool of the evening I pulled up my weary horse at the Cross Hands, and saw the towers of Taunton in the valley beneath me. A flagon of beer for the rider, and a sieveful of oats for the steed, put fresh mettle into both of us, and we were jogging on our way once more, when there came galloping down the side of the hill about forty cavaliers, as hard as their horses could carry them. So wild was their riding that I pulled up, uncertain whether they were friend or foe, until, as they came whirling towards me, I recognized that the two officers who rode in front of them were none other than Reuben Lockarby and Sir Gervas Jerome. At the sight of me they flung up their hands, and Reuben shot on to his horse's neck, where he sat for a moment astride of the mane, until the brute tossed him back into the saddle.

"It 's Micah! It 's Micah!" he gasped, with his mouth open and the tears hopping down his honest face.

"Odd's pitikins, man! how did you come here?" asked Sir Gervas, poking me with his forefinger as though to see if I were really of flesh and blood. "We were leading a forlorn of horse into Beaufort's country to beat him up, and to burn his fine house about his ears if you had come to harm. There has just come a groom from some farmer in those parts who hath brought us news that you were under sentence of death, on which I came away with my wig half frizzled, and found that friend Lockarby had leave from Lord Grey to go north with these troopers. But how have you fared?"

"Well and ill," I answered, wringing their kindly hands. "I had not thought last night to see another sunrise, and yet ye see that I am here sound in life and limb. But all these things will take some time in the telling."

"Aye, and King Monmouth will be on thorns to see you. Right about, my lads, and back for the camp. Never was errand so rapidly and happily finished as this of ours. It would have fared ill with Badminton had you been hurt."

The troopers turned their horses, and trotted slowly back to Taunton, while I rode behind them between my two faithful friends, hearing from them all that had occurred in my absence, and telling my own adventures in return. The night had fallen ere we rode through the gates, where I handed Covenant over to the mayor's groom, and went direct to the castle to deliver an account of my mission.

The Swordsman with the Brown Jacket.

(From "Micah Clarke.")

The sergeant, who was a great, raw-boned west-countryman, pushed the gate open, and we were advancing up the winding pathway, when a stream of yellow light flooded out from a suddenly opened door, and we saw a dark, squat figure dart through it into the inside of the house. At the same moment there rose up a babel of sounds, followed by two pistol shots, and a roaring, gasping hubbub, with clash of swords and storm of oaths. At this sudden uproar we all three ran at our topmost speed up the pathway and peered in through the open door, where we saw a scene such as I shall never forget while this old memory of mine can conjure up any picture of the past.

The room was large and lofty, with long rows of hams and salted meats dangling from the smoke-browned rafters, as is

usual in Somersetshire farmhouses. A high black clock ticked in a corner, and a rude table, with plates and dishes laid out as for a meal, stood in the centre. Right in front of the door a great fire of wood fagots was blazing, and before this, to our unutterable horror, there hung a man head downwards, suspended by a rope which was knotted round his ankles, and which, passing over a hook in a beam, had been made fast to a ring in the floor. The struggles of this unhappy man had caused the rope to whirl round, so that he was spinning in front of the blaze like a joint of meat. Across the threshold lay a woman, the one whose cries had attracted us, but her rigid face and twisted body showed that our aid had come too late to save her from the fate which she had seen impending. Close by her two swarthy dragoons in the glaring red coats of the royal army lay stretched across each other upon the floor, dark and scowling even in death. In the centre of the room two other dragoons were cutting and stabbing with their broadswords at a thick, short, heavy-shouldered man, clad in coarse brown kersey stuff, who sprang about among the chairs and round the table with a long, basket-hilted rapier in his hand, parrying or dodging their blows with wonderful adroitness, and every now and then putting in a thrust in return. Hard pressed as he was, his set, resolute face, firm mouth, and bright, well-opened eyes spoke of a bold spirit within, while the blood which dripped from the sleeve of one of his opponents proved that the contest was not so unequal as it might appear. Even as we gazed he sprang back to avoid a fierce rush of the furious soldiers, and, by a quick, sharp side stroke, he severed the rope by which the victim was hung. The body fell with a heavy thud upon the brick floor, while the little swordsman danced off in a moment into another quarter of the room, still stopping or avoiding with the utmost ease and skill the shower of blows which rained upon him.

This strange scene held us spellbound for a few seconds, but there was no time for delay, for a slip or trip would prove fatal to the gallant stranger. Rushing into the chamber, sword in hand, we fell upon the dragoons, who, outnumbered as they were, backed into a corner and struck out fiercely, knowing that they need expect no mercy after the devil's work in which they had been engaged. Holloway, our sergeant of horse, springing furiously in, laid himself open to a thrust which stretched him dead upon the ground. Before the dragoon could disengage his weapon, Sir Gervas cut him down, while at the same moment

the stranger got past the guard of his antagonist, and wounded him mortally in the throat. Of the four red-coats not one escaped alive, while the bodies of our sergeant and of the old couple who had been the first victims increased the horror of the scene.

"Poor Holloway is gone," said I, placing my hand over his heart. "Who ever saw such a shambles? I feel sick and ill."

"Here is *eau de vie*, if I mistake not," cried the stranger, clambering up on a chair and reaching a bottle from the shelf. "Good, too, by the smell. Take a sup, for you are as white as a new-bleached sheet."

"Honest warfare I can abide, but scenes like this make my blood run cold," I answered, taking a gulp from the flask. I was a very young soldier then, my dears, but I confess that to the end of my campaigns any form of cruelty had the same effect upon me. I give you my word that when I went to London last fall the sight of an overworked, raw-backed cart-horse straining with its load, and flogged for not doing that which it could not do, gave me greater qualms than did the field of Sedgemoor, or that greater day when ten thousand of the flower of France lay stretched before the earthworks of Landen.

"The woman is dead," said Sir Gervas, "and the man is also, I fear, past recovery. He is not burned, but suffers, I should judge, poor devil! from the rush of blood to the head."

"If that be all it may well be cured," remarked the stranger; and, taking a small knife from his pocket, he rolled up the old man's sleeve and opened one of his veins. At first only a few sluggish black drops oozed from the wound, but presently the blood began to flow more freely, and the injured man showed signs of returning sense.

"He will live," said the little swordsman, putting his lancet back in his pocket. "And now, who may you be to whom I owe this interference which shortened the affair, though mayhap the result would have been the same had you left us to settle it among ourselves?"

"We are from Monmouth's army," I answered. "He lies at Bridgewater, and we are scouting and seeking supplies."

"And who are you?" asked Sir Gervas. "And how came you into this ruffle? S'bud, you are a game little rooster to fight four such great cockerels!"

"My name is Hector Marot," the man answered, cleaning

out his empty pistols and very carefully reloading them. "As to who I am, it is a matter of small moment. Suffice it that I have helped to lessen Kirke's horse by four of his rogues. Mark their faces, so dusky and sun-dried even in death. These men have learned warfare fighting against the heathen in Africa, and now they practise on poor, harmless English folk the devil's tricks which they have picked up among the salvages. The Lord help Monmouth's men should they be beaten! These vermin are more to be feared than hangman's cord or headman's axe."

"But how did you chance upon the spot at the very nick of time?" I asked.

"Why, marry, I was jogging down the road on my mare when I heard the clatter of hoofs behind me, and, concealing myself in a field, as a prudent man would while the country is in its present state, I saw these four rogues gallop past. They made their way up to the farmhouse here, and presently from cries and other tokens I knew what manner of hell-fire business they had on hand. On that I left my mare in the field and ran up, when I saw them through the casement, tricing the good man up in front of his fire to make him confess where his wealth lay hidden, though indeed it is my own belief that neither he nor any other farmer in these parts hath any wealth left to hide, after two armies have been quartered in turn upon them. Finding that his mouth remained closed, they ran him up, as you saw, and would assuredly have toasted him like a snipe, had I not stepped in and winged two of them with my barkers. The others set upon me, but I pinked one through the forearm, and should doubtless have given a good account of both of them but for your incoming."

"Right gallantly done!" I exclaimed. "But where have I heard your name before, Mr. Hector Marot?"

"Nay," he answered, with a sharp, sidelong look, "I cannot tell that."

"It is familiar to mine ear," said I.

He shrugged his broad shoulders, and continued to look to the priming of his pistols, with a half defiant and half uneasy expression. He was a very sturdy, deep-chested man, with a stern, square-jawed face, and a white seam across his bronzed forehead as from a slash with a knife. He wore a gold-edged riding-cap, a jacket of brown, sad-colored stuff much stained by the weather, a pair of high, rusty jack-boots, and a small bob-wig.

Sir Gervas, who had been staring very hard at the man, suddenly gave a start, and slapped his hand against his leg.

"Of course!" he cried. "Sink me if I could remember where I had seen your face, but now it comes back to me very clearly."

The man glanced doggedly from under his bent brows at each of us in turn. "It seems that I have fallen among acquaintances," he said, gruffly; "yet I have no memory of ye. Methinks, young sirs, that your fancy doth play ye false."

"Not a whit," the baronet answered, quietly, and, bending forward, he whispered a few words into the man's ear, which caused him to spring from his seat and take a couple of quick strides forward, as though to escape from the house.

"Nay, nay!" cried Sir Gervas, springing between him and the door, "you shall not run away from us. Pshaw, man! never lay hand upon your sword. We have had bloody work enough for one night. Besides, we would not harm you."

"What mean ye, then? What would ye have?" he asked, glancing about like some fierce wild beast in a trap.

"I have a most kindly feeling to you, man, after this night's work," cried Sir Gervas. "What is it to me how ye pick up a living, as long as you are a true man at heart? Let me perish if I ever forget a face which I have once seen, and your *bonne mine*, with the trade-mark upon your forehead, is especially hard to overlook."

"Suppose I be the same? What then?" the man asked, sullenly.

"There is no suppose in the matter. I could swear to you. But I would not, lad — not if I caught you red-handed. You must know, Clarke, since there is none to overhear us, that in the old days I was a Justice of the Peace in Surrey, and that our friend here was brought up before me on a charge of riding somewhat late o' night, and of being plaguy short with travellers. You will understand me. He was referred to assizes, but got away in the meanwhile, and so saved his neck. Right glad I am of it, for you will agree with me that he is too proper a man to give a tight-rope dance at Tyburn."

"And I remember well now where I have heard your name," said I. "Were you not a captive in the Duke of Beaufort's prison at Badminton, and did you not succeed in escaping from the old Boteler dungeon?"

"Nay, gentlemen," he replied, seating himself on the edge

of the table and carelessly swinging his legs, "since ye know so much it would be folly for me to attempt to deceive ye. I am indeed the same Hector Marot who hath made his name a terror on the great western road, and who hath seen the inside of more prisons than any man in the South. With truth, however, I can say that though I have been ten years upon the roads, I have never yet taken a groat from the poor, or injured any man who did not wish to injure me. On the contrary, I have often risked life and limb to save those who were in trouble."

"We can bear you out in that," I answered; "for if these four red-coat devils have paid the price of their crimes, it is your doing rather than ours."

"Nay, I can take little credit for that," our new acquaintance answered. "Indeed, I had other scores to settle with Colonel Kirke's horse, and was but too glad to have this breather with them."

While we were talking the men whom we had left with the horses had come up, together with some of the neighboring farmers and cottagers, who were aghast at the scene of slaughter, and much troubled in their minds over the vengeance which might be exacted by the royal troops next day.

"For Christ's zake, zur," cried one of them, an old, ruddy-faced countryman, "move the bodies o' these soldier rogues into the road, and let it zeem as how they have perished in a chance fight wi' your own troopers loike. Should it be known as they have met their end within a varm-house, there will not be a thatch left unlighted over t' whole country-side; as it is, us can scarce keep these murthering Tangiers devils from oor throats."

"His request is in reason," said the highwayman, bluntly. "We have no right to have our fun, and then go our way, leaving others to pay the score."

"Well, hark ye," said Sir Gervas, turning to the group of frightened rustics, "I 'll strike a bargain with ye over the matter. We have come out for supplies, and can scarce go back empty-handed. If ye will among ye provide us with a cart, filling it with such breadstuffs and greens as ye may, with a dozen bullocks as well, we shall not only screen ye in this matter, but I shall promise payment at fair market rates if ye will come to the Protestant camp for the money."

"I 'll spare the bullocks," quoth the old man whom we had rescued, who was now sufficiently recovered to sit up. "Zince

my poor dame is foully murthered, it matters little to me what becomes o' the stock. I shall see her laid in Durston graveyard, and shall then vollow you to t' camp, where I shall die happy if I can but rid the earth o' one more o' these incarnate devils."

"You say well, gaffer!" cried Hector Marot; "you show the true spirit. Methinks I see an old birding-piece on yonder hooks, which, with a brace of slugs in it and a bold man behind it, might bring down one of these fine birds, for all their gay feathers."

"Her 's been a true mate to me for mor'n thirty year," said the old man, the tears coursing down his wrinkled cheeks. "Thirty zeed-toimes and thirty harvests we 've worked together. But this is a zeed-toime which shall have a harvest o' blood if my right hand can compass it."

"If you go to t' wars, Gaffer Swain, we 'll look to your homestead," said the farmer who had spoken before. "As to t' green stuffs as this gentleman asks for, he shall have not one wainload, but three, if he will but gi' us half an hour to fill them up. If he does not tak' them t' others will, so we had raither that they go to the good cause. Here, Miles, do you wak' the laborers, and zee that they throw the potato store wi' the spinach and the dried meats into the wagons wi' all speed."

"Then we had best set about our part of the contract," said Hector Marot. With the aid of our troopers he carried out the four dragoons and our dead sergeant, and laid them on the ground some way down the lane, leading the horses all round and between their bodies, so as to trample the earth, and bear out the idea of a cavalry skirmish. While this was doing, some of the laborers had washed down the brick floor of the kitchen and removed all traces of the tragedy. The murdered woman had been carried up to her own chamber, so that nothing was left to recall what had occurred, save the unhappy farmer, who sat moodily in the same place, with his chin resting upon his stringy, work-worn hands, staring out in front of him with a stony, empty gaze, unconscious, apparently, of all that was going on around him.

The loading of the wagons had been quickly accomplished, and the little drove of oxen gathered from a neighboring field. We were just starting upon our return journey when a young countryman rode up, with the news that a troop of the Royal Horse were between the camp and ourselves. This was grave

tidings, for we were but seven all told, and our pace was necessarily slow while we were hampered with the supplies.

"How about Hooker?" I suggested. "Should we not send after him and give him warning?"

"I'll goo at once," said the countryman. "I'm bound to zee him if he be on the Athelney Road." So saying, he set spurs to his horse and galloped off through the darkness.

"While we have such volunteer scouts as this," I remarked, "it is easy to see which side the country-folk have in their hearts. Hooker hath still the better part of two troops with him, so surely he can hold his own. But how are we to make our way back?"

"Zounds, Clarke! let us extemporize a fortress," suggested Sir Gervas. "We could hold this farmhouse against all comers until Hooker returns, and then join our forces to his. Now would our redoubtable colonel be in his glory, to have a chance of devising cross-fires and flanking-fires, with all the other refinements of a well-conducted leaguer."

"Nay," I answered, "after leaving Major Hooker in a somewhat cavalier fashion, it would be a bitter thing to have to ask his help now that there is danger."

"Ho, ho!" cried the baronet. "It does not take a very deep lead-line to come to the bottom of your stoical philosophy, friend Micah. For all your cold-blooded stolidity you are keen enough where pride or honor is concerned. Shall we, then, ride onwards, and chance it? I'll lay an even crown that we never so much as see a red-coat."

"If you will take my advice, gentlemen," said the highwayman trotting up upon a beautiful bay mare, "I should say that your best course is to allow me to act as guide to you as far as the camp. It will be strange if I cannot find roads which shall baffle these blundering soldiers."

"A very wise and seasonable proposition," cried Sir Gervas. "Master Marot, a pinch from my snuff-box, which is ever a covenant of friendship with its owner. Adslidikins, man! though our acquaintance at present is limited to my having nearly hanged you on one occasion, yet I have a kindly feeling towards you, though I wish you had some more savory trade."

"So do many who ride o'night," Marot answered, with a chuckle. "But we had best start, for the east is whitening, and it will be daylight ere we come to Bridgewater."

Leaving the ill-omened farmhouse behind us, we set off with

all military precautions, Marot riding with me some distance in front, while two of the troopers covered the rear. It was still very dark, though a thin, gray line on the horizon showed that the dawn was not far off. In spite of the gloom, however, our new acquaintance guided us without a moment's halt or hesitation through a network of lanes and by-paths, across fields and over bogs, where the wagons were sometimes up to their axles in bog, and sometimes were groaning and straining over rocks and stones. So frequent were our turnings, and so often did we change the direction of our advance, that I feared more than once that our guide was at fault; yet, when at last the first rays of the sun brightened the landscape we saw the steeple of Bridgewater parish church shooting up right in front of us.

"Zounds, man! you must have something of the cat in you to pick your way so in the dark," cried Sir Gervas, riding up to us. "I am right glad to see the town, for my poor wagons have been creaking and straining until my ears are weary with listening for the snap of the axle-bar. Master Marot, we owe you something for this."

"Is this your own particular district?" I asked, "or have you a like knowledge of every part of the South?"

"My range," said he, lighting his short, black pipe, "is from Kent to Cornwall, though never north of the Thames or Bristol Channel. Through that district there is no road which is not familiar to me, nor as much as a break in the hedge which I could not find in blackest midnight. It is my calling. But the trade is not what it was. If I had a son I should not bring him up to it. It hath been spoiled by the armed guards to the mail-coaches, and by the accursed goldsmiths, who have opened their banks and so taken the hard money into their strong-boxes, giving out instead slips of paper, which are as useless to us as an old news-letter. I give ye my word that only a week gone last Friday I stopped a grazier coming from Blandford fair, and I took seven hundred guineas off him in these papers, checks, as they call them, — enough, had it been in gold, to have lasted me for a three-month rouse. Truly the country is coming to a pretty pass when such trash as that is allowed to take the place of the king's coinage."

"Why should you persevere in such a trade?" said I. "Your own knowledge must tell you that it can only lead to ruin and the gallows. Have you ever known one who has thriven at it?"

"That have I," he answered readily. "There was Kingston Jones, who worked Hounslow for many a year. He took ten thousand yellow boys on one job, and, like a wise man, he vowed never to risk his neck again. He went into Cheshire, with some tale of having newly arrived from the Indies, bought an estate, and is now a flourishing country gentleman of good repute, and a justice of the peace into the bargain. Zounds, man! to see him on the bench, condemning some poor devil for stealing a dozen eggs, is as good as a comedy in the playhouse."

"Nay! but," I persisted, "you are a man, judging from what we have seen of your courage and skill in the use of your weapons, who would gain speedy preferment in any army. Surely it were better to use your gifts to the gaining of honor and credit, than to make them a stepping-stone to disgrace and the gallows?"

"For the gallows I care not a clipped shilling," the highwayman answered, sending up thick blue curls of smoke into the morning air. "We have all to pay Nature's debt, and whether I do it in my boots or on a feather-bed, in one year or in ten, matters as little to me as to any soldier among you. As to disgrace, it is a matter of opinion. I see no shame myself in taking a toll upon the wealth of the rich, since I freely expose my own skin in the doing of it."

"There is a right and there is a wrong," I answered, "which no words can do away with, and it is a dangerous and unprofitable trick to juggle with them."

"Besides, even if what you have said were true as to property," Sir Gervas remarked, "it would not hold you excused for that recklessness of human life which your trade begets."

"Nay! it is but hunting, save that your quarry may at any time turn round upon you and become in turn the hunter. It is, as you say, a dangerous game, but two can play at it, and each has an equal chance. There is no loading of the dice or throwing of fulhams. Now it was but a few days back that, riding down the high-road, I perceived three jolly farmers at full gallop across the fields with a leash of dogs yelping in front of them, and all in pursuit of one little helpless bunny. It was a bare and unpeopled country-side on the border of Exmoor, so I bethought me that I could not employ my leisure better than by chasing the chasers. Odd's wouns! it was a proper hunt. Away went my gentlemen, whooping like madmen, with their coat-skirts flapping in the breeze, chivying on the dogs and

having a rare morning's sport. They never marked the quiet horseman who rode behind them, and who without a 'yoick!' or 'hark-a-way!' was relishing his chase with the loudest of them. It needed but a posse of peace officers at my heels to make up a brave string of us, catch-who-catch-can, like the game the lads play on the village green."

"And what came of it?" I asked, for our new acquaintance was laughing silently to himself.

"Well, my three friends ran down their hare, and pulled out their flasks as men who had done a good stroke of work. They were still hobnobbing and laughing over the slaughtered bunny, and one had dismounted to cut off its ears as the prize of their chase, when I came up at a hand-gallop. 'Good-morrow, gentlemen,' said I, 'we have had rare sport.' They looked at me blankly enough, I promise you, and one of them asked me what the devil I did there, and how I dared to join in a private sport. 'Nay, I was not chasing your hare, gentlemen,' said I. 'What then, fellow?' asked one of them. 'Why, marry, I was chasing you,' I answered, 'and a better run I have not had for years.' With that I lugged out my persuaders, and made the thing clear in a few words, and I'll warrant you would have laughed could you have seen their faces, as they slowly dragged the fat leather purses from their fobs. Seventy-one pounds was my prize that morning, which was better worth riding for than a hare's ears."

"Did they not raise the country on your track?" I asked.

"Nay! When Brown Alice is given her head she flies faster than the news. Rumor spreads quick, but the good mare's stride is quicker still."

"And here we are within our own outposts," quoth Sir Gervas. "Now, mine honest friend, for honest you have been to us, whatever others may say to you, will you not come with us and strike in for a good cause? Zounds, man! you have many an ill deed to atone for, I'll warrant. Why not add one good one to your account, by risking your life for the reformed faith?"

"Not I," the highwayman answered, reining up his horse. "My own skin is nothing, but why should I risk my mare in such a fool's quarrel? Should she come to harm in the ruffle, where could I get such another? Besides, it matters nothing to her whether Papist or Protestant sits on the throne of England — does it, my beauty?"

"But you might chance to gain preferment," I said. "Our

colonel, Decimus Saxon, is one who loves a good swordsman, and his word hath power with King Monmouth and the council."

"Nay, nay!" cried Hector Marot, gruffly. "Let every man stick to his own trade. Kirke's horse I am ever ready to have a brush with, for a party of them hung old blind Jim Houston of Milverton, who was a friend of mine. I have sent seven of the red-handed rogues to their last account for it, and might work through the whole regiment had I time. But I will not fight against King James, nor will I risk the mare, so let me hear no more of it. And now I must leave ye, for I have much to do. Farewell to you!"

"Farewell, farewell!" we cried, pressing his brown, horny hands; "our thanks to you for your guidance." Raising his hat, he shook his bridle and galloped off down the road in a rolling cloud of dust.

"Rat me if I ever say a word against the thieves again!" said Sir Gervas. "I never saw a man wield sword more deftly in my life, and he must be a rare hand with a pistol to bring those two tall fellows down with two shots. But look over there, Clarke! Can you not see bodies of red coats?"

"Surely I can," I answered, gazing out over the broad, reedy, dead-colored plain, which extended from the other side of the winding Parret to the distant Polden hills. "I can see them over yonder in the direction of Westonzoyland, as bright as the poppies among corn."

"There are more upon the left, near Chedzoy," quoth Sir Gervas. "One, two, three, and one yonder, and two others behind — six regiments of foot in all. Methinks I see the breastplates of horse over there, and some sign of ordnance too. Faith! Monmouth must fight now, if he ever hopes to feel the gold ring upon his temples. The whole of King James's army hath closed upon him."

"We must get back to our command, then," I answered. "If I mistake not I see the flutter of our standards in the market-place." We spurred our weary steeds forward, and made our way with our little party and the supplies which we had collected, until we found ourselves back in our quarters, where we were hailed by the lusty cheers of our hungry comrades. Before noon the drove of bullocks had been changed into joints and steaks, while our green stuff and other victuals had helped to furnish the last dinner which many of our men were ever destined to eat. Major Hooker came in

shortly after with a good store of provisions, but in no very good case, for he had had a skirmish with the dragoons, and had lost eight or ten of his men. He bore a complaint straightway to the council, concerning the manner in which we had deserted him; but great events were coming fast upon us now, and there was small time to inquire into petty matters of discipline. For myself, I freely confess, looking back on it, that as a soldier he was entirely in the right, and that from a strict military point of view our conduct was not to be excused. Yet I trust, my dears, even now, when years have weighed me down, that the scream of a woman in distress would be a signal which would draw me to her aid while these old limbs could bear me. For the duty which we owe to the weak overrides all other duties and is superior to all circumstances, and I for one cannot see why the coat of the soldier should harden the heart of the man.

How the Yellow Cog Fought the two Rover Galleys.

(From "The White Company.")

The three vessels had been sweeping swiftly westward, the cog still well to the front, although the galleys were slowly drawing in upon either quarter. To the left was a hard sky-line unbroken by a sail. The island already lay like a cloud behind them, while right in front was St. Alban's Head, with Portland looming mistily in the furthest distance. Alleyne stood by the tiller, looking backward, the fresh wind full in his teeth, the crisp winter air tingling on his face and blowing his yellow curls from under his bassinet. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes shining, for the blood of a hundred fighting Saxon ancestors was beginning to stir in his veins.

"What was that?" he asked, as a hissing, sharp-drawn voice seemed to whisper in his ear. The steersman smiled, and pointed with his foot to where a short, heavy cross-bow quarrel stuck quivering in the boards. At the same instant the man stumbled forward upon his knees, and lay lifeless upon the deck, a blood-stained feather jutting out from his back. As Alleyne stooped to raise him, the air seemed to be alive with the sharp zip-zip of the bolts, and he could hear them pattering on the deck like apples at a tree-shaking.

"Raise two more mantlets by the poop lanthorn," said Sir Nigel, quietly.

"And another man to the tiller!" cried the master-shipman.

"Keep them in play, Aylward, with ten of your men," the knight continued. "And let ten of Sir Oliver's bowmen do as much for the Genoese. I have no mind as yet to show them how much they have to fear from us."

Ten picked shots under Aylward stood in line across the broad deck, and it was a lesson to the young squires who had seen nothing of war to note how orderly and how cool were these old soldiers, how quick the command, and how prompt the carrying out, ten moving like one. Their comrades crouched beneath the bulwarks, with many a rough jest and many a scrap of criticism or advice. "Higher, Wat, higher!" "Put thy body into it, Will!" "Forget not the wind, Hal!" So ran the muttered chorus, while high above it rose the sharp twanging of the strings, the hiss of the shafts, and the short "Draw your arrow! Nick your arrow! Shoot wholly together!" from the master-bowman.

And now both mangonels were at work from the galleys, but so covered and protected that, save at the moment of discharge, no glimpse could be caught of them. A huge brown rock from the Genoese sung over their heads, and plunged sullenly into the slope of a wave. Another from the Norman whizzed into the waist, broke the back of a horse, and crashed its way through the side of the vessel. Two others, flying together, tore a great gap in the St. Christopher upon the sail, and brushed three of Sir Oliver's men-at-arms from the fore-castle. The master-shipman looked at the knight with a troubled face.

"They keep their distance from us," said he. "Our archery is over-good, and they will not close. What defence can we make against the stones?"

"I think I may trick them," the knight answered cheerfully, and passed his order to the archers. Instantly five of them threw up their hands and fell prostrate upon the deck. One had already been slain by a bolt, so that there were but four upon their feet.

"That should give them heart," said Sir Nigel, eying the galleys, which crept along on either side with a slow, measured swing of their great oars, the water swirling and foaming under their sharp stems.

"They still hold aloof!" cried Hawtayne.

"Then down with two more!" shouted their leader. "That will do. Ma foi! but they come to our lure like chicks to the fowler. To your arms, men! The pennon behind me, and

the squires round the pennon. Stand fast with the anchors in the waist, and be ready for a cast. Now blow out the trumpets, and may God's benison be with the honest men!"

As he spoke, a roar of voices and a roll of drums came from either galley, and the water was lashed into spray by the hurried beat of a hundred oars. Down they swooped, one on the right, one on the left, the sides and shrouds black with men and bristling with weapons. In heavy clusters they hung upon the forecastle all ready for a spring,—faces white, faces brown, faces yellow, and faces black, fair Norsemen, swarthy Italians, fierce rovers from the Levant, and fiery Moors from the Barbary States, of all hues and countries, and marked solely by the common stamp of a wild-beast ferocity. Rasping up on either side, with oars trailing to save them from snapping, they poured in a living torrent with horrid yell and shrill whoop upon the defenceless merchantman.

But wilder yet was the cry, and shriller still the scream, when there rose up from the shadow of those silent bulwarks the long lines of the English bowmen, and the arrows whizzed in a deadly sleet among the unprepared masses upon the pirate decks. From the higher sides of the cog the bowmen could shoot straight down, at a range which was so short as to enable a cloth-yard shaft to pierce through mail-coats or to transfix a shield, though it were an inch thick of toughened wood. One moment Alleyne saw the galley's poop crowded with rushing figures, waving arms, exultant faces; the next it was a blood-smeared shambles, with bodies piled three deep upon one another, the living cowering behind the dead to shelter themselves from that sudden storm-blast of death. On either side the seamen whom Sir Nigel had chosen for the purpose had cast their anchors over the side of the galleys, so that the three vessels, locked in an iron grip, lurched heavily forward upon the swell.

And now set in a fell and fierce fight, one of a thousand of which no chronicler has spoken and no poet sung. Through all the centuries and over all those southern waters nameless men have fought in nameless places, their sole monuments a protected coast and an unravaged country-side.

Fore and aft the archers had cleared the galleys' decks, but from either side the rovers had poured down into the waist, where the seamen and bowmen were pushed back and so mingled with their foes that it was impossible for their comrades above to draw string to help them. It was a wild chaos where

axe and sword rose and fell, while Englishman, Norman, and Italian staggered and reeled on a deck which was cumbered with bodies and slippery with blood. The clang of blows, the cries of the stricken, the short, deep shout of the islanders, and the fierce whoops of the rovers, rose together in a deafening tumult, while the breath of the panting men went up in the wintry air like the smoke from a furnace. The giant Tête-noire, towering above his fellows and clad from head to foot in plate of proof, led on his boarders, waving a huge mace in the air, with which he struck to the deck every man who opposed him. On the other side, Spade-beard, a dwarf in height, but of great breadth of shoulder and length of arm, had cut a road almost to the mast, with threescore Genoese men-at-arms close at his heels. Between these two formidable assailants the seamen were being slowly wedged more closely together, until they stood back to back under the mast with the rovers raging upon every side of them.

But help was close at hand. Sir Oliver Buttesthorn, with his men-at-arms, had swarmed down from the forecastle, while Sir Nigel, with his three squires, Black Simon, Aylward, Hordle John, and a score more, threw themselves from the poop and hurled themselves into the thickest of the fight. Alleyne, as in duty bound, kept his eyes fixed ever on his lord and pressed forward close at his heels. Often had he heard of Sir Nigel's prowess and skill with all knightly weapons, but all the tales that had reached his ears fell far short of the real quickness and coolness of the man. It was as if the devil was in him, for he sprung here and sprung there, now thrusting and now cutting, catching blows on his shield, turning them with his blade, stooping under the swing of an axe, springing over the sweep of a sword, so swift and so erratic that the man who braced himself for a blow at him might find him six paces off ere he could bring it down. Three pirates had fallen before him, and he had wounded Spade-beard in the neck, when the Norman giant sprung at him from the side with a slashing blow from his deadly mace. Sir Nigel stooped to avoid it, and at the same instant turned a thrust from the Genoese swordsman, but, his foot slipping in a pool of blood, he fell heavily to the ground. Alleyne sprung in front of the Norman, but his sword was shattered and he himself beaten to the ground by a second blow from the ponderous weapon. Ere the pirate chief could repeat it, however, John's iron grip fell

upon his wrist, and he found that for once he was in the hands of a stronger man than himself. Fiercely he strove to disengage his weapon, but Hordle John bent his arm slowly back until, with a sharp crack, like a breaking stave, it turned limp in his grasp, and the mace dropped from the nerveless fingers. In vain he tried to pluck it up with the other hand. Back and back still his foeman bent him, until, with a roar of pain and of fury, the giant clanged his full length upon the boards, while the glimmer of a knife before the bars of his helmet warned him that short would be his shrift if he moved.

Cowed and disheartened by the loss of their leader, the Normans had given back and were now streaming over the bulwarks on to their own galley, dropping a dozen at a time on to her deck. But the anchor still held them in its crooked claw, and Sir Oliver, with fifty men, was hard upon their heels. Now, too, the archers had room to draw their bows once more, and great stones from the yard of the cog came thundering and crashing among the flying rovers. Here and there they rushed with wild screams and curses, diving under the sail, crouching behind booms, huddling into corners like rabbits when the ferrets are upon them, as helpless and as hopeless. They were stern days, and if the honest soldier, too poor for a ransom, had no prospect of mercy upon the battle-field, what ruth was there for sea-robbers, the enemies of human kind, taken in the very deed, with proofs of their crimes still swinging upon their yard-arm?

But the fight had taken a new and a strange turn upon the other side. Spade-beard and his men had given slowly back, hard pressed by Sir Nigel, Aylward, Black Simon, and the poop-guard. Foot by foot the Italian had retreated, his armor running blood at every joint, his shield split, his crest shorn, his voice fallen away to a mere gasping and croaking. Yet he faced his foemen with dauntless courage, dashing in, springing back, sure-footed, steady-handed, with a point which seemed to menace three at once. Beaten back on to the deck of his own vessel, and closely followed by a dozen Englishmen, he disengaged himself from them, ran swiftly down the deck, sprung back into the cog once more, cut the rope which held the anchor, and was back in an instant among his crossbow-men. At the same time the Genoese sailors thrust with their oars against the side of the cog, and a rapidly widening rift appeared between the two vessels.

"By St. George!" cried Ford, "we are cut off from Sir Nigel!"

"He is lost!" gasped Terlake. "Come, let us spring for it."

The two youths jumped with all their strength to reach the departing galley. Ford's feet reached the edge of the bulwarks, and his hand clutching a rope, he swung himself on board. Terlake fell short, crashed in among the oars, and bounded off into the sea. Alleyne, staggering to the side, was about to hurl himself after him, but Hordle John dragged him back by the girdle.

"You can scarce stand, lad, far less jump," said he. "See how the blood drips from your bassinet."

"My place is by the flag!" cried Alleyne, vainly struggling to break from the other's hold.

"Bide here, man. You would need wings ere you could reach Sir Nigel's side."

The vessels were indeed so far apart now that the Genoese could use the full sweep of their oars, and draw away rapidly from the cog.

"My God, but it is a noble fight!" shouted big John, clapping his hands. "They have cleared the poop, and they spring into the waist. Well struck, my lord! Well struck, Aylward! See to Black Simon, how he storms among the shipmen! But this Spade-beard is a gallant warrior. He rallies his men upon the forecastle. He hath slain an archer. Ha! my lord is upon him. Look to it, Alleyne! See to the whirl and glitter of it!"

"By Heaven, Sir Nigel is down!" cried the squire.

"Up!" roared John. "It was but a feint. He bears him back. He drives him to the side. Ah, by Our Lady! his sword is through him! They cry for mercy! Down goes the red cross, and up springs Simon with the scarlet roses!"

The death of the Genoese leader did indeed bring the resistance to an end. Amid a thunder of cheering from cog and from galleys the forked pennon fluttered upon the forecastle, and the galley, sweeping round, came slowly back, as the slaves who rowed it learned the wishes of their new masters.

The two knights had come aboard the cog, and the grapplings having been thrown off, the three vessels now moved abreast. Through the storm and rush of the fight Alleyne had been aware of the voice of Goodwin Hawtayne, the mastershipman, with his constant "Hale the bowline! Veer the sheet!" and strange it was to him to see how swiftly the blood-stained sailors turned from the strife to the ropes and back. Now the cog's head was turned Franceward, and the

shipman walked the deck, a peaceful master-mariner once more.

"There is sad scath done to the cog, Sir Nigel," said he. "Here is a hole in the side two ells across, the sail split through the centre, and the wood as bare as a friar's poll. In good sooth, I know not what I shall say to Master Witherton when I see the Itchen once more."

"By St. Paul! it would be a very sorry thing if we suffered you to be the worse of this day's work," said Sir Nigel. "You shall take these galleys back with you, and Master Witherton may sell them. Then, from the moneys he shall take as much as may make good the damage, and the rest he shall keep until our home-coming, when every man shall have his share. An image of silver fifteen inches high I have vowed to the Virgin, to be placed in her chapel within the priory, for that she was pleased to allow me to come upon this Spadebeard, who seemed to me, from what I have seen of him, to be a very sprightly and valiant gentleman. But how fares it with you, Edricson?"

"It is nothing, my fair lord," said Alleyne, who had now loosened his bassinet, which was cracked across by the Norman's blow. Even as he spoke, however, his head swirled round, and he fell to the deck with the blood gushing from his nose and mouth.

"He will come to anon," said the knight, stooping over him and passing his fingers through his hair. "I have lost one very valiant and gentle squire this day. I can ill afford to lose another. How many men have fallen?"

"I have pricked off the tally," said Aylward, who had come aboard with his lord. "There are seven of the Winchester men, eleven seamen, your squire, young Master Terlake, and nine archers."

"And of the others?"

"They are all dead, save only the Norman knight who stands behind you. What would you that we should do with him?"

"He must hang on his own yard," said Sir Nigel. "It was my vow, and must be done."

The pirate leader had stood by the bulwarks, a cord round his arms, and two stout archers on either side. At Sir Nigel's words he started violently, and his swarthy features blanched to a livid gray.

"How, Sir Knight?" he cried, in broken English. "Que dites-vous? To hang, la mort du chien! To hang!"

"It is my vow," said Sir Nigel, shortly. "From what I hear, you thought little enough of hanging others."

"Peasants, base roturiers!" cried the other. "It is their fitting death! Mais Le Seigneur d'Andelys, avec le sang des rois dans ses veines! C'est incroyable!"

Sir Nigel turned upon his heel, while two seamen cast a noose over the pirate's neck. At the touch of the cord he snapped the bonds which bound him, dashed one of the archers to the deck, and seizing the other round the waist, sprung with him into the sea.

"By my hilt, he is gone!" cried Aylward, rushing to the side. "They have sunk together like a stone!"

"I am right glad of it," answered Sir Nigel; "for though it was against my vow to loose him, I deem that he has carried himself like a very gentle and débonnaire cavalier."

The Bowmen's Song.

(From "The White Company.")

What of the bow?
The bow was made in England:
Of true wood, of yew wood,
The wood of English bows;
So men who are free
Love the old yew-tree
And the land where the yew-tree grows.

What of the men?
The men were bred in England,
The bowmen, the yeomen,
The lads of the dale and fell.
Here 's to you and to you,
To the hearts that are true,
And the land where the true hearts dwell.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

Drake, Joseph Rodman, an American poet; born at New York, August 7, 1795; died there September 21, 1820. He studied medicine at Columbia College, New York. He early formed an intimate personal and literary friendship with Fitz-Greene Halleck and James Fenimore Cooper. In 1818 he travelled in Europe; and upon his return in the following year he began, in conjunction with Halleck, the writing of the poetical "Croaker" papers, which appeared in the newspapers. He died of consumption at the age of twenty-five. His longest poem, "The Culprit Fay" (1819) was written — it is said in three days — before he had reached the age of twenty-one; and his stirring lines on "The American Flag," written also in 1819, was one of the "Croaker" papers.

Ode to Fortune.

(From "The Croakers.")

Fair lady with the bandaged eye!
I 'll pardon all thy scurvy tricks;
So thou wilt *cut* me and deny
Alike thy kisses and thy kicks.
I 'm quite contented as I am;
Have cash to keep my duns at bay,
Can choose between beefsteaks and ham,
And drink Madeira every day.

My station is the middle rank;
My fortune just a competence —
Ten thousand in the Franklin Bank,
And twenty in the six-per-cents.
No amorous chains my heart enthrall;
I neither borrow, lend, nor sell;
Fearless I roam the City Hall,
And bite my thumbs at Sheriff Bell.

The horse that twice a year I ride,
At Mother Dawson's eats his fill;
My books at Goodrich's abide,
My country-seat is Weehawk Hill;

My morning lounge is Eastburn's shop,
  At Poppleton's I take my lunch;
Niblo prepares my mutton-chop,
  And Jennings makes my whiskey-punch.

When merry, I the hours amuse
  By squibbing Bucktails, Bucks, and Balls;
And when I'm troubled with the blues,
  Damn Clinton and abuse canals, —
Then, Fortune, since I ask no prize,
  At least preserve me from thy frown;
The man who don't attempt to rise
  'T were cruelty to tumble down.

A Winter's Tale.

(From "The Croakers.")

"A merry heart goes all the way,
  A sad one tires in a mile-a."

The man who frets at worldly strife
  Grows sallow, sour, and thin;
Give us the lad whose happy life
  Is one perpetual grin:
He, Midas-like, turns all to gold;
  He smiles when others sigh;
Enjoys alike the hot and cold,
  And laughs through wet and dry.

There's fun in everything we meet;
  The greatest, worst, and best
Existence is a merry treat,
  And every speech a jest:
Be 't ours to watch the crowds that pass
  Where mirth's gay banner waves;
To show fools through a quizzing glass,
  And bastinade the knaves.

The serious world will scold and ban,
  In clamor loud and hard,
To hear Meigs called a Congressman,
  And Paulding called a bard:
But come what may, the man 's in luck
  Who turns it all to glee,
And laughing, cries with honest Puck,
  "Good Lord! what fools ye be!"

The Culprit Fay.

My visual orbs are purged from film, and lo!
Instead of Anster's turnip-bearing vales,
I see old Fairyland's miraculous show!
Her trees of tinsel kissed by freakish gales,
Her ouphs that, cloaked in leaf-gold, skim the breeze,
And fairies, swarming. . . .

Tennant's "Anster Fair."

'T is the middle watch of a summer's night—
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;
Naught is seen in the vault on high
But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,
And the flood which rolls its milky hue,
A river of light on the welkin blue.
The moon looks down on old Cronest;
She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge gray form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below;
His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut bough and the cedar made,
And through their clustering branches dark
Glimmers and dies the firefly's spark—
Like starry twinkles that momently break
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.

The stars are on the moving stream,
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
A burnished length of wavy beam
In an eel-like, spiral line below;
The winds are whist, and the owl is still;
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid;
And naught is heard on the lonely hill
But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill
Of the gauze-winged katydid;
And the plaint of the wailing whippoorwill,
Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings,
Ever a note of wail and woe,
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow.

'T is the hour of fairy ban and spell:
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
He has counted them all with click and stroke
Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,

And he has awakened the sentry elve
  Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
  And call the fays to their revelry;
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell —
('T was made of the white snail's pearly shell)
"Midnight comes, and all is well!
Hither, hither, wing your way!
'T is the dawn of the fairy day."

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullein's velvet screen;
Some on the backs of beetles fly
  From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
  And rocked about in the evening breeze;
Some from the hum-bird's downy nest —
  They had driven him out by elfin power,
And pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
  Had slumbered there till the charmèd hour;
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
  With glittering ising-stars inlaid;
And some had opened the four-o'clock,
  And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moonlight glade,
  Above, below, on every side,
Their little minim forms arrayed
  In the tricksy pomp of the fairy pride!

They come not now to print the lea,
In freak and dance around the tree,
Or at the mushroom board to sup,
And drink the dew from the buttercup; —
A scene of sorrow waits them now,
For an ouphe has broken his vestal vow;
He has loved an earthly maid,
And left for her his woodland shade;
He has lain upon her lip of dew,
And sunned him in her eye of blue,
Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,
Played in the ringlets of her hair,
And nestling on her snowy breast,
Forgot the lily-king's behest.
For this the shadowy tribes of air
  To the elfin court must haste away:
And now they stand expectant there,
  To hear the doom of the culprit fay.

The throne was reared upon the grass,
Of spice-wood and of sassafras;
On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell
Hung the burnished canopy—
And o'er it gorgeous curtains fell
Of the tulip's crimson drapery.
The monarch sat on his judgment seat;
On his brow the crown imperial shone;
The prisoner fay was at his feet,
And his peers were ranged around the throne.
He waved his sceptre in the air,
He looked around and calmly spoke;
His brow was grave and his eye severe,
But his voice in a softened accent broke:

"Fairy! Fairy! list and mark:
Thou hast broke thine elfin chain;
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain—
Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity
In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye;
Thou hast scorned our dread decree,
And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high.
But well I know her sinless mind
Is pure as the angel forms above,
Gentle and meek, and chaste and kind,
Such as a spirit well might love;
Fairy! had she spot or taint,
Bitter had been thy punishment:
Tied to the hornet's shardy wings;
Tossed on the pricks of nettles' stings;
Or seven long ages doomed to dwell
With the lazy worm in the walnut-shell;
Or every night to writhe and bleed
Beneath the tread of the centipede;
Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim,
Your jailer a spider, huge and grim,
Amid the carrion bodies to lie
Of the worm, and the bug, and the murdered fly:
These it had been your lot to bear,
Had a stain been found on the earthly fair.
Now list, and mark our mild decree—
Fairy, this your doom must be:—

"Thou shalt seek the beach of sand
Where the water bounds the elfin land;

"To the Elfin Court must haste away"

From Painting by Lionel Royer

Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moonshine,
Then dart the glistening arch below,
And catch a drop from his silver bow.
The water-sprites will wield their arms
  And dash around, with roar and rave,
And vain are the woodland spirits' charms;
  They are the imps that rule the wave.
Yet trust thee in thy single might:
If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right,
Thou shalt win the warlock fight.

"If the spray-bead gem be won,
  The stain of thy wing is washed away;
But another errand must be done
  Ere thy crime be lost for aye:
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark, —
Thou must re-illumine its spark.
Mount thy steed and spur him high
To the heaven's blue canopy;
And when thou seest a shooting star,
Follow it fast, and follow it far —
The last faint spark of its burning train
Shall light the elfin lamp again.
Thou hast heard our sentence, fay;
Hence! to the water-side, away!"

The goblin marked his monarch well;
  He spake not, but he bowed him low,
Then plucked a crimson colen-bell,
  And turned him round in act to go.
The way is long; he cannot fly;
  His soilèd wing has lost its power,
And he winds adown the mountain high
  For many a sore and weary hour.
Through dreary beds of tangled fern,
Through groves of nightshade dark and dern,
Over the grass and through the brake,
Where toils the ant and sleeps the snake;
Now o'er the violet's azure flush
  He skips along in lightsome mood;
And now he thrids the bramble-bush,
  Till its points are dyed in fairy blood.
He has leaped the bog, he has pierced the brier,
He has swum the brook and waded the mire,

Till his spirits sank and his limbs grew weak,
And the red waxed fainter in his cheek.
He had fallen to the ground outright,
  For rugged and dim was his onward track,
But there came a spotted toad in sight,
  And he laughed as he jumped upon her back:
He bridled her mouth with a silkweed twist,
  He lashed her sides with an osier thong.
And now, through evening's dewy mist,
  With leap and spring they bound along,
Till the mountain's magic verge is past,
And the beach of sand is reached at last.

. . . . . .

Up, fairy! quit thy chickweed bower,
The cricket has called the second hour;
Twice again, and the lark will rise
To kiss the streaking of the skies —
Up! thy charmèd armor don;
Thou 'lt need it ere the night be gone.

He put his acorn helmet on:
It was plumed of the silk of the thistle-down;
The corselet plate that guarded his breast
Was once the wild bee's golden vest;
His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,
Was formed of the wings of butterflies;
His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,
Studs of gold on a ground of green;
And the quivering lance which he brandished bright
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.
Swift he bestrode his firefly steed;
  He bared his blade of the bent-grass blue;
He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,
  And away like a glance of thought he flew,
To skim the heavens, and follow far
The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

The moth-fly, as he shot in air,
Crept under the leaf and hid her there;
The katydid forgot its lay,
The prowling gnat fled fast away,
The fell mosquito checked his drone
And folded his wings till the fay was gone,
And the wily beetle dropped his head,
And fell on the ground as if he were dead;

They crouched them close in the darksome shade,
  They quaked all o'er with awe and fear,
For they had felt the blue-bent blade,
  And writhed at the prick of the elfin spear;
Many a time, on a summer's night,
When the sky was clear, and the moon was bright
They had been roused from the haunted ground
By the yelp and bay of the fairy hound;
They had heard the tiny bugle-horn,
  They had heard the twang of the maize-silk string,
When the vine-twig bows were tightly drawn,
And the needle-shaft through air was borne,
  Feathered with down of the hum-bird's wing.
And now they deemed the courier ouphe
  Some hunter-sprite of the elfin ground;
And they watched till they saw him mount the roof
  That canopies the world around;
Then glad they left their covert lair,
And freaked about in the midnight air.

Up to the vaulted firmament
His path the firefly courser bent,
And at every gallop on the wind,
He flung a glittering spark behind;
He flies like a feather in the blast
Till the first light cloud in heaven is past.
  But the shapes of air have begun their work,
And a drizzly mist is round him cast;
  He cannot see through the mantle murk;
He shivers with cold, but he urges fast;
  Through storm and darkness, sleet and shade,
He lashes his steed, and spurs amain —
For shadowy hands have twitched the rein,
  And flame-shot tongues around him played,
And near him many a fiendish eye
Glared with a fell malignity,
And yells of rage, and shrieks of fear,
Came screaming on his startled ear.

His wings are wet around his breast,
The plume hangs dripping from his crest,
His eyes are blurred with the lightning's glare,
And his ears are stunned with the thunder's blare.
But he gave a shout, and his blade he drew;
  He thrust before and he struck behind,

Till he pierced their cloudy bodies through,
And gashed their shadowy limbs of wind;
Howling the misty spectres flew;
They rend the air with frightful cries;
For he has gained the welkin blue,
And the land of clouds beneath him lies.

Up to the cope careering swift,
In breathless motion fast,
Fleet as the swallow cuts the drift,
Or the sea-roc rides the blast,
The sapphire sheet of eve is shot,
The spherèd moon is past,
The earth but seems a tiny blot
On a sheet of azure cast.
Oh! it was sweet, in the clear moonlight,
To tread the starry plain of even!
To meet the thousand eyes of night,
And feel the cooling breath of heaven!
But the elfin made no stop or stay
Till he came to the bank of the Milky Way;
Then he checked his courser's foot,
And watched for the glimpse of the planet-shoot.

Sudden along the snowy tide
That swelled to meet their footsteps' fall,
The sylphs of heaven were seen to glide,
Attired in sunset's crimson pall;
Around the fay they weave the dance,
They skip before him on the plain,
And one has taken his wasp-string lance,
And one upholds his bridle rein;
With warblings wild they lead him on
To where, through clouds of amber seen,
Studded with stars, resplendent shone
The palace of the sylphid queen.

Its spiral columns, gleaming bright,
Were streamers of the northern light;
Its curtain's light and lovely flush
Was of the morning's rosy blush;
And the ceiling fair that rose aboon
The white and feathery fleece of noon.

. . . . . .

But, O! how fair the shape that lay
  Beneath a rainbow bending bright;
She seemed to the entranced Fay
  The loveliest of the forms of light;
Her mantle was the purple rolled
  At twilight in the west afar;
'T was tied with threads of dawning gold,
  And buttoned with a sparkling star.
Her face was like the lily roon
  That veils the vestal planet's hue;
Her eyes, two beamlets from the moon,
  Set floating in the welkin blue.
Her hair is like the sunny beam,
And the diamond gems which round it gleam
Are the pure drops of dewy even
That ne'er have left their native heaven.

Borne afar on the wings of the blast,
Northward away he speeds him fast,
And his courser follows the cloudy wain
Till the hoof-strokes fall like pattering rain.
The clouds roll backward as he flies,
Each flickering star behind him lies,
And he has reached the northern plain,
And backed his firefly steed again,
Ready to follow in its flight
The streaming of the rocket-light.

The star is yet in the vault of heaven,
  But it rocks in the summer gale;
And now 't is fitful and uneven,
  And now 't is deadly pale;
And now 't is wrapped in sulphur-smoke,
  And quenched is its rayless beam;
And now with a rattling thunder-stroke
  It bursts in flash and flame.
As swift as the glance of the arrowy lance
  That the storm spirit flings from high,
The star-shot flew o'er the welkin blue,
  As it fell from the sheeted sky.
As swift as the wind in its train behind
  The elfin gallops along:
The fiends of the clouds are bellowing loud,
  But the sylphid charm is strong;
He gallops unhurt in the shower of fire,

While the cloud-fiends fly from the blaze;
He watches each flake till its sparks expire,
And rides in the light of its rays.

But he drove his steed to the lightning's speed,
And caught a glimmering spark;
Then wheeled around to the fairy ground,
And sped through the midnight dark.

. . . . . .

Ouphe and goblin! imp and sprite!
Elf of eve! and starry fay!
Ye that love the moon's soft light,
Hither, hither, wend your way;
Twine ye in a jocund ring,
Sing and trip it merrily,
Hand to hand, and wing to wing,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

Hail the wanderer again
With dance and song, and lute and lyre;
Pure his wing and strong his chain,
And doubly bright his fairy fire.
Twine ye in an airy round,
Brush the dew and print the lea;
Skip and gambol, hop and bound,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

The beetle guards our holy ground,
He flies about the haunted place,
And if mortal there be found,
He hums in his ears and flaps his face;
The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay,
The owlet's eyes our lanterns be;
Thus we sing and dance and play,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

But hark! from tower on treetop high,
The sentry elf his call has made;
A streak is in the eastern sky;
Shapes of moonlight! flit and fade!
The hill-tops gleam in Morning's spring,
The skylark shakes his dappled wing,
The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn, —
The cock has crowed, and the fays are gone.

The American Flag.

When Freedom from her mountain height
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light:
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave unto his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
  Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
  When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven —
Child of the sun! to thee 't is given
  To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur-smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
  The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on:
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where the sky-born glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall: —

Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Drayton, Michael, an English poet; born at Hartshill, near Atherstone, in Warwickshire, in 1563; died at London, December 23, 1631. Of his personal history little is recorded, except that he is said to have had a University training, that he found powerful patrons, and that he was made Poet Laureate in 1626. His poetical works, as printed collectively in 1752, make four volumes. The longest of these, "The Poly-Olbion," containing some 30,000 lines, consists of thirty "songs," the first eighteen of them being first published in 1613, the remainder in 1632. Among his other best pieces are "Mortimeriados" (1596), republished in 1603 as "The Barons' Wars;" "England's Heroical Epistles" (1597); "Poems Lyrical and Pastoral" (1605); "The Battle of Agincourt" and "The Miseries of Queen Margaret" (1627); and "Nymphidia" (1627).

Robin Hood in Sherwood Forest.

(From "Poly-Olbion.")

The merry pranks he played, would ask an age to tell,
And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befell,
When Mansfield many a time for Robin hath been laid,
How he hath cozened them, that him would have betrayed;
How often he hath come to Nottingham disguised,
And cunningly escaped, being set to be surprised.
In this our spacious isle, I think there is not one,
But he hath heard some talk of him and Little John;
And to the end of time, the tales shall ne'er be done,
Of Scarlock, George-a-Green, and Much the miller's son,
Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their trade.
An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good,
All clad in Lincoln Green, with caps of red and blue,
His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew,
When setting to their lips their bugles shrill
The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill;

Their baldricks set with studs, athwart their shoulders cast,
To which under their arms their sheafs were buckled fast,
A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span —
Who struck below the knee, not counted then a man:
All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong,
They not an arrow drew but was a cloth-yard long.
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad-arrow, or butt, or prick, or roving shaft,
At marks full forty score, they used to prick and rove,
Yet higher than the breast, for compass never strove;
Yet at the farthest mark a foot could hardly win:
At long-butts, short, and hoyles, each one could cleave the pin,
Their arrows finely paired, for timber, and for feather,
With birch and brazil pieced, to fly in any weather;
And shot they with the round, the square, or forked pile,
The loose gave such a twang, as might be heard a mile.
And of these archers brave, there was not any one
But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon,
Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty wood,
Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly food.
Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he
Slept many a summer's night under the greenwood tree.
From wealthy abbots' chests, and churls' abundant store,
What oftentimes he took, he shared amongst the poor:
No lordly bishop came in lusty Robin's way,
To him before he went, but for his pass must pay:
The widow in distress he graciously relieved,
And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin grieved:
He from the husband's bed no married woman wan,
But to his mistress dear, his loved Marian,
Was ever constant known, which wheresoe'er she came,
Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the game:
Her clothes tucked to the knee, and dainty braided hair,
With bow and quiver armed, she wandered here and there
Amongst the forests wild; Diana never knew
Such pleasures, nor such harts as Mariana slew.

The Ballad of Agincourt.

Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;

ROBIN HOOD

But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marched towards Agincourt
In happy hour —
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the King sending;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet, with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then: —
"Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed;
Yet have we well begun —
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be;
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me;
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain;
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

"Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell;
No less our skill is

Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
  Lopped the French lilies."

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped,
  Amongst his henchmen.
Excester had the rear —
A braver man not there:
O Lord! how hot they were
  On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone;
Armor on armor shone;
Drum now to drum did groan —
  To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
  Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham!
Which did the signal aim
  To our hid forces;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
  Struck the French horses,

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
  Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
  Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their billbows drew,
And on the French they flew,
  Not one was tardy;

Arms were from shoulders sent;
Scalps to the teeth were rent;
Down the French peasants went; —
  Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
  As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arm with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
  Bruisèd his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
  With his brave brother —
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
  Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade;
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
  Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his axe did ply;
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
  Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
  To England to carry;
O, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
  Such a King Harry?

The Queen of the Fairies.

Her chariot ready straight is made;
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stayed,
For nought must be her letting;
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamer,
Fly Cranion, her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colors did excel;
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning;
The seat the soft wood of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a pied butterflee;
I trow 't was simple trimming.

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,
And daintily made for the nonce;
For fear of rattling on the stones
With thistle-down they shod it;
For all her maidens much did fear
If Oberon had chanced to hear
That Mab his queen should have been there,
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice
Until her maids, that were so nice,
To wait on her were fitted;
But ran herself away alone;
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
As she had been diswitted.

Hop and Mop, and Drab so clear,
Pip and Trip, and Skip, that were
To Mab their sovereign so dear,
Her special maids of honor;
Fib and Tib, and Pink and Pin,
Tick and Quick, and Jill and Jin,
Tit and Nit, and Wap and Win,
The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
And, what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
  But after her they hie them:
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow;
Themselves they wisely could bestow
  Lest any should espy them.

Sonnets.

Bright star of beauty, on whose eyelids sit
A thousand nymph-like and enamored graces,
The goddesses of memory and wit,
Which there in order take their several places;
  In whose dear bosom, sweet delicious love
Lays down his quiver which he once did bear,
Since he that blessèd paradise did prove,
And leaves his mother's lap to sport him there:
  Let others strive to entertain with words;
My soul is of a braver mettle made;
I hold that vile which vulgar wit affords;
In me 's that faith which time cannot invade.
  Let what I praise be still made good by you;
  Be you most worthy whilst I am most true!

Nothing but "No!" and "I!" and "I!" and "No!"
"How falls it out so strangely?" you reply.
I tell ye, Fair, I 'll not be answered so,
With this affirming "No!" denying "I!"
I say "I love!" You slightly answer "I!"
I say "You love!" You pule me out a "No!"
I say "I die!" You echo me with "I!"
"Save me!" I cry; you sigh me out a "No!"
Must woe and I have naught but "No!" and "I!"?
No "I!" am I, if I no more can have.
Answer no more; with silence make reply,
And let me take myself what I do crave;
  Let "No!" and "I!" with I and you be so,
  Then answer "No!" and "I!" and "I!" and "No!"

HENRY DRUMMOND.

Drummond, Henry, a Scottish clergyman and scientist, was born at Stirling, 1851; died at Tunbridge Wells, March 11, 1897. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and subsequently passed through the Free Church Divinity Hall. He was appointed to a mission at Malta, and on his return was appointed a lecturer on science at Free Church College, Glasgow, and also took charge of a workingmen's mission. "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" (1883), and its successor, "The Ascent of Man" (1894), applications of modern scientific methods to the immaterial universe, have made his popular fame. He also wrote "The Changed Life" (1891); "The Programme of Christianity" (1892); "The City Without a Church" (1893). He visited America, and travelled in Central Africa (1883–84) studying its botany and geology, and later wrote the highly interesting and instructive volume on "Tropical Africa" (1888). Other semi-religious writings of his are: "Pax Vobiscum" (1890); "The Greatest Thing in the World" (1890).

Dealing with Doubt.

(From Drummond's Addresses.)

There is a subject which I think we as workers amongst young men cannot afford to keep out of sight — I mean the subject of "Doubt." We are forced to face that subject. We have no choice. I would rather let it alone; but every day of my life I meet men who doubt, and I am quite sure that most of you have innumerable interviews every year with men who raise sceptical difficulties about religion. Now, it becomes a matter of great practical importance that we should know how to deal wisely with these men. Upon the whole, I think these are the best men in the country. I speak of my own country. I speak of the universities with which I am familiar, and I say that the men who are perplexed — the men who come to you with serious and honest difficulties — are the best men. They are men of intellectual honesty, and cannot allow themselves to be put to rest by words, or phrases, or traditions, or theologies,

but who must get to the bottom of things for themselves. And if I am not mistaken, Christ was very fond of these men. The outsiders always interested Him, and touched Him. The orthodox people — the Pharisees — He was much less interested in. He went with publicans and sinners — with people who were in revolt against the respectability, intellectual and religious, of the day. And following Him, we are entitled to give sympathetic consideration to those whom He loved and took trouble with.

First, let me speak for a moment or two about the origin of doubt. In the first place, we are born questioners. Look at the wonderment of a little child in its eyes before it can speak. The child's great word when it begins to speak is, "Why?" Every child is full of every kind of question, about every kind of thing that moves, and shines, and changes, in the little world in which it lives. That is the incipient doubt in the nature of man. Respect doubt for its origin. It is an inevitable thing. It is not a thing to be crushed. It is a part of man as God made him. Heresy is truth in the making, and doubt is the prelude of knowledge.

Secondly: The world is a Sphinx. It is a vast riddle — an unfathomable mystery; and on every side there is temptation to questioning. In every leaf, in every cell of every leaf, there are a hundred problems. There are ten good years of a man's life in investigating what is in a leaf, and there are five good years more in investigating the things that are in the things that are in the leaf. God has planned the world to incite men to intellectual activity.

Thirdly: The instrument with which we attempt to investigate truth is impaired. Some say it fell, and the glass is broken. Some say prejudice, heredity, or sin have spoiled its sight, and have blinded our eyes and deadened our ears. In any case the instruments with which we work upon truth, even in the strongest men, are feeble and inadequate to their tremendous task.

And in the fourth place, all religious truths are doubtable. There is no absolute proof for any one of them. Even that fundamental truth — the existence of a God — no man can prove by reason. The ordinary proof for the existence of God involves either an assumption, argument in a circle, or a contradiction. The impression of God is kept up by experience; not by logic. And hence, when the experimental relig-

ion of a man, of a community, or of a nation, wanes, religion wanes — their idea of God grows indistinct, and that man, community, or nation becomes infidel. Bear in mind, then, that all religious truths are doubtable — even those which we hold most strongly.

What does this brief account of the origin of doubt teach us? It teaches us great intellectual humility. It teaches us sympathy and toleration with all men who venture upon the ocean of truth to find out a path through it for themselves. Do you sometimes feel yourself thinking unkind things about your fellow-students who have intellectual difficulty? I know how hard it is always to feel sympathy and toleration for them; but we must address ourselves to that most carefully and most religiously. If my brother is short-sighted, I must not abuse him or speak against him; I must pity him, and if possible try to improve his sight or to make things that he is to look at so bright that he cannot help seeing. But never let us think evil of men who do not see as we do. From the bottom of our hearts let us pity them, and let us take them by the hand and spend time and thought over them, and try to lead them to the true light.

What has been the Church's treatment of doubt in the past? It has been very simple. "There is a heretic. Burn him!" That is all. "There is a man who has gone off the road. Bring him back and torture him!" We have got past that physically; have we got past it morally? What does the modern Church say to a man who is sceptical? Not "Burn him!" but "Brand him!" "Brand him! — call him a bad name." And in many countries at the present time a man who is branded as a heretic is despised, tabooed, and put out of religious society, much more than if he had gone wrong in morals. I think I am speaking within the facts when I say that a man who is unsound is looked upon in many communities with more suspicion and with more pious horror than a man who now and then gets drunk. "Burn him!" "Brand him!" "Excommunicate him!" That has been the Church's treatment of doubt, and that is perhaps to some extent the treatment which we ourselves are inclined to give to the men who cannot see the truths of Christianity as we see them. Contrast Christ's treatment of doubt. I have spoken already of His strange partiality for the outsiders — for the scattered heretics up and down the country; of the care with which He loved to deal with

them, and of the respect in which He held their intellectual difficulties. Christ never failed to distinguish between doubt and unbelief. Doubt is *can't believe;* unbelief is *won't believe.* Doubt is honesty; unbelief is obstinacy. Doubt is looking for light; unbelief is content with darkness. Loving darkness rather than light — that is what Christ attacked, and attacked unsparingly. But for the intellectual questioning of Thomas, and Philip, and Nicodemus, and the many others who came to Him to have their great problems solved, He was respectful and generous and tolerant.

And how did He meet their doubts? The Church, as I have said, says, "Brand him!" Christ said, "Teach him." He destroyed by fulfilling. When Thomas came to Him and denied His very resurrection, and stood before Him waiting for the scathing words and lashing for his unbelief, they never came. They never came. Christ gave him facts — facts. No man can go around facts. Christ said, "Behold My hands and My feet." The great god of science at the present time is a fact. It works with facts. Its cry is, "Give me facts." Found anything you like upon facts and we will believe it. The spirit of Christ was the scientific spirit. He founded His religion upon facts; and He asked all men to found their religion upon facts. Now, gentlemen, get up the facts of Christianity, and take men to the facts. Theologies — and I am not speaking disrespectfully of theology; theology is as scientific a thing as any other science of facts — but theologies are human versions of Divine truths, and hence the varieties of the versions, and the inconsistencies of them. I would allow a man to select whichever version of this truth he liked *afterwards;* but I would ask him to begin with no version, but go back to the facts and base his Christian life upon that. That is the great lesson of the New Testament way of looking at doubt — of Christ's treatment of doubt. It is not "Brand him!" — but lovingly, wisely, and tenderly to teach him. Faith is never opposed to reason in the New Testament; it is opposed to sight. You will find that a principle worth thinking over. *Faith is never opposed to reason in the New Testament, but to sight.*

Well, now; with these principles in mind as to the origin of doubt, and as to Christ's treatment of it, how are we ourselves to deal with our fellow-students who are in intellectual difficulty? In the first place, I think we must make all the concessions to them that we conscientiously can. When a

doubter first encounters you he pours out a deluge of abuse of churches, and ministers, and creeds, and Christians. Nine-tenths of what he says is probably true. Make concessions. Agree with him. It does him good to unburden himself of these things. He has been cherishing them for years — laying them up against Christians, against the Church, and against Christianity; and now he is startled to find the first Christian with whom he has talked over the thing almost entirely agrees with him. We are, of course, not responsible for everything that is said in the name of Christianity; but a man does not give up medicine because there are quack doctors, and no man has a right to give up his Christianity because there are spurious or inconsistent Christians. Then, as I have already said, creeds are human versions of Divine truths; and we do not ask a man to accept all the creeds, any more than we ask him to accept all the Christians. We ask him to accept Christ, and the facts about Christ, and the words of Christ. But you will find the battle is half won when you have endorsed the man's objections, and possibly added a great many more to the charges which he has against ourselves. These men are in revolt against the kind of religion which we exhibit to the world — against the cant that is taught in the name of Christianity. And if the men that have never seen the real thing — if you could show them that, they would receive it as eagerly as you do. They are merely in revolt against the imperfections and inconsistencies of those who represent Christ to the world.

Second: Beg them to set aside, by an act of will, all unsolved problems: such as the problem of the origin of evil, the problem of the Trinity, the problem of the relation of human will and predestination, and so on — problems which have been investigated for thousands of years without result — ask them to set those problems aside as insoluble in the meantime, just as a man who is studying mathematics may be asked to set aside the problem of squaring the circle. Let him go on with what can be done, and what has been done, and leave out of sight the impossible. You will find that will relieve the sceptic's mind of a great deal of unnecessary cargo that has been in his way.

Thirdly: Talking about difficulties, as a rule, only aggravates them. Entire satisfaction to the intellect is unattainable about any of the greater problems, and if you try to get to the bottom of them by argument, there is no bottom there; and

therefore you make the matter worse. But I would say what is known, and what can be honestly and philosophically and scientifically said about one or two of the difficulties that the doubter raises, just to show him that you can do it — to show him that you are not a fool — that you are not merely groping in the dark yourself, but you have found whatever basis is possible. But I would not go around all the doctrines. I would simply do that with one or two; because the moment you cut off one, a hundred other heads will grow in its place. It would be a pity if all these problems could be solved. The joy of the intellectual life would be largely gone. I would not rob a man of his problems, nor would I have another man rob me of my problems. They are the delight of life, and the whole intellectual world would be stale and unprofitable if we knew everything.

Fourthly — and this is the great point: Turn away from the reason, and go into the man's moral life. I don't mean, go into his moral life and see if the man is living in conscious sin, which is the great blinder of the eyes — I am speaking now of honest doubt; but open a new door into the practical side of man's nature. Entreat him not to postpone life and his life's usefulness until he has settled the problems of the universe. Tell him those problems will never all be settled; that his life will be done before he has begun to settle them; and ask him what he is doing with his life meantime. Charge him with wasting his life and his usefulness; and invite him to deal with the moral and practical difficulties of the world, and leave the intellectual difficulties as he goes along. To spend time upon these is proving the less important before the more important; and, as the French say, "The good is the enemy of the best." It is a good thing to think; it is a better thing to work — it is a better thing to do good. And you have him there, you see. He can't get beyond that. You have to tell him, in fact, that there are two organs of knowledge: the one reason, the other obedience. And now tell him, as he has tried the first and found the little in it, just for a moment or two to join you in trying the second. And when he asks whom he is to obey, you tell him there is but One, and lead him to the great historical figure, who calls all men to Him: the one perfect life — the one Saviour of mankind — the one Light of the world. Ask him to begin to obey Christ; and, doing His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.

That, I think, is about the only thing you can do with a

man: to get him into practical contact with the needs of the world, and to let him lose his intellectual difficulties meantime. Don't ask him to give them up altogether. Tell him to solve them afterward one by one if he can, but meantime to give his life to Christ and his time to the kingdom of God. And, you see, you fetch him completely around when you do that. You have taken him away from the false side of his nature, and to the practical and moral side of his nature; and for the first time in his life, perhaps, he puts things in their true place. He puts his nature in the relations in which it ought to be, and he then only begins to live. And by obedience — by obedience — he will soon become a learner and pupil for himself, and Christ will teach him things, and he will find whatever problems are solvable gradually solved as he goes along the path of practical duty.

Now, let me, in closing, give a couple of instances of how to deal with specific points. The commonest thing that we hear said nowadays by young men is, "What about evolution? How am I to reconcile my religion, or any religion, with the doctrine of evolution?" That upsets more men than perhaps anything else at the present hour. How would you deal with it? I would say to a man that Christianity is the further evolution. I don't know any better definition than that. It is the further evolution — the higher evolution. I don't start with him to attack evolution. I don't start with him to defend it. I destroy by fulfilling it. I take him at his own terms. He says evolution is that which pushes the man on from the simple to the complex, from the lower to the higher. Very well; that is what Christianity does. It pushes the man farther on. It takes him where nature has left him, and carries him on to heights which on the plain of nature he could never reach. That is evolution. "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." That is evolution. It is the development of the whole man in the highest directions — the drawing out of his spiritual being. Show an evolutionist that, and you have taken the wind out of his sails. "I came not to destroy." Don't destroy his doctrine — perhaps you can't — but fulfil it. Put a larger meaning into it.

The other instance — the next commonest question perhaps — is the question of miracles. It is impossible, of course, to discuss that now — miracles; but that question is thrown at my head every second day: "What do you say to a man when he says to you, 'Why do you believe in miracles?'" I say

"Because I have seen them." He says, "When?" I say, "Yesterday." He says, "Where?" "Down such-and-such a street I saw a man who was a drunkard redeemed by the power of an unseen Christ and saved from sin. That is a miracle." The best apologetic for Christianity is a Christian. That is a fact which the man cannot get over. There are fifty other arguments for miracles, but none so good as that you have seen them. Perhaps you are one yourself. But take you a man and show him a miracle with his own eyes. Then he will believe.

Preparation for Learning.

Before an artist can do anything the instrument must be tuned. Our astronomers at this moment are preparing for an event which happens only only once or twice in a lifetime: the total eclipse of the sun in the month of August. They have begun already. They are making preparations. At chosen stations in different parts of the world they are spending all the skill that science can suggest upon the construction of their instruments; and up to the last moment they will be busy adjusting them; and the last day will be the busiest of all, because then they must have the glasses and the mirrors polished to the last degree. They have to have the lenses in place and focused upon this spot before the event itself takes place.

Everything will depend upon the instruments which you bring to this experiment. Everything will depend upon it; and therefore fifteen minutes will not be lost if we each put our instrument into the best working order we can. I have spoken of lenses, and that reminds me that the instrument which we bring to bear upon truth is a compound thing. It consists of many parts. Truth is not a product of the intellect alone; it is a product of the whole nature. The body is engaged in it, and the mind and the soul.

The body is engaged in it. Of course a man who has his body run down, or who is dyspeptic, or melancholy, sees everything black and distorted, and untrue. But I am not going to dwell upon that. Most of you seem in pretty fair working order so far as your bodies are concerned; only it is well to remember that we are to give our bodies a living sacrifice — not a half-dead sacrifice, as some people seem to imagine. There is no virtue in emaciation. I don't know if you have any tendency

in that direction in America, but certainly we are in danger of dropping into it now and then in England, and it is just as well to bear in mind our part of the lens — a very compound and delicate lens — with which we have to take in truth.

Then comes a very important part: the intellect — which is one of the most useful servants of truth; and I need not tell you as students, that the intellect will have a great deal to do with your reception of truth. I was told that it was said at these conferences last year, that a man must crucify his intellect. I venture to contradict the gentleman who made that statement. I am quite sure no such statement could ever have been made in your hearing — that we were to crucify our intellects. We can make no progress without the full use of all the intellectual powers that God has endowed us with.

But more important than either of these is the moral nature — the moral and spiritual nature. Some of you remember a sermon of Robertson of Brighton, entitled "Obedience the Organ of Spiritual Knowledge." A very startling title! — "Obedience the Organ of Spiritual Knowledge." The Pharisees asked about Christ: "How knoweth this man letters, never having learned?" How knoweth this man, never having learned? The organ of knowledge is not nearly so much mind, as the organ that Christ used, namely, obedience; and that was the organ which He Himself insisted upon when He said: "He that willeth to do His will shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." You have all noticed, of course, that the words in the original are: "If any man will to do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." It does n't read, "If any do His will," which no man can do perfectly; but if any man be simply willing to do His will — if he has an absolutely undivided mind about it — that man will know what truth is and know what falsehood is; a stranger will he not follow. And that is by far the best source of spiritual knowledge on every account — obedience to God — absolute sincerity and loyalty in following Christ. "If any man do His will he shall know" — a very remarkable association of knowledge, a thing which is usually considered quite intellectual, with obedience, which is moral and spiritual.

But even although we use all these three different parts of the instrument, we have not at all got at the complete method of learning. There is a little preliminary that the astronomer has to do before he can make his observation. He has to take the cap off his telescope. Many a man thinks he is looking

at truth when he is only looking at the cap. Many a time I have looked down my microscope, and thought I was looking at the diatom for which I had long been searching, and found I had simply been looking at a speck of dust upon the lens itself. Many a man thinks he is looking at truth when he is only looking at the spectacles he has put on to see it with. He is looking at his own spectacles. Now, the common spectacles that a man puts on — I suppose the creed in which he has been brought up — if a man looks at that, let him remember that he is not looking at truth: he is looking at his own spectacles. There is no more important lesson that we have to carry with us than that truth is not to be found in what I have been taught. That is not truth. Truth is not what I have been taught. If it were so, that would apply to the Mormon, it would apply to the Brahman, it would apply to the Buddhist. Truth would be to everybody just what he had been taught. Therefore let us dismiss from our minds the predisposition to regard that which we have been brought up in as being necessarily the truth. I must say it is very hard to shake one's self free altogether from that. I suppose it is impossible.

But you see the reasonableness of giving up that as your view of truth when you come to apply it all around. If that were the definition of truth, truth would be just what one's parents were — it would be a thing of hereditary transmission, and not a thing absolute in itself. Now, let me venture to ask you to take that cap off. Take that cap off now, and make up your minds you are going to look at truth naked — in its reality as it is, not as it is reflected through other minds, or through any theology, however venerable.

Then, there is one thing I think we must be careful about, and that is besides having the cap off, and having all the lenses clean and in position — to have the instrument rightly focused. Everything may be right, and yet when you go and look at the object, you see things altogether falsely. You see things not only blurred, but you see things out of proportion. And there is nothing more important we have to bear in mind in running our eye over successive theological truths, or religious truths, than that there is a proportion in those truths, and that we must see them in their proportion, or we see them falsely. A man may take a dollar or a half-dollar and hold it to his eye so closely that he will hide the sun from him. Or he may so focus his telescope that a fly or a boulder may be as

large as a mountain. A man may hold a certain doctrine, very intensely — a doctrine which has been looming upon his horizon for the last six months, let us say, and which has thrown everything else out of proportion, it has become so big itself. Now, let us beware of distortion in the arrangement of the religious truths which we hold. It is almost impossible to get things in their true proportion and symmetry, but this is the thing we must be constantly aiming at. We are told in the Bible to "add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge balance," as the word literally means — *balance*. It is a word taken from the orchestra, where all the parts — the sopranos, the basses, the altos, and the tenors, and all the rest of them — must be regulated. If you have too much of the bass, or too much of the soprano, there is want of harmony. That is what I mean by the want of proper focus — by the want of proper balance — in the truths which we all hold. It will never do to exaggerate one truth at the expense of another, and a truth may be turned into a falsehood very, very easily, by simply being either too much enlarged or too much diminished. I once heard of some blind men who were taken to see a menagerie. They had gone around the animals, and four of them were allowed to touch an elephant as they went past. They were discussing afterward what kind of a creature the elephant was. One man, who had touched its tail, said the elephant was like a rope. Another of the blind men, who had touched his hind limb, said, "No such thing! the elephant is like the trunk of a tree." Another, who had felt its sides, said, "That is all rubbish. An elephant is a thing like a wall." And the fourth, who had felt its ear, said that an elephant was like none of those things; it was like a leather bag. Now, men look at truth at different bits of it, and they see different things, of course, and they are very apt to imagine that the thing which they have seen is the whole affair — the whole thing. In reality, we can only see a very little bit at a time; and we must, I think, learn to believe that other men can see bits of truth as well as ourselves. Your views are just what you see with your own eyes; and my views are just what I see; and what I see depends on just where I stand, and what you see depends on just where you stand; and truth is very much bigger than an elephant, and we are very much blinder than any of those blind men as we come to look at it.

Christ has made us aware that it is quite possible for a man to have ears and hear nothing, and to have eyes and see

not. One of the disciples saw a great deal of Christ, and he never knew Him. "Have I been so long time with you, Philip, and yet hast thou not known Me?" "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father also." Philip had never seen Him. He had been looking at his own spectacles, perhaps, or at something else, and had never seen Him. If the instrument had been in order, he would have seen Christ. And I would just add this one thing more: the test of value of the different verities of truth depends upon one thing: whether they have or have not a sanctifying power. That is another remarkable association in the mind of Christ — of sanctification with truth — thinking and holiness — not to be found in any of the sciences or in any of the philosophies. It is peculiar to the Bible. Christ said "Sanctify them through Thy truth. Thy Word is truth." Now, the value of any question — the value of any theological question — depends upon whether it has a sanctifying influence. If it has not, don't bother about it. Don't let it disturb your minds until you have exhausted all truths that have sanctification within them. If a truth makes a man a better man, then let him focus his instrument upon it and get all the acquaintance with it he can. If it is the profane babbling of science, falsely so called, or anything that has an injurious effect upon the moral and spiritual nature of a man, it is better let alone. And above all, let us remember to hold the truth in love. That is the most sanctifying influence of all. And if we can carry away the mere lessons of toleration, and leave behind us our censoriousness, and criticalness, and harsh judgments upon one another, and excommunicating of everybody except those who think exactly as we do, the time we shall spend here will not be the least useful parts of our lives.

A Talk on Books.

My object at this time is to give encouragement and help to the "duffers," the class of "hopeful duffers." Brilliant students have every help, but second-class students are sometimes neglected and disheartened. I have great sympathy with the "duffers," because I was only a second-rate student myself. The subject of my talk with you is

BOOKS.

A gentleman in Scotland who has an excellent library has placed on one side of the room his heavy, sombre tomes, and over

those shelves the form of an owl. On the other side of the room are arranged the lighter books, and over these is the figure of a bird known in Scotland as "the dipper." This is a most sensible division. The "owl books" are to be mastered, — the great books, such as Gibbon's "Rome," Butler's "Analogy," Dorner's "Person of Christ," and text-books of philosophy and science. Every student should master one or two, at least, of such "owl books," to exercise his faculties and give him concentrativeness. I do not intend to linger at this side of the library, but will cross over to the "dipper books," which are for occasional reading — for stimulus, for guidance, recreation. I will be

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.

When I was a student in lodgings I began to form a library, which I arranged along the mantel-shelf of my room. It did not contain many books; but it held as many as some students could afford to purchase, and, if wisely chosen, as many as one could well use. My first purchase was a volume of extracts from Ruskin's works, which then in their complete form were very costly. Ruskin taught me to use my eyes. Men are born blind as bats or kittens, and it is long before men's eyes are opened; some men never learn to see as long as they live. I often wondered, if there was a Creator, why He had not made the world more beautiful. Would not crimson and scarlet colors have been far richer than green and browns? But Ruskin taught me to see the world as it is, and it soon became a new world to me, full of charm and loveliness. Now I can linger beside a ploughed field and revel in the affluence of color and shade which are to be seen in the newly turned furrows, and I gaze in wonder at the liquid amber of the two feet of air above the brown earth. Now the colors and shades of the woods are a delight, and at every turn my eyes are surprised at fresh charms. The rock which I had supposed to be naked I saw clothed with lichens — patches of color — marvellous organisms, frail as the ash of a cigar, thin as brown paper, yet growing and fructifying in spite of wind and rain, of scorching sun and biting frost. I owe much to Ruskin for teaching me to see.

Next on my mantel-shelf was Emerson. I discovered Emerson for myself. When I asked what Emerson was, one authority pronounced him a great man; another as confidently wrote him down a humbug. So I silently stuck to Emerson. Carlyle I

could not read. After wading through a page of Carlyle I felt as if I had been whipped. Carlyle scolded too much for my taste, and he seemed to me a great man gone delirious. But in Emerson I found what I would fain have sought in Carlyle; and, moreover, I was soothed and helped. Emerson taught me to see with the mind.

Next on my shelf came two or three volumes of George Eliot's works, from which I gained some knowledge and a further insight into many philosophical and social questions. But my chief debt to George Eliot at that time was that she introduced me to pleasant characters — nice people — and especially to one imaginary young lady whom I was in love with one whole winter, and it diverted my mind in solitude. A good novel is a valuable acquisition, and it supplies companionship of a pleasant kind.

Amongst my small residue of books I must name Channing's works. Before I read Channing I doubted whether there was a God; at least I would rather have believed that there were no God. After becoming acquainted with Channing I could believe there was a God, and I was glad to believe in Him, for I felt drawn to the good and gracious Sovereign of all things. Still, I needed further what I found in F. W. Robertson, the British officer in the pulpit — bravest, truest of men — who dared to speak what he believed at all hazards. From Robertson I learned that God is human; that we may have fellowship with Him, because He sympathizes with us.

One day as I was looking over my mantel-shelf library, it suddenly struck me that all these authors of mine were heretics — these were dangerous books. Undesignedly I had found stimulus and help from teachers who were not credited by orthodoxy. And I have since found that much of the good to be got from books is to be gained from authors often classed as dangerous, for these provoke inquiry, and exercise one's powers. Towards the end of my shelf I had one or two humorous works; chief amongst them all being Mark Twain. His humor is peculiar; broad exaggeration, a sly simplicity, comical situations, and surprising turns of expression; but to me it has been a genuine fund of humor. The humorous side of a student's nature needs to be considered, and where it is undeveloped, it should be cultivated. I have known many instances of good students who seemed to have no sense of humor.

I will not recommend any of my favorite books to another;

they have done me good, but they might not suit another man. Every man must discover his own books; but when he has found what fits in with his tastes, what stimulates him to thought, what supplies a want in his nature, and exalts him in conception and feeling, that is the book for the student, be what it may. This brings me to speak of

THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS.

To fall in love with a good book is one of the greatest events that can befall us. It is to have a new influence pouring itself into our life, a new teacher to inspire and refine us, a new friend to be by our side always, who, when life grows narrow and weary, will take us into his wider and calmer and higher world. Whether it be biography, introducing us to some humble life made great by duty done; or history, opening vistas into the movements and destinies of nations that have passed away; or poetry, making music of all the common things around us, and filling the fields and the skies and the work of the city and the cottage with eternal meanings, — whether it be these, or story-books, or religious books, or science, no one can become the friend even of one good book without being made wiser and better. Do not think I am going to recommend any such book to you. The beauty of a friend is that we discover him. And we must each taste the books that are accessible to us for ourselves. Do not be disheartened at first if you like none of them. That is possibly their fault, not yours. But search, and search till you find what you like. In amazingly cheap form — for a few pence, indeed — almost all the best books are now to be had; and I think every one owes it as a sacred duty to his *mind* to start a little library of his own. How much do we not do for our bodies? How much thought and money do they not cost us? And shall we not think a little, and pay a little, for the clothing and adorning of the imperishable mind? This private library may begin, perhaps, with a single volume, and grow at the rate of one or two a year; but these, well chosen and well mastered, will become such a fountain of strength and wisdom that each shall be eager to add to his store. A dozen books accumulated in this way may be better than a whole library. Do not be distressed if you do not like time-honored books, or classical works, or recommended books. Choose for yourself; trust yourself;

plant yourself on your own instincts; that which is natural for us, that which nourishes us and gives us appetite, is that which is right for us. We have all different minds, and we are all at different stages of growth. Some other day we may find food in the recommended book, though we should possibly starve on it to-day. The mind develops and changes, and the favorites of this year, also, may one day cease to interest us. Nothing better, indeed, can happen to us than to lose interest in a book we have often read; for it means that it has done its work upon us, and brought us up to its level, and taught us all it had to teach.

Analogy between the Natural and the Spiritual.

(From "Natural Law," Chap. I.)

Where now in the Spiritual spheres shall we meet a companion phenomenon to this? What in the Unseen shall be likened to this deep dividing-line? or where in human experience is another barrier which never can be crossed? There is such a barrier. In the dim but not inadequate vision of the Spiritual World presented in the Word of God, the first thing that strikes the eye is a great gulf fixed. The passage from the Natural World to the Spiritual World is hermetically sealed on the natural side. The door from the inorganic to the organic is shut: no mineral can open it. So the door from the natural to the spiritual is shut: and no man can open it. This world of natural men is staked off from the Spiritual World by barriers which have never been crossed from within. No organic change, no modification of environment, no mental energy, no moral effort, no evolution of character, no progress of civilization can endow any single human soul with the attribute of Spiritual Life. The Spiritual World is guarded from the world next in order beneath it by a law of Biogenesis: "Except a man be born again . . . except a man be born of the water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter the Kingdom of God. . . ."

What is the evidence for this great gulf fixed at the portals of the Spiritual World? Does Science close this gate, or Reason, or Experience, or Revelation? We reply, All four. The initial statement, it is not to be denied, reaches us from Revelation. But is not this evidence here in court? Or shall it be said that any argument deduced from this is a trans-

parent circle — that, after all, we simply come back to the unsubstantiality of the *ipse dixit?* Not altogether; for the analogy lends an altogether new authority to the *ipse dixit.* How substantial that argument really is, is seldom realized. We yield the point here much too easily. The right of the Spiritual World to speak of its own phenomena is as secure as the right of the Natural World to speak of itself. What is Science but what the Natural World has said to natural men? What is Revelation but what the Spiritual World has said to spiritual men?

The words of Scripture which preface this inquiry contain an explicit and original statement of the Law of Biogenesis for the Spiritual Life: "He that hath the Son hath Life, and he that hath not the Son hath not Life." Life, that is to say, depends upon contact with Life. It cannot spring up of itself. It cannot develop out of anything that is not Life. There is no Spontaneous Generation in Religion any more than in Nature. Christ is the source of Life in the Spiritual World; and he that hath the Son hath Life, and he that hath not the Son — whatever else he may have — hath not Life. Here, in short, is the categorical denial of *Abiogenesis*, and the establishment in this high field of the classical formula, *Omne vivum ex vivo* — no Life without antecedent Life. In this mystical theory of the Origin of Life the whole of the New Testament writers are agreed. And, as we have already seen, Christ himself founds Christianity upon Biogenesis, stated in its most literal form: "Except a man be born of water and the Spirit he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit. Marvel not that I said unto you ye must be born again." Why did He add, "Marvel not"? Did He seek to allay the fear in the bewildered ruler's mind that there was more in this novel doctrine than a simple analogy from the first to the second birth?

Conformity to Type.

(From "Natural Law," Chap. X.)

If the botanist be asked the difference between an oak, a palm-tree, and a lichen, he will declare that they are separated from one another by the broadest line known to classification. Without taking into account the outward differences of size

and form, the variety of flower and fruit, the peculiarities of leaf and branch, he sees even in their general architecture types of structure as distinct as Norman, Gothic, and Egyptian. But if the first young germs of these three plants are placed before him, and he is called upon to define the difference, he finds it impossible. He cannot even say which is which. Examined under the highest powers of the microscope, they yield no clew. Analyzed by the chemist, with all the appliances of his laboratory, they keep their secret. The same experiment can be tried with the embryos of animals. Take the *ovule* of the worm, the eagle, the elephant, and of man himself. Let the most skilled observer apply the most searching tests to distinguish the one from the other, and he will fail. But there is something more surprising still. Compare the next two sets of germs — the vegetable and the animal — and there is no shade of difference. Oak and palm, worm and man, all start in life together. No matter into what strangely different forms they may afterward develop — no matter whether they are to live on sea or land, creep or fly, swim or walk, think or vegetate — in the embryo, as it first meets the eye of Science, they are indistinguishable. The apple which fell in Newton's garden, Newton's dog Diamond, and Newton himself, began life at the same point.

If we analyze this material point at which all life starts, we shall find it to consist of a clear, structureless, jelly-like substance resembling albumen, or white of egg. It is made of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen: its name is *Protoplasm.* And it is not only the structural unit with which all living bodies start in life, but with which they are subsequently built up. "Protoplasm," says Huxley, "simple or nucleated, is the formal basis of all life: it is the clay of the potter. . . . Beast and fowl, reptile and fish, mollusk, worm, and polype, are all composed of structural units of the same character — namely, masses of protoplasm with a nucleus."

What, then, determines the difference between different animals? What makes one little speck of protoplasm grow into Newton's dog Diamond, and another — exactly the same — into Newton himself? It is a mysterious Something which has entered into this protoplasm. No eye can see it; no science can define it. There is a different Something for Newton's dog, and a different Something for Newton; so that though both use the same matter, they build up in these widely

different ways. Protoplasm being the clay, this Something is the potter. And as there is only one clay, and yet all these curious forms are developed out of it, it follows that the difference lies in the potters. There must, in short, be as many potters as there are forms. There is the potter who segments the worm, and the potter who builds up the form of the dog, and the potter who moulds the man. To understand unmistakably that it is really the potter who does the work, let us follow for a moment a description of the process by a trained eye-witness. The observer is Mr. Huxley; through the tube of his microscope he is watching the development, out of a speck of protoplasm, of one of the commonest animals: —

"Strange possibilities," he says in one of his "Lay Sermons," "lie dormant in that semi-fluid globule. Let a moderate supply of warmth reach its watery cradle, and the plastic matter undergoes changes so rapid, and yet so steady and purposelike in their succession, that one can only compare them to those operated by a skilled modeller upon a formless lump of clay. As with an invisible trowel the mass is divided and subdivided into smaller and smaller portions, until it is reduced to an aggregation of granules not too large to build withal the finest fragments of the nascent organism. And, then, it is as if a delicate finger traced out the line to be occupied by the spinal column and moulded the contour of the body; pinching up the head at one end, the tail at the other, and fashioning flank and limb into due proportions in so artistic a way that, after watching the process hour by hour, one is almost involuntarily possessed by the notion that some more subtle aid to vision than an achromatic would show the hidden artist, with his plan before him, striving with skilful manipulation to perfect his work."

Besides the fact, so luminously brought out here, that the artist is distinct from the semi-fluid globule of protoplasm in which he works, there is this other essential point to notice, that in all his "skilful manipulation" the artist is not working at random, but according to law. He has "his plan before him." In the zoölogical laboratory of Nature it is not as in a workshop where a skilled artisan can turn his hand to anything; where the same potter one day moulds a dog, the next a bird, and the next a man. In Nature one potter is set apart to make each. It is a more complete system of division of labor. One artist makes all the dogs, another makes all the birds, a third makes

all the men. Moreover, each artist confines himself exclusively to working out his own plan. He appears to have his own plan somehow stamped upon himself, and his work is rigidly to reproduce himself.

The Scientific Law by which this takes place is the law of "Conformity to Type." It is contained, to a large extent, in the ordinary "Law of Inheritance;" or it may be considered as simply another way of stating what Darwin calls "the Law of the Unity of Types." Darwin defines it thus: "By Unity of Type is meant that fundamental agreement in structure which we see in organic beings of the same class, and which is quite independent of their habits of life." According to this law every living thing which comes into this world is compelled to stamp upon its offspring the image of itself: The dog, according to its type, produces a dog; the bird, a bird. The artist who operates upon matter in this subtle way, and carries out this law, is *Life*. There are a great many different kinds of Life. If one might give the broader meaning to the words of the Apostle — "All life is not the same life. There is one kind of life of men, another life of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds" — there is the life of the Artist, or the potter who segments the worm, the potter who forms the dog, the potter who moulds the man.

What goes on, then, in the animal kingdom is this: The Bird-life seizes upon the bird-germ, and builds it up into a bird, the image of itself. The Reptile-life seizes upon another germinal speck, assimilates surrounding matter, and fashions it into a reptile. The Reptile-life thus simply makes an incarnation of itself; the visible bird is simply an incarnation of the invisible Bird-life.

Now we are nearing the point where the spiritual analogy appears. It is a very wonderful analogy — so wonderful that one almost hesitates to put it into words. Yet Nature is reverent; and it is her voice to which we listen. These lower phenomena of life, she says, are but an allegory. There is another kind of Life of which Science as yet has taken little cognizance. It obeys the same laws. It builds up an organism into its own form. It is the Christ-life. As the Bird-life builds up a bird, the image of itself, so the Christ-life builds up a Christ, the image of Himself. The quickening Life seizes upon the soul, assimilates surrounding elements, and begins to fashion it. According to the great Law of Conformity to Type this fashion-

ing takes a specific form. And all through Life this wonderful, mystical, glorious, yet perfectly definite process, goes on.

The Christian Life is not a vague effort after righteousness — an ill-defined pointless struggle for an ill-defined pointless end. Religion is no dishevelled mass of aspiration, prayer, and faith. There is no more mystery in Religion, as to its processes, than in Biology. There is much mystery in Biology. We know all but nothing of Life yet — nothing of Development. There is the same mystery in the Spiritual Life. But the great lines are the same — as decided, as luminous; and the laws of Natural and Spiritual are the same — as unerring, as simple. From the standpoint of Revelation no truth is more obscure than Conformity to Type. If Science can furnish companion phenomena from an every-day process of the natural life, it may at least throw this most mystical doctrine of Christianity into thinkable form. Is there any fallacy in speaking of the Embryology of the New Life? Is the analogy invalid? Are there not vital processes in the Spiritual as well as in the Natural world? The Bird being an incarnation of the Bird-life, may not the Christian be a spiritual incarnation of the Christ-life? And is there not a real justification in the processes of the New Birth for such a parallel?

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

Drummond, William, a Scottish poet; born at Hawthornden, near Edinburgh, December 13, 1585; died there, December 4, 1649. He is commonly designated as "Drummond of Hawthornden," from his ancestral estate near Edinburgh, where most of his life was passed. He was a friend of Ben Jonson, and wrote "Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden, January, 1619." He wrote several historical works, but his fame rests mainly upon his poems. He was the earliest Scottish poet who wrote well in the English language. An edition of his poems, with a Memoir by Peter Cunningham, appeared in 1833. His life has also been written by David Masson (1873).

The Feasting of the River Forth.

What blustering noise now interrupts my sleep?
What echoing shouts thus cleave my crystal deeps,
And seem to call me from my watery court?
What melody, what sounds of joy and sport,
Are conveyed hither from each night-born spring?
With what loud murmurs do the mountains ring,
Which in unusual pomp on tiptoes stand,
And, full of wonder, overlook the land?
Whence come these glittering throngs, the meteors bright,
This golden people glancing in my sight?
Whence doth this praise, applause, and love arise?
What loadstar eastward draweth thus all eyes?
Am I awake, or have some dreams conspired
To mock my sense with what I most desired!
View I that living face, see I those looks,
Which with delight were wont t' amaze my brooks?
Do I behold that worth, that man divine,
This age's glory, by these banks of mine?
Then find I true what I long wished in vain;
My much beloved prince is come again. . . .
Let mother-earth now decked with flowers be seen,
And sweet-breathed zephyrs curl the meadows green:

Let heaven weep rubies in a crimson shower,
Such as on India's shores they used to pour;
Or with that golden storm the fields adorn
Which Jove rained when his blue-eyed maid was born.
May never hours the web of day outweave;
May never Night rise from her sable cave!
Swell proud, my billows; faint not to declare
Your joys as ample as their causes are:
For murmurs hoarse, sound like Arion's harp,
Now delicately flat, now sweetly sharp;
And you, my nymphs, rise from your moist repair,
Strew all your springs and grots with lilies fair.
To virgins, flowers; to sun-burnt earth, the rain;
To mariners, fair winds amidst the main;
Cool shades to pilgrims, which hot glances burn,
Are not so pleasing as thy blest return,
That day, dear Prince.

The Universe.

Of this fair volume which we World do name,
If we the leaves and sheets could turn with care —
Of Him who it corrects and did it frame
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare.
Find out His power, which wildest powers doth tame,
His providence extending everywhere;
His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page and period of the same.
But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleased with colored vellum, leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is best;
On the great Writer's sense ne'er taking hold,
Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

Man's Strange Ends.

A good that never satisfies the mind,
A beauty fading like the April flowers,
A sweet with floods of gall that runs combined,
A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
An honor that more fickle is than wind,
A glory at opinion's frown that lowers,
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,

A vain delight our equals to command,
A style of greatness, in effect a dream,
A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
A servile lot decked with a pompous name —
Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
Till wisest death makes us our errors know.

The Hunt.

This world a hunting is:
The prey, poor man; the Nimrod fierce is Death;
His speedy greyhounds are
Lust, Sickness, Envy, Care,
Strife that ne'er falls amiss,
With all those ills which haunt us while we breathe.
Now, if by chance we fly
Of these the eager chase,
Old Age, with stealing pace,
Casts on his nets, and there we, panting, lie.

In Praise of a Private Life.

Thrice happy he who, by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own:
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
Oh how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
Oh how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath
And sighs embalmed which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honor doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!
This world is full of horrors, troubles, slights:
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND.

Drummond, William Henry, a Montreal physician; born at Currawn House, County Leitrim, Ireland, April 13, 1854. He was educated at the High School in Montreal, and studied medicine at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, graduating from the latter institution in 1884. His dialect verse in the French Canadian *patois* has been widely popular in Canada and the United States. In 1897 he published "The Habitant, and Other French Canadian Poems." The "Papineau Gun" and the "Wreck of the 'Julie Plante'" are his best known poems.

"De Papineau Gun."[1]

AN INCIDENT OF THE CANADIAN REBELLION OF 1837.

(From "The Habitant.")

Bon jour, M'sieu' — you want to know
'Bout dat ole gun — w'at good she 's for?
W'y! Jean Bateese Bruneau — mon père,
Fight wit' dat gun on Pap'neau War!

Long tam since den you say — C'est vrai,
An' me too young for 'member well,
But how de patriot fight an' die,
I offen hear de ole folk tell.

De English don't ack square dat tam,
Don't geev de habitants no show,
So 'long come Wolfred Nelson
Wit' Louis Joseph Papineau,

An' swear de peep mus' have deir right.
Wolfred he 's write Victoriaw;
But she 's no good, so den de war
Commence among de habitants.

[1] By permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mon père he leev to Grande Brulé
So smarter man you never see,
Was alway on de grande hooraw!
Plaintee w'at you call "Esprit!"

An' w'en dey form wan compagnie
All dress wit' tuque an' ceinture sash,
Ma fader tak' hees gun wit' heem
An' marche away to Saint Eustache,

W'ere many patriots was camp
Wit' brave Chenier, deir Capitaine,
W'en 'long come English Generale,
An' more two t'ousan' sojer man.

De patriot dey go on church
An' feex her up deir possibill;
Dey fight deir bes', but soon fin' out
"Canon de bois" no good for kill.

An' den de church she come on fire,
An' burn almos' down to de groun',
So w'at you t'ink our man can do
Wit' all dem English armee roun'?

'Poleon, hees sojer never fight
More brave as dem poor habitants,
Chenier, he try for broke de rank,
Chenier come dead immediatement.

He fall near w'ere de cross is stan'
Upon de ole church cimitiere,
Wit' Jean Poulin an' Laframboise
An' plaintee more young feller dere.

De gun dey rattle lak' tonnere
Jus' bang, bang, bang! dat's way she go,
An' wan by wan de brave man's fall
An' red blood's cover all de snow.

Ma fader shoot so long he can,
An' den he's load hees gun some more,
Jomp on de ice behin' de church
An' pass heem on de 'noder shore.

Wall ! he reach home 'fore very long
An' keep perdu for many day,
Till ev'ryt'ing she come tranquille,
An' sojer men all gone away.

An' affer dat we get our right,
De Canayens don't fight no more,
Ma fader 's never shoot dat gun,
But place her up above de door.

An' Papineau, an' Nelson too
Dey 're gone long tam, but we are free,
Le Bon Dieu have 'em 'way up dere.
Salut, Wolfred ! Salut, Louis !

PELANG.

(From "The Habitant.")

PELANG ! Pelang ! Mon cher garçon,
I t'ink of you — t'ink of you night and day —
Don't mak' no difference, seems to me
De long, long tam you 're gone away.
. . . . . .
De snow is deep on de Grande Montagne —
Lak tonder de rapide roar below —
De sam' kin' night, ma boy get los'
On beeg, beeg storm forty year ago.

An' I never was hear de win' blow hard,
An' de snow come sweesh on de window pane —
But ev'ryt'ing 'pear lak' it 's yesterday
An' whole of ma troub' is come back again.

Ah me ! I was foolish young girl den,
It 's only ma own plaisir I care,
An' w'en some dance or soirée come off
Dat 's very sure t'ing you will see me dere.

Don't got too moche sense at all dat tam,
Run ev'ry place on de whole contree —
But I change beeg lot w'en Pelang come 'long,
For I love him so well, kin' o' steady me.

An' he was de bes' boy on Coteau,
An' t'ink I am de bes' girl too for sure —
He 's tole me dat, geev de ring also
Was say on de inside "Je t'aime toujours."

I geev heem some hair dat come off ma head,
I mak' de nice stocking for warm hees feet,
So ev'ryt'ing 's feex, w'en de spring is come
For mak' mariée on de church toute suite.

"W'en de spring is come!" Ah, I don't see dat,
Dough de year is pass as dey pass before,
An' de season come, an' de season go,
But our spring never was come no more.
. . . . . .
It 's on de fête of de jour de l'an,
An' de worl' outside is cole an' w'ite,
As I sit an' watch for mon cher Pelang,
For he 's promise come see me dis very night.

Bonhomme Peloquin dat is leev near us —
He 's alway keep look heem upon de moon —
See fonny t'ing dere only week before,
An' say he 's expec' some beeg storm soon.

So ma fader is mak' it de laugh on me,
"Pelang he 's believe heem de ole Bonhomme
Dat t'ink he see ev'ryt'ing on de moon,
An' mebbe he 's feel it too scare for come."

But I don't spik not'ing, I am so sure
Of de promise Pelang is mak' wit' me —
An' de mos' beeg storm dat is never blow
Can't kip heem away from hees own Marie.

I open de door, an' pass outside
For see mese'f how de night is look,
An' de star is commence for go couché,
De mountain also is put on hees tuque.

No sooner I come on de house again,
W'ere ev'ryt'ing feel it so nice an' warm,
Dan out of de sky come de Nor' Eas' win' —
Out of de sky come de beeg snow storm.

Blow lak not'ing I never see,
Blow lak le diable he was mak' grande tour;
De snow come down lak wan avalanche,
An' cole! Mon Dieu, it is cole for sure!!

I t'ink, I t'ink of mon pauvre garçon,
Dat 's out mebbe on de Grande Montagne;
So I place chandelle w'ere it 's geev good light,
An' pray Le Bon Dieu he will help Pelang.

De ole folk t'ink I am go crazee,
An' moder she 's geev me de good-night kiss;
She say "Go off on your bed, Marie,
Dere 's nobody come on de storm lak dis."

But ma eye don't close dat long, long night,
For it seem jus' lak phantome is near,
An' I t'ink of de terrible Loup Garou
An' all de bad story I offen hear.

Dere was tam I am sure somet'ing call "Marie"
So plainly I open de outside door,
But it 's meet me only de awful storm,
An de cry pass away — don't come no more.

An' de morning sun, w'en he 's up at las',
Fin' me w'ite as de face of de snow itse'f,
For I know very well, on de Grande Montagne,
Ma poor Pelang he 's come dead hese'f.

It 's noon by de clock w'en de storm blow off,
An' ma fader an' broder start out for see
Any track on de snow by de Mountain side,
Or down on de place w'ere chemin should be.

No sign at all on de Grande Montagne,
No sign all over de w'ite, w'ite snow;
Only hear de win' on de beeg pine tree,
An' roar of de rapide down below.

An' w'ere is he lie, mon cher Pelang!
Pelang ma boy I was love so well?
Only Le Bon Dieu up above
An' mebbe de leetle snow-bird can tell.

An I t'ink I hear de leetle bird say,
"Wait till de snow is geev up its dead,
Wait till I go, an' de robin come,
An' den you will fin' hees cole, cole bed."

An' it 's all come true, for w'en de sun
  Is warm de side of de Grande Montagne
An' drive away all de winter snow,
  We fin' heem at las', mon cher Pelang!

An' here on de fête of de jour de l'an,
  Alone by mese'f I sit again,
W'ile de beeg, beeg storm is blow outside,
  An' de snow come sweesh on de window pane.

Not all alone, for I t'ink I hear
  De voice of ma boy gone long ago;
Can hear it above de hurricane,
  An' roar of de rapide down below.

Yes — yes — Pelang, mon cher garçon!
  I t'ink of you, t'ink of you night an' day,
Don't mak' no difference seems to me
  How long de tam you was gone away.

De Nice Leetle Canadienne.

(From "The Habitant.")

You can pass on de worl' w'erever you lak,
  Tak' de steamboat for go Angleterre,
Tak' car on de State, an' den you come back,
  An' go all de place, I don't care —
Ma frien' dat 's a fack, I know you will say,
  W'en you come on dis contree again,
Dere 's no girl can touch, w'at we see ev'ry day,
    De nice leetle Canadienne.

Don't matter how poor dat girl she may be,
  Her dress is so neat an' so clean,
Mos' ev'rywan t'ink it was mak' on Paree,
  An' she wear it, wall! jus' lak de Queen.
Den come for fin' out she is mak' it herse'f,
  For she ain't got moche monee for spen',
But all de sam' tam, she was never get lef',
    Dat nice leetle Canadienne.

W'en "un vrai Canayen" is mak' it mariée,
  You t'ink he go leev on beeg flat,
An' bodder hese'f all de tam, night an' day,
  Wit' housemaid, an' cook, an' all dat?
Not moche, ma dear frien', he tak' de maison,
  Cos' only nine dollar or ten,
W'ere he leev lak blood rooster, an' save de l'argent,
    Wit' hees nice leetle Canadienne.

I marry ma famme w'en I 'm jus' twenty year,
  An' now we got fine familee,
Dat skip roun' de place lak leetle small deer,
  No smarter crowd you never see —
An' I t'ink as I watch dem all chasin' about,
  Four boy an' six girl, she mak' ten,
Dat 's help mebbe kip it, de stock from run out,
    Of de nice leetle Canadienne.

O she 's quick an' she 's smart, an' got plaintee heart,
  If you know correc' way go about,
An' if you don't know, she soon tole you so,
  Den tak' de firs' chance an' get out;
But if she love you, I spik it for true,
  She will mak' it more beautiful den,
An' sun on de sky can't shine lak de eye
    Of dat nice leetle Canadienne.

JOHN DRYDEN.

Dryden, John, a celebrated English poet; born at Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire, August 9, 1631; died May 1, 1700. His early training was received at Westminster School under the famous teacher Dr. Busby. Thence at the age of nineteen he went to Trinity College, where he took his degree of B. A. in 1654 and of M. A. in 1657. When he left Cambridge, at the age of twenty-seven, he seems to have written nothing except a few quite commonplace verses. Cromwell died in September, 1658, and within a few days Dryden produced a poem of thirty-seven stanzas in honor of him.

At the restoration of Charles II., Dryden was thirty years of age. Had he died at any time during the next seventeen years, he would have left nothing behind him which would have given him any permanent place in English literature. The only poem of any consequence written during those years is the "Annus Mirabilis" — "The Wonderful Year 1666."

Dryden had completed his thirty-fifth year when the "Annus Mirabilis" was written: but neither this poem nor anything else which he was to produce during the next dozen years gave any promise of that supreme excellence to which he was to attain in one department of poetry: that of satire. During the period between his thirtieth and his forty-seventh year Dryden devoted himself almost exclusively to writing for the stage. His dramatic pieces number about thirty — tragedies, comedies, tragi-comedies and operas. None of them can be placed in even the third rank of the British drama. The earliest was "The Wild Gallant," a comedy (1662), the latest, "Love Triumphant," a tragi-comedy (1694). The larger and by far the best part of his prose writings are of a critical character. The most brilliant period of his literary life lies between 1680 and 1686. In those six years were written "Absalom and Achitophel," "The Medal," "Mac Flecknoe," the "Religio Laici," "The Hind and the Panther," and several of his best minor poems.

Dryden wrote two poems to be sung on St. Cecilia's Day. The last of these, "Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music," is the most frequently quoted of all of Dryden's poems; but the earlier

one is not inferior to it. He made spirited translations of Virgil and Juvenal; and elaborated into "Fables" stories culled from foreign authors or earlier English.

From "On the Death of Oliver Cromwell."

His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone,
For he was great ere fortune made him so:
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

No borrowed bays his temples did adorn,
But to our crown he did fresh jewels bring:
Nor was his virtue poisoned soon as born,
With the too early thoughts of being king.

And yet dominion was not his design;
We owe that blessing, not to him, but Heaven,
Which to fair acts unsought rewards did join;
Rewards that less to him than us were given.

His palms, though under weights they did not stand,
Still thrived; no Winter could his laurels fade;
Heaven, in his portrait, showed a workman's hand,
And drew it perfect, yet without a shade.

Nor died he when his ebbing fame went less,
But when fresh laurels courted him to live:
He seemed but to prevent some new success,
As if above what triumphs earth could give.

No civil broils have since his death arose,
But faction now by habit does obey;
And wars have that respect for his repose,
As winds for halcyons when they breed at sea.

His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest;
His name a great example stands to show
How strangely high example may be blest,
Where piety and valor justly grow.

The War with the Dutch.

(From "Annus Mirabilis.")

In thriving arts long time had Holland grown,
Crouching at home and cruel when abroad:
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own;
Our king they courted and our merchants awed.

For them alone the heavens had kindly heat,
In eastern quarries ripening precious dew;
For them the Idumæan balm did sweat,
And in hot Ceylon spicy forests grew.

The sun but seemed the laborer of their year;
Each waxing moon supplied her watery store,
To swell those tides which from the Line did bear
Their brim-full vessels to the Belgian shore.

What peace can be where one to both pretend? —
But they more diligent, and we more strong —
Or, if a peace, it soon must have an end:
For they would grow too powerful were it long.

Behold two nations then, engaged so far
That each seven years the fit must shake each land;
Where France will side to weaken us by war,
Who only can his vast designs withstand.

Such deep designs of empire does he lay
O'er them whose cause he seems to take in hand;
And prudently would make them lords at sea,
To whom with ease he can give laws by land.

This saw our King; and long within his breast
His pensive counsels balanced to and fro;
He grieved the land he freed should be oppressed,
And he less for it than usurpers do.

The loss and gain each fatally were great;
And still his subjects called aloud for war;
But peaceful kings, o'er martial people set,
Each other's poise and counterbalance are.

At length resolved to assert the watery ball,
He in himself did whole armadas bring;
Him aged seamen might their master call,
And choose for general, were he not their king.

And now approached their fleet from India, fraught
With all the riches of the rising sun;
And precious sand from southern climates brought —
The fatal regions where the war begun.

By the rich scent we found one perfumed prey,
Which, flanked with rocks, did close in covert lie;
And round about their murdering cannon lay,
At once to threaten and invite the eye.

Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more hard,
The English undertake the unequal war;
Seven ships alone, by which the port is barred,
Besiege the Indies, and all Denmark dare.

Amid whole heaps of spices lights a ball;
And now their odors armed against them fly;
Some preciously by shattered porcelain fall,
And some by aromatic splinters die.

And though by tempests of the prize bereft,
In Heaven's inclemency some ease we find:
Our foes we vanquished by our valor left,
And only yielded to the seas and wind.

Till now alone the mighty nations strove;
The rest, at gaze, without the lists did stand
And threatening France, placed like a painted Jove,
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

Offended that we fought without his leave,
He takes this time his secret hate to show;
Which Charles does with a mind so calm receive,
As one that neither seeks nor shuns his foe.

With France, to aid the Dutch, the Danes unite:
France as their tyrant, Denmark as their slave;
But when with one three nations join to fight,
They silently confess that one more brave.

London After the Great Fire.

(From "Annus Mirabilis.")

Already, laboring with a mighty fate,
She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow
And seems to have renewed her charter's date
Which Heaven will to the death of Time allow.

More great than human now, and more august;
Now deified, she from her fires doth rise;
Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
And, opening, into larger parts she flies.

The silver Thames her own domestic flood
Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train;
And often wind, as of his mistress proud,
With longing eyes to meet her face again.

The venturous merchant who designed more far
And touches on our hospitable shore,
Charmed with the splendor of this northern star
Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

Our powerful navy shall no longer meet
The wealth of France or Holland to invade:
The beauty of this town without a fleet
From all the world shall vindicate her trade.

And while this famed emporium we prepare,
The British ocean shall such triumphs boast,
That those who now dislike our trade to spare,
Shall rob like pirates on our wealthy coast.

Already we have conquered half the war,
And the less dangerous part is left behind:
Our trouble now is but to make them dare,
And not so great to vanquish as to find.

Thus to the Eastern wealth through storms we go;
But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more:
A constant trade-wind will securely blow,
And gently lay us on the spicy shore.

The Panther.

(From "The Hind and the Panther.")

The Panther, sure the noblest, since the Hind,
And fairest creature of the spotted kind:
Oh, could her inborn stains be washed away,
She were too good to be a beast of prey!
How can I praise or blame, and not offend?
Or how divide the frailty from the friend?
Her faults and virtues lie so mixed that she
Not wholly stands condemned, nor wholly free. . . .
If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
There could be spirits of a middle sort,
Too black for heaven, and yet too white for hell,
Who just dropped half-way down, nor lower fell;
So poised, so gently she descends from high
It seems a soft dismission from the sky.
Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretence,
Her clergy heralds make in her defence;
A second century not half-way run
Since the new honors of her blood begun. . . .

Her front erect with majesty she bore,
The crosier wielded, and the mitre wore.
Her upper part of decent discipline
Showed affectation of an ancient line;
And Fathers, Councils, Church, and Church's Head
Were on her reverend phylacteries read.
But what disgraced and disavowed the rest,
Was Calvin's brand, that stigmatized the beast.
Thus, like a creature of a double kind,
In her own labyrinth she lives confined.
To foreign lands no sound of her has come,
Humbly content to be despised at home.
Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,
At least she leaves the refuse of the bad.
Nice in her choice of ill — though not of best —
And least deformed, because reformed the least.
In doubtful points betwixt her different friends,
Where one for Substance, one for Signs contends,
Their contradicting terms she strives to join:
Sign shall be Substance, Substance shall be Sign.
Her wild belief on every wave is tossed;
But sure no Church can better morals boast.
True to her King her principles are found;
Oh, that her practice were but half so sound!
Steadfast in various turns of state she stood,
And sealed her vowed affection with her blood.
Nor will I meanly tax her constancy.
That interest or obligement made the tie,
Bound to the fate of murdered Monarchy.
Before the sounding axe so falls the vine,
Whose tender branches round the poplar twine;
She chose her ruin, and resigned her life,
In death undaunted as a Hebrew wife.
A rare example! but some souls we see
Grow hard, and stiffen with adversity;
Yet these by fortune's favors are undone;
Resolved, into a baser form they run,
And bore the wind, but cannot bear the sun.
Let this be Nature's frailty or her fate,
Or the Wolf's counsel — her new chosen mate;
Still she 's the fairest of the fallen crew;
No mother more indulgent but the true.
Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
Because she wants innate authority;
For how can she constrain them to obey,

Who has herself cast off the lawful sway?
Rebellion equals all, and those who toil
In common theft will share the common spoil.
Let her produce the title and the right
Against her old superiors first to fight;
If she reform my text, even that's as plain
For her own rebels to reform again.
As long as words a different sense will bear,
And each may be his own interpreter,
Our airy faith will no foundation find:
The word 's a weather-cock for every wind.
The Bear, the Fox, the Wolf, by turns prevail;
The most in power supplies the present gale.
The wretched Panther cries aloud for aid
To Church and Councils, whom she first betrayed.
No help from Fathers or Tradition's train —
Those ancient guides she taught us to disdain;
And by that Scripture, which she once abused
To reformation, stands herself accused.
What bills for breach of laws can she prefer,
Expounding which she owns herself may err?
And, after all her winding ways are tried,
If doubts arise, she slips herself aside,
And leaves the private conscience for the guide.
Thus is the Panther neither loved nor feared,
A mere mock-queen of a divided herd;
Whom soon, by lawful power she might control,
Herself a part submitted to the whole.
Then, as the moon, who first receives the light
By which she makes our nether regions bright,
So might she shine, reflecting from afar
The rays she borrowed from a better star;
Big with the beams which from the mother flow
And reigning o'er the rising tides below.
Now, mixing with a savage crowd she goes,
And meanly flatters her inveterate foes;
Ruled while she rules, and losing every hour
Her wretched remnants of precarious power.

For St. Cecilia's Day, 1697.

I.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,

And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high:
"Arise, ye more than dead!"
Then cold and hot, and moist and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

II.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell!
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And wondering on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell!

III.

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, "Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge! 'tis too late to retreat!"

IV.

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

V.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair disdainful dame.

ST. CECILIA

From Painting by G. Naujok

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above?

VI.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given
Mistaking earth for heaven.

VII.

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blest above;
So, when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high;
The dead shall live, the living die;
And Music shall untune the sky.

Alexander's Feast; or, the Power of Music.

A Song in Honor of St. Cecilia's Day: 1697.

I.

'T was at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:
(So should desert in arms be crowned.)
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

II.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above.
(Such is the power of mighty love.)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed:
And while he sought her snowy breast,
Then round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound
A present deity, they shout around;
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face:
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.

Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse;
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turn of chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

V.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'T was but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble,
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee;
Take the good the gods provide thee;
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again;
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again;
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head;
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.

Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise;
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, fired another Troy.

CHORUS.

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, fired another Troy.

VII.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

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Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
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ZIMRI.[1]

(From "Absalom and Achitophel.")

SOME of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the first ranks of these did Zimri stand:
A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong;
Was everything by turns, and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
So over-violent, or over-civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late;
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from Court, then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel.
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left no faction, but of that was left.

[1] The Duke of Buckingham.

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